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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D.
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;
VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

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"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,
MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey, April 28. 1843.

XXA.d.1.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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LETTERS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, April 10. 1807.

THE worst part of your letter is that which relates to your own health; look well to that, and time will do the rest. It is better to have a sister, that is certain; but it is better to lose her, than, for instance, to have her years in dying of a cancer, or, what is worse, of a broken heart, from the ill usage of a husband, like Mrs. ——'s sister. I am very glad you thought of Carlisle; he is truly a kind-hearted man, and even his profession has not hardened him. B—— is, perhaps, the very ablest practitioner at present living to whom you could have gone; and you may rely upon him, with the most perfect confidence, that he will do whatever can be done by human skill. He is no favourite of mine; but of his talents, I have the highest possible opinion. It is useless to afflict yourself. Against this calamity, and against still greater ones, you can bear up, and must bear up. Did you ever read Mrs. Carter's "Epictetus"? Next to the Bible, it is the best *practitional* book and the truest philosophy in existence.

As for your damned ——, or whatever they be, I could wring their necks off; and if ——'s were in my hands, his would be in some danger. . . . . This cause of trouble, however, time will wear down; the first thing the human mind does, under any affliction, is to set about bearing it,—as instinctively and as surely as *life* sets about healing a cut as soon as it is inflicted,—and, happily, few mental wounds are mortal. What other evils you alluded to, of course I cannot guess; and, perhaps, if I knew them, should not allow that they were such as ought to make you unhappy. Look to your health, and, as soon as you can, come once more to Keswick. Lakes and mountains are good friends, and will do you more good than a host of comforters, or buckets full of physic.

I have now much to tell you concerning myself; and had, indeed, begun to tell it you in a more playful mood. Know, then, that I am *settled* at Keswick, for an indefinite time, with no prospect of removing from it. Some plans of Coleridge made it necessary for me either to determine upon quitting this house at a given time, or upon remaining with it. The first I could not do, for want of means,—which is, in plain English, for want of money; so I determined upon the second; and it so happens that this topsy-turvy in ministry, has made me well satisfied with my choice. Of course, my prospects are gone out with them,—hopes I will not call them, for I never thought enough of them to become hopes,—and, to confess the truth, like best to be left alone, and not put out of my way. Well, Wynn procured for me "out of the fire," as he says, the offer of a place in the West Indies, worth 600*l.* a year, which he refused for me, as there was no time for my answer. Instead, he has got me a pension of 200*l.* (By the Lord, Senhora! you *shall* smile at *my* having a pension from the Treasury!) You may congratulate me, but not upon an accession of fortune; for the

truth is, that hitherto I have received 160*l.* a year from Wynn (which is all I have, except what I earn), and that now, of course, I shall receive this no longer, for Wynn is not a rich man. But as his Majesty is pleased to give me 200*l.*, so is he graciously pleased to stop 56*l.* out of it for fees and taxes, and eke, also, to pay it so irregularly, that, I am told, he who is only a quarter in arrears is in good luck. I am therefore a loser by the bounty of 16*l.* a year during the war. When the income tax is taken off, I shall be 4*l.* a gainer, but always have the inconvenience of uncertain remittances. I gain by it, inasmuch as I cease to receive any further obligations; though it would be absurd to say there was much pain in this, for in such cases I just take as I would give. Had Wynn his brother's fortune, or were he still a single man with his own, I should even have preferred receiving from him, rather than from the public; but, as it is, it is best as it is.

Accordingly, settled I am in this house; we are enclosing the garden, and planting currant trees and shrubs. The parlour is to be papered with cartridge paper, and the abominable curtains dyed of a chocolate brown, which will make them decent; they are making fringe for them. My room to have white curtains, a carpet, and all the books coming. ALL THE BOOKS! Think of that, Senhora! We wait only for fine weather to have the plasterers, and then the painters, and then our work begins. See, now, how useful you would be in the way of beautifying; and think how many a ragged regiment of books will stand in need of you. See, now, if it be possible for you to come, whether you can in your conscience refuse coming.

Mrs. Coleridge has gone to her husband's relations in Devonshire, and he meets her somewhere on the road. Your god-daughter talks of you every day; she

is very unmanageable, and very amusing, and I like her well. My son is rather ailing just now, as we suppose, with his first teeth. He has had an eruption over his head for about three months, which is now wearing off. His eyes are as Tartarish as his sister's; I call him the little Mayortes and the Caõzinho, for reasons which I and "Palmerin" will explain to you hereafter. He is a great tyrant; farther I cannot say of him, except that he gives good proof of taste by pricking up his ears and brightening up his countenance when I begin to warble to him.

Jackson assists me in Reptonizing the garden with hearty satisfaction. We have a right-hand man, named Willy. When you come you shall hear the story of his three days' and nights' battle between him and his wife. He is a very odd fish, and talks to me about truth, and allegory, and fable, and the craziness of his wife at the full of the moon.

Write without delay, to say *how you are.* Edith's love. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, May 4. 1807.

My dear Rickman,

In reading "Amadis of Greece" (lent me by Heber), I have found Spencer's "Mask of Cupid," Sir P. Sidney's "Zelmane," and Shakspeare's "Florisel."* Was ever other book honoured by three such borrowers! The father of "Tasso," also, has borrowed an adventure from it. "Palmerin" will show you the change of manners since the days of Vasco Lobeira,—his princesses are prudes. The book is worth reading, though every way inferior to "Amadis;" it has much

* See Preface to "Palmerin," § xi. p. xliv.

merit, and that merit quite of a different character. There is this remarkable difference in the impression which the two books leave behind them; for Lobeira I have a great love; and when I arrive among the worthies of old times, my predecessors, I am inclined to think he will be among the first whom I shall be ambitious of meeting. But for Francisco de Moraes * I have neither respect nor liking. Throughout his book there is not a single passage which gives me any love for the author; he knows what virtue is only from what he has been taught, not from what his own heart teaches him, and represents no character well, but such as are marked by some obliquity of mind; and never did I discover in any writer such an ill opinion of womankind,—learnt, I presume, from the French Court, where he was for many years attendant on an embassy.

Good news from Portugal. A MS. has been discovered of poems, certainly older than the oldest collection, as it had, till now, been esteemed, — that is, certainly older than 1480, and supposed by the best antiquarians there to be nearly two centuries older. I shall endeavour to procure a transcript of it; and in return, part of my business, when I next become your guest, will be to see to the transcribing of certain Portuguese MSS. in the Museum, that I may have the satisfaction and credit of returning them to their own country, where they will be most thankfully received by the learned. Of men learned in their own literature, Portugal and Spain have a greater proportion than England. Remember me to Mrs. R. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. I direct, in implicit obedience, to the *Speaker*, though suspecting that he ought now to be Abbotized.

* But see Grenville Catalogue, vol. ii. 519., and Quart. Rev. No. cxliii. p. 10. Luis Hurtada Autor *al Lector.*

To Mr. J. N. White.

May 13. 1807.

My dear Sir,

You will have wondered at the length of time that your letter has remained unnoticed; the fact is, that it has only this evening reached me.

By all means make the omission which you propose. I perfectly feel the justice of your remarks; do, I beseech you, correct and alter as freely as if the writing were your own. With respect to Mr. Blanchard, it may be said, instead of "Poor Henry," &c., "in consequence of which Henry was removed." The sentence about *tyranny* may be omitted, for what follows, if I rightly remember it, will be sufficiently connected. If any better mode of alteration occur to you, use it without thinking of this. It would give me serious pain if a single sentence were left which could in any possible way produce a bad effect. The sum which you allowed your brother should be particularized. Were you the ostensible editor, I would not urge this, but I request that I may be permitted to do it, not merely because this sort of minute accuracy should always be observed when possible, but for the higher motives of doing justice to one who, from little, contributed what of that little must have been so much, and of holding up a good and virtuous example to the world.

You have, indeed, had a painful task in transcribing the Letters of Henry. I do not rely upon my own judgment of the saleableness of books; but it is certain that those which circulate among the religious public have the largest sale, and if these volumes succeed in that direction, their produce may be far more considerable than you can imagine. The manner

in which I have been compelled, conscientiously, to express my own dissent from his views of Christianity, cannot possibly impede their success. I should have felt guilty of hypocrisy had I suffered it to be supposed that my opinions accorded with them, which would else necessarily have been the case. There are many divisions and subdivisions of the public, and among many of them these works ought to be well received; they who are best able to appreciate human excellence will value them most.

Mr. Lofft has sent me Mrs. L.'s Ode, which is much better than I expected, and will very generally be admired. He does not think the Greek poems in a state sufficiently finished for publication; they are all fragments, and bear all the marks of Henry's wonderful powers, but correctness is in these things what is most looked to, and they had not been corrected. About the "Melancholy Hours," I replied in my last: my reason for not at first inserting them was trifling, and I am very desirous of following your wishes in everything.

I did not insert the Countess of Derby's letter. She will probably be better pleased with the way in which it is mentioned, than if it had been inserted; neither have I included the lines to her, partly from a fault (a grammatical one, I think,) in one of the lines, and partly because she did not quite deserve the compliment which they contained. Of the letter on chronology, only the extract is to be copied; it is a very able one, but the information which it contains (though excellent for an elementary book) would, I think, not be well placed here. State if you think otherwise. Copy the whole. The "Song on Melody" is among the poems.

These fresh letters, with the "Christian Observers," I will enclose in a parcel which I shall have occasion

to send to Messrs. Longman and Co. by Monday's carrier. They are on the point of publishing a small edition of my last and best poems. I shall desire them, when it appears, to send you a copy; accept it as a mark of my respect for one who has been so good and affectionate a brother.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, May 17. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last was written in great haste, — as soon, indeed, as I myself knew the intelligence which it communicated, and in that haste, if my memory do not now deceive me, I neglected to inform you that I had decided upon making this place my permanent abode. This, however, you would have learnt from Harry. The motives for this are so cogent that, in fact, it can hardly be called a choice. If I had not determined upon remaining, I must have removed, neither knowing where to go, nor being by any means prepared for the heavy and inevitable expense.

I have now one trouble to request of you, in consequence of this determination; you have some pictures and some few books of mine. With the set of "Picart" they will fill a large package, — too heavy, indeed, for land carriage; will you, at your leisure, send them round by sea, either to Whitehaven or Workington, no matter which; by which means they will reach me at easy cost. My study is hardly, if at all, less than yours; it is one of the most delightful rooms you have

ever seen, and it will be well filled when my books are all gathered together, as they are now likely to be,—a source of no little joy to me; and when they are collected, the only inconvenience of this situation will be in great measure removed.

The expense of getting my scattered things together, of book-shelves, and of a few decencies, for the want of which the prospect of removal has hitherto been an excuse, I shall be well able to meet by the end of the year; if, till then, you will supply me with 50*l.*, it will be a great convenience. The state of my affairs with Longman is this: When last in London I had 100*l.* of him, in forepayment for the first edition of "Espriella," or rather, in part of forepayment; for my share of its profits will, in all probability, be more. He has on sale, on our joint account, the "Specimens," the "Metrical Tales," and "Madoc." A small edition of "Madoc" is just completed, and "Espriella" and "Palmerin" are both nearly completed also. Slow as the printers are, I fully expect both to be published within six weeks at farthest. Of the old books, (the fourth edition of "Madoc," and the "Metrical Tales") the sale cannot have been much, or I should have been made acquainted with it; but every copy which sells is clear profit. By the "Specimens" Bedford's mismanagement will, I suspect, make me lose credit, and prevent me from getting money: I shall try to remedy both evils by a supplementary volume. "Espriella" must, beyond doubt, sell off an edition in little time, and I think there is good chance of its having a great sale. "Palmerin" will not be less than 50*l.* by Christmas;—not more than 100*l.* I shall draw on Longman for 50*l.* at present, which my last year's reviewing, with the help of the "Athenæum," entitles me, I suppose, to do; and, as soon as I have the like sum in his hands again, will appropriate it to the repayment of what I now

request of you. I am in great hopes — indeed, in expectation, that the produce of all these books will enable me, at the end of the year, to make you a more considerable payment.

My reviewing used to exceed 80*l.* for the last three years. I did little this year, because I would not, much as I needed the money, sell the time; so Harry had half the books which came to me; and now I have nothing to impede me from prosecuting the "Brazilian History" straight forward, for which I am certain of more considerable profits than have ever yet fallen to my share. The "Chronicle of the Cid" is the only occupation in hand; this, as I believe I have informed you, will comprise in its preliminaries great part of what would else have been the introduction to my "European History of Portugal." I find it economy of time to carry on two works at once; I find it also essential to the preservation of my health; for, by long experience, I know that whenever my attention is devoted to one object, that object affects my brain too strongly, and my sleep is disturbed by perplexing dreams concerning it. The remedy is easy; I do one thing in the morning, another in the evening — I never dream of either; thus it is that I am enabled to do so much. The "Cid," comprising a history of the heroic age of Spain, will go to press as soon as some books from Madrid arrive, which my uncle has sent for. I know not whether they will reach him in time for the next convoy, but I expect Rocha Pitta's "America Portugueza" by that convoy, and some other books, to come by way of Koster, who is very conveniently situated for me. I have nearly advanced as far as I can without this book of Rocha Pitta, and must, in the course of a few days, begin with another part in consequence. My first volume will be completed early in the winter, and the "Cid," I hope, published early in the spring. I shall do no reviewing,

except of a friend's book, or of new travels which I want to read, and cannot obtain by any other means.

Has Lord Roslyn (I think that is his title — the one who was upon the strange embassy to Lisbon) delivered certain maps of my uncle's to Mr. Burn? They are what I must get engraved for my "Brazil and Paraguay," and he desires me to make the inquiry for them. Lord Roslyn borrowed them, to get them copied. I have another thing to trouble you about. My uncle will not apply to you, because of the state of his account, but he applies to me to send him a Master of Arts Gown, and some black silk stockings, being in want of both. Now I must apply to you, having nobody else to apply to. Send them to him as a parcel from me, and I will settle for them in the first draught which I shall be able to remit.

The country is becoming very beautiful. I wish there were hopes of seeing you here, and showing you our lakes and mountains, your god-daughter, and little Herbert. Early in the winter you will probably see me: I purpose travelling to London to examine a few books necessary for completing the notes and preliminaries to the "Cid," and perhaps may put the first volume of "Brazil" to press at the same time. Another part of my business will be to transcribe a MS. of Jeronymo Lobo, which is in the Museum, and which my uncle wishes me to restore to its own country, as I shall very gladly do. If I can get it transcribed, I shall save myself the trouble. Tom writes me that his ship has, at last, got a week's cruise: and they have taken a privateer, in that time, of fourteen guns. I know not what his share will amount to; it cannot be much; but it has put him in good spirits, and the weather has put him in good health. Whether Lord Cochrane speaks truly about the navy remains to be seen; I believe he does; indeed, I can believe anything ill of

——; but the Pallas was certainly sent to sea without a sufficient complement of men, — there was scarcely a man on board, when my brother joined, who knew one rope from another. Tom stated to me that the men were so few, as well as so little used to their work, that the ship was not safe in bad weather; and he said it made his heart ache to drive them on to fresh exertions. The ship had no master, and, to complete the matter, one of the lieutenants knocked himself up at Plymouth, so that Tom and the other were watch and watch (*i.e.*, every other four hours on deck) till they were both so ill, that the Captain (which he ought to have done sooner) allowed an old midshipman to take charge of the deck. The men have now learnt their duty. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, June 11. 1807.

My dear Wynn,

Day after day have I looked in the papers to see your return announced, that my epistles might have a red letter mark at the post office; but never could I find it till yesterday evening, when the rascally "Courier" gave a list of all the returns, and yesterday I could not write, for a whole hundredweight of books made their appearance from the carrier's, and I was engaged with Portuguese Jesuits as long as my eyes would let me.

Your "Specimens" shall be waiting for you when you reach London; a dismal book you will find it, worthy of a groan whenever it is mentioned. The small edition of "Madoc," ought to have been advertised a fortnight

ago; there are not above half a dozen alterations. I shall direct Artaxerxes to send you a copy, for it will be more lendable than the quarto, and one alteration (at the beginning of the interview with Llewelyn) greatly improves the passage, by removing a clumsy abruptness in the speech of Madoc.

There are three or perhaps four sheets of "Espriella" still unprinted. It will certainly be finished in a fortnight, and "Palmerin" about the same time. I expect the proof of the preface to the latter every day, the only proof which I see of it. The rest I left to Burnett's revision, for the sake of accommodating the printer, and not keeping his types standing. He is a young beginner, with little capital, and whom I wish to serve, because when quite a boy he used to bring my proofs to me at Bristol, was then one of the finest boys I ever saw, and is now a man far above the common standard of intellect and morals. This preface is very bibliographical and dull, but it contains all that can be made out about the history of the book, and of its author.

Next I go to press with the "Cid," not however till certain books from Madrid arrive, which my uncle has sent for. I think this will certainly be the most curious piece of chivalrous history that has ever appeared in our language. In the winter I must visit London to complete the introduction to it, and the notes from books which will be to be found either at the Museum or at Holland House.

My progress in South America is more satisfactory than that of our troops in the same country. I am in want of two books, a Latin history of Paraguay by P. Nicholas del Techo, of which there is a mutilated translation in Churchill, and the "France Antartique," of Thevet. The former I must wait patiently for. But with respect to French books, my readiest way will be to make out a list of all the titles I can collect and

put it into a bookseller's hands to send and search for them in Paris. My first volume will, I trust, be written by the end of the year. If I chose to sell it out and out, as the phrase is, I might certainly get 500*l.* for it; but it would be folly to do this, considering the possible profits of a work on such a subject at this time, and the very great value of my materials.

It is very much against my inclination to interrupt these two works, in both of which I take so much interest. Longman, however, writes to me that there is a dispute about the "Edinburgh Review," Jeffrey wanting to take it off his hands, in consequence of which he has obtained an injunction on the sale in London, and must prepare to carry it on without him. In this state of affairs he requested me to review him two or three articles, in what he calls my best manner, at the Scotch price of ten guineas per sheet. The phrase of my "best manner" tickled me. I told him in reply, that there were many articles of which the value was in exact proportion to the time and trouble bestowed upon them, but that these articles were not of that kind; that I could review no better for an "Edinburgh Review" than for an annual one, and that the worst articles he had ever received from me had cost me more time and trouble than the best, — in such cases everything depending upon the subject, and the previous knowledge in the writer's mind which he could bring to bear upon it; but that I would do my best, and that upon one of the books which he mentioned (Clavigero's "Mexico"), I could promise him a better review than he could probably obtain from anybody else. Luckily, he is in a hurry, which must hurry me, and when these books arrive, I shall get through five-and-twenty guineas' worth in about a fortnight.

Have you seen Sharon Turner's new edition in quarto? greatly altered, amended, and enlarged. Some of his

beauties still want weeding out, but in point of matter laboriously corrected and faithfully brought forward, it stands before any historical work in the language. Have you also seen Wordsworth's new poems? Some are very childish, some very obscure, though not so to me, who understand his opinions; others of first rate excellence — nothing comparable to them is to be found anywhere except in Shakspeare and Milton. Of this character are most of the sonnets which relate to the times. I never saw poetry at once so truly philosophical and heroic.

As a literary anecdote to conclude with, I have found in Heber's "Amadis of Greece," besides Spenser's "Mask of Cupid," Sir Philip Sidney's "Zelmane," and Shakspeare's "Florisel." God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, Sept. 9. 1808.

MY DEAR TOM,

The "Cid" has been detained some weeks longer than I expected by Frere. The proofs take a long circuit to reach him through official franks. He is slow in returning them, and he sees *revises*, as they are called, *i.e.*, second proofs. However, I look daily to see it advertised, and Longman has directions what to pack up with your copy, as soon as the publication takes place.

I spent a week tooth and nail at my old letters, cutting and slashing at a great rate, and inserting more than was omitted, by rummaging my original journals, and hunting out just so much antiquarian and historical

matter as was pertinent, among my books. The Life of D. Luiza also is inserted at the end of the first volume. It will now be a respectable book, having thus been weeded. The two volumes are in the printer's hands, and will soon be completed. Dispatch was one reason for dividing it, and another was the wish to have all my operas in the same size. Just at this time it is very likely to have a sale, and by and by my later letters will help it off by occasionally referring to it.

By this evening's "Courier," I perceive that we had a severe earthquake here just a fortnight ago. All I can say about it is, that we never heard of it before. Not that an earthquake would surprise me. Whatever makes our bottom winds*, and sends up these islands, is unquestionably equal to produce an earthquake, if it only takes place upon a larger scale. Good part of the Island has now sunk, and a little one has risen nearer the shore, with a canal almost through it. Humphry Senhouse came over last week to see it, and a thorough wetting I had in rowing him back. He brought with him a Miss French, a very nice girl, whose brother has lately published a volume of poems. They staid two nights with us. Miss Wood comes tomorrow by the coach; something has been said about our returning with her, but whether we shall do this or not, I do not know.

Coleridge is arrived at last, about half as big as the house. He came over with Wordsworth on Monday,

* "The surface of the Derwentwater is sometimes violently agitated, by what has been termed a *bottom wind*, because it is supposed to be air pent up at the bottom of the lake. This phenomenon varies as to its duration; sometimes the swell of the waves continuing only for an hour or two, and sometimes nearly a whole day, although no wind whatever is perceptible above the surface of the water."—*Leigh's View of the Lakes*, 2nd edit. p. 69.

and returned with him on Wednesday. His present scheme is to put the boys to school at Ambleside, and reside at Grasmere himself. Some good is likely to result from his coming, for Wordsworth declares that if he does not write an essay upon the pleasure produced by bad poetry, he will do it himself. You have heard him talk upon the subject; — whoever does this, the effect will be to flay —— alive, and take full and ample vengeance upon all such offenders.

King Arthur is deposed for misconduct in unnecessarily delaying the review; and it is well for him he is, as otherwise I should have made a desperate home thrust at him, for having had the impudence to omit the reviewal of Wordsworth's poem, which he received from me, and inserting an Aikinish one in its stead. But as he has been already cashiered, I shall resent this in no other way than by dropping all acquaintance with the said King Arthur and his whole generation.

I am writing in great haste to secure the post. The Wolseleys and Brownes are coming to tea. Two days ago I dined at Calvert's, with the Mr. George Taylor whom we met last year at Spedding's. Spedding has just got a new boat, which is named the Spanish Patriot. Now had you been here we should have explored Bassenthwaite thoroughly.

The papers say that some of our large ships are to be paid off forthwith, as being no longer wanted. In that case I should think by your account of the Dreadnought that she stands a fair chance of being laid up. The worst thing would be that you would probably be turned over to some dirty small craft, such as it seems we want to meet the Danes with: this is what is proposed. On the other hand, it hardly seems likely that you would be treated with so little respect.

Kehama gets often interrupted by late hours, or disturbed nights, or much exercise in the preceding day.

Arvalan is now driving the dragons; the car is fastened on their yokes thus:



the circles being the yokes, and the seat fastened on the upper arch. So he drives, and long before this reaches you he will be at the North Pole.

Emma has acquired the name of Old Scratch, by reason of her sharp nails. My son rides Pocko whenever he can catch me, and will not be persuaded that Pocko can be tired. Both he and Edaw, as he calls her, are equipped this evening in dark brown stuff gowns, trimmed with red, which Mrs. Wolseley has made them.

Huzza for Spain. How completely have our hopes been justified! It is my firm opinion that Bonaparte has received his death blow. Very probably another year may bring about peace after the extirpation of his royal race. God bless you.

R. S.

To G. C. Bedford. Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 4. 1807.

My dear Grosvenor,

Ever since the arrival of Harry's letter I have been in great uneasiness concerning you, for, by the same post Wynn told me he supposed you were by that time here. This evening your letter from Acton has brought the first intelligence of you, which has been delayed some days by a blunder of the post in carrying it to Birmingham. Now that you are in

London, and the shock of meeting is over, I am glad you are there. Had you come on, I should have endeavoured to detain you as long as possible.

What shall I say to you? This is the first heavy loss which you have ever experienced; hereafter the bitterness of the cup will have passed away, and you will then perceive its wholesomeness. This world is all to us till we suffer some such loss, and every such loss is a transfer of so much of our hearts and hopes to the next; and they who live long enough to see most of their friends go before them, feel that they have more to recover by death than to lose by it. This is not the mere speculation of a mind at ease. Almost all who were about me in my childhood have been removed. I have brothers, sisters, friends, father, mother, and child, in another state of existence, and assuredly I regard death with very different feelings than I should have done if none of my affections were fixed beyond the grave. To dwell upon the circumstances which in this case lessen the evil of separation would be idle; at present you acknowledge, and in time you will feel them.

Pray let me hear from you. I am very anxious about your own state of health. Remember me to Harry *, and to your father and mother, as one who has too often and too long been a guest in their house, not to be deeply impressed by any loss which befals it. God bless you, my dear Grosvenor.

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* This was the late Henry Bedford, Esq., of the Admiralty. Southey usually called him Henry, or Harry, or Custos Rotulorum

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 5. 1807.

MY DEAR RICKMAN.

Duppa's father was a man of some property, who was resident either in or near Leominster, in Herefordshire; his family is, I believe, very distantly connected with my own, I having heard Bishop Duppa claimed as kinsman on my mother's side, — a relationship of which I am not very proud, holding the said Bishop to have had a hand in the manufactory of the Eikon Basilike.* Duppa has two brothers, the one a clergyman in good circumstances, the elder a country gentleman, I believe. He himself, by the late death of his father, inherits some small independence, — little, but enough for an independent man.

I have known him since the Installation at Oxford, in 1793, where he was introduced to me by his relation, and my nearest and dearest friend, Edmund Seward. Of his education, I can tell you little; it was in the country, and, I suspect, not very good. He learnt the art of engraving from Heath, I believe, but never practised it as a trade; — went abroad, and continued there for three years; and since his return, has published those heads, his Subversion of the Papal Government, and his Life of Michael Angelo. I guess his age at from six to seven and thirty. Carlisle has known him longer than I have, and can tell you more of his history, previous to his going abroad.

He knows the Arts well, and loves them disinterestedly; they have been his pursuit rather than his profession. Whatever is connected with them, he has

* Southey afterwards expressed his full assent to Dr. Wordsworth's work. — MS. Letter to Rev. H. Hill, Dec, 6. 1824.

studied seriously — anatomy in particular; and I believe he has a good knowledge of other branches of science.

Mediocriter we must rank his classical knowledge: to this he never makes any pretensions; and if he would not aim at style, he would, like another good friend of ours, write better. Now I know nothing more, and all this amounts to very little; of his soundness, and his knowledge of what odd things there are in the world, which make him so pleasant a companion, you know as much as myself. Elmsley told me long since of a marriage engagement pending between him and Miss ——; I should be glad if it was carried into effect. The lady is an acquaintance of mine, suitable to him in age, and one whom, for her thoroughly happy temper, I like so well, that it would give me pleasure to hear she had found a comfortable home. Very likely it is this engagement which makes him wish for the situation in request. Would it be of any use if Wordsworth were to interest his brother for him, he being of authority at Lambeth? If so, lose no time in telling me.

I have received lately several works of the ex-Jesuits, concerning South America. This body of men seem to have been useful to the last, and to have employed their old age, cruelly as they had been treated, in leaving all their knowledge to posterity. Among them is a famous catalogue of all existing languages, by Hervas, originally published by him in Italian, in 1784, but now greatly enlarged and extended, in Spanish, his native tongue. It is to be followed by grammars and vocabularies, — the whole treasure of their missionary school. From this catalogue I have collected some curious facts respecting South America; among others the singular one that none of the languages there have any affinity to those spoken in North America. He believes in the tales of Atlantis, and thinks this

half of the New World was peopled from thence, and so originally from Africa; his proofs of the former fact are from etymology, which cannot be appreciated till his vocabularies appear; of the latter, the chain of soundings, from Brazil to Africa. The Auracans speak a language more excellently artificial than any other, even than the Greek; and in some of the islands off their coast, the language is Spanish adapted to the Auracan grammar. The Mexicans and Peruvians (like the Romans) spread their language with their arms, and consequently each extended over a prodigious extent of country,—thus greatly facilitating the conquests of the Spaniards. But the Jesuits found it better to learn the savage dialects of the different tribes, than to teach them Spanish; for this obvious reason, that thus they kept them to themselves. This Paraguay history will be very curious, never yet having been touched upon with decent impartiality.

I have collected the titles of many other works relating to South America, which I will send for to Italy whenever I can find out how to do it.

I wish this may be true about Portugal and Brazil, but doubt it. If it should, my book will be worth something in the Row.

Thank Mrs. R. for her good wishes. I have about four days' work only to finish the body of the "Cid." The notes and introduction are more than half done. I go soon to reviewing, and think of appearing in London as soon as that shall be over, probably in January; or perhaps, may wait a few weeks to see the arrival of a son or daughter, expected about that time. God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Oct. 26. 1807.

It will not be very long before I shall be able to tell you something about my winter operations. My uncle and Harry were to take flight from Lisbon on the 12th of this month; they will probably come in a Liverpool ship, as they talk of seeing me soon,—but this is only a guess. If my uncle could get a passage in a King's ship, as one of his Majesty's servants, he meant to prefer it; in that case, he would come to Plymouth or Portsmouth, and it would be more likely that I should meet him in London, than that he should come here during the winter. Rickman wishes me to come before Christmas; I can do my reviewing in time, and shall do it, to be ready for any call. My movements will be in a very zig-zag line. Wynn wants me to stop at Wynnstay; how can I cross from Shrewsbury over to your part of the world? This evening has brought me a letter from Litchfield, and I am bound to make a visit there. . . . . She (Miss Seward) is really a very staunch friend. Fellowes, having become joint editor of the "Critical Review," besought her to give him an article; to serve him, she reviewed the poem of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and, Heaven knows how, lugged in "Madoc" by neck and shoulders. Poor Fellowes petitions that this may be left out, in com passion to the "Review," which had abused "Madoc" by bell, book, and candle, and must not, he says, throw off all consistency at once; but he promises great civility to all my future works, and this it is likely they will meet with, through this interest. Pretty work, this reviewing, Senhora! I am abused because one reviewer hates Coleridge, and now am to be praised because another is a friend of Miss Seward's.

She, however, is a good friend of mine, and I am very much obliged to her.

The books shall be sent you forthwith. "Palmerin" was advertised yesterday for the first time as published. In the "Athenæum" for September, is a letter pointing out a real blunder of the translator of D. Manuel, in one of his notes, written by somebody who admires the book, and believes in its authenticity. The Count, who took his departure on Sunday morning, told John Fisher, on his way out of town, that I had a book in which his lodgings were mentioned; and Aggy Fisher, his sister, has been here to-day, begging to see it, which, as his worship kept "Espriella" for the last two months at his lodgings, and left it there after all, to be brought home when the man of the house pleases to bring it, we could not lend her. She imputes it to—guess whom—to a Turk, who, she says, lodged there once; and, I assure you, she is expecting it with as much anxiety as a lady of fashion looks for the description of her first court-dress in the newspaper. Were you gone before Koster wrote a criticism upon this book to me, not suspecting me to be the author, but hinting to me to take the hint, invite an Italian to travel with me, and supply the deficiencies in D. Manuel?

The Peacheys were gone a day before your letter arrived. She desired she might stand to the unborn, a thing which I should have asked her, had it not been for that fear which, year after year, I feel at seeing her depart,—that she never possibly can live to return, and for which there is more cause every year than the last. There is a sweetness in that woman's nature which is worth all other endowments whatsoever. That sweet island of hers always makes me melancholy, when I look at it after she is gone; seven years ago, I should have said so in half a score poems, but I am

now as practical a suppressor of all such indulgences of feeling, as if I were a Quaker in form, as well as in fact. If the unborn be of the *weaker* sex, her name will, of course, be Emma. If he be one of the lords of the creation, I will name him Danvers, after the man whom, I suppose, if it were possible to sum up such things, I should be found to love best of all my friends.

The books from London will not arrive this year. Rickman is in the country, and will not return to town till December. Of course, as he expects me so soon, and moreover, as that would be a bad season for their removal, he will let them stay. If my pension has any effect upon my politics, it is to make me a greater grumbler than before. I have received as yet only one quarter, and that was due early in April. Out of the 50*l.*, they modestly deducted 38*l.* for fees, &c. Two quarters more are due, and a third running on. This irregularity of payment is very inconvenient to a man who has no other certain income to look to, and who has the happy art of getting worse paid for every-thing that he does than any living brother of the grey-goose quill. The Buenos Ayres business makes a pretty concluding chapter for me! I regard it as a good thing, were it not for the disgraceful way in which it has been done. It is to be hoped that some stigma will be fixed upon Whitelocke and Crauford. But, bad as this is, it is nothing to the everlasting and ineffaceable infamy of bombarding Copenhagen. You know how little I have ever feared the power of France, and what my feelings have been concerning invasion. They are changed since this atrocious business. My faith was in God, and in a good cause, as as much as in our human power. But now that we have laid that aside, that we have foregone the vantage-ground on which we stood, put ourselves on a level with Bonaparte, and voluntarily chosen to fight him

with his own weapons of cruelty, and tyranny, and injustice,—inasmuch as I believe in God's retributive justice, so do I fear for what may be the fate of this country. The curse of man is upon it, and where that is the case, the curse of God sooner or later follows. God help us! that the main principle, the foundation and main spring of all public and all private morality, should still openly be set at defiance, and laughed to scorn! and that such miserable trash as Count Burnetski used to vent from a brain, half filled with French morality picked up in Poland, should be the creed of our ministry, and our nation also!

Woe be to the nation, and to the individual who believes that anything which is wrong can ever be expedient! God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. Thank you for the gold leaf, but not for the black enclosure.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.

Keswick, Nov. 16. 1807.

My dear Wynn,

Both Longman and I have been served unhandsomely about the "D. Quixote." Cadell and Davies authorised them to treat with me concerning it, and meantime they struck a bargain with a Mr. Balfour, of whose fitness for anything literary you may form some opinion by referring to his version of Yriante's "Dancing Bear"* in the "Annual Review." The

* There is a translation of this fable by Southey himself, in a MS. letter to G. C. Bedford, Lisbon, Dec. 1795:—

"Some greater brute had caught a bear," &c.

Longmen are hurt at this: they in consequence refused to take any share in the work, and offered to print my edition, notwithstanding the other is certain of a sale from Smirke's designs. But immediate profit was my object, and that would not be answered by this plan, so the business has ended.

I am about to edit "Mort d' Arthur": this will be work after my own heart. Can you lend me your brother's copy to correct the press by? You will see the necessity there is for having it printed verbatim *and* literatim, and that I must have a copy before me for this purpose. Were there an Academy of the Round Table, I believe myself worthy of a seat there in point of knowledge, but my Round Table library is very poor. The "Ballads," the English "Geoffrey of Monmouth," Scott's "Sir Tristram," and the two long poems of Luigi Alemanni are all that I possess. But Heber has most of the French romances, if not all; and those which he may not have, are in the list which Mr. Goldsmid sent me of his collection. Certain Welsh queries I shall propound to Turner and Owen, if he, poor fellow, can think of anything besides Joanna Southcote; and perhaps your studies in your father-tongue (as we must call it) may bring something to light. My Pisgah-view extends over a tolerably wide field of annotation.

So much for Brazil and the Braganzas! If the prince ever designed to go, I should guess his proclamation to be a feint, and that Sir Sidney was gone to take him over. But such a scheme is too great to be executed or even intended by such a miserable poor wretch as the Principe D. Joan, and so Sir Sidney is probably gone to bring away his fleet.

The villanous business of Copenhagen has cost us more men by storms than we should have lost if the Danish fleet had come out, joined the French, and

given us battle. And in those seas and this time of the year, that might have been foreseen.

I begin to demur about going to London. It is a hideous long journey—I hate being from home—I should suffer from cold on the road—I cannot spare the time—and I cannot spare the money. Besides, we expect son or daughter to appear early in the year, and I should not choose to be absent. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 1. 1807.

My dear Rickman,

My uncle is arrived after a six weeks' passage. Provokingly enough, he has sent the letter which he wrote for me to Falmouth, and directed one to me which ought to have gone there, so that I neither know anything of his movements, nor whether Harry be with him. I have written to know how long he stays in town, and my business in now writing is to ask whether, in case his answer should wish me to set forward without loss of time, it be convenient for you to receive me in the course of the next fortnight.

My plans for the coming year are tolerably extensive. The first volume of "Brazil" certainly goes to press in the spring. I think also of setting forward a volume of "Travels in Portugal," for which I possess matter in abundance. "Espriella" sells — about 300 are left of the 1000, and the Longmen think it likely that in another month it will be expedient to send it again to press; when the humour takes me, therefore, I may prudently proceed with the projected completion.

Overtures have been made for me to bear a part in the "Edinburgh Review," choosing my own books, and expressing my own opinions: they come *through* Walter Scott, but unquestionably *from* Constable. I have returned no answer as yet, having written one in refusal, and detained it for further consideration. To the Longmen, however, I communicated this offer, that they may see the unfitness of my reviewing at seven pounds the annual sheet, when I am offered ten guineas, Scotch measure, and told that the price is soon to be considerably increased. I differ from all the opinions of the "Edinburgh Review," both in taste, morals, politics, and religion. The question is, in this rascally age of party-feeling, to secure good treatment for myself in that quarter, and take care of my friends; as for the employment, in a financial point of view, it is as likely that my time may be as profitably given to better work. My greatest inclining is to lay everything else aside, and get the Brazilian book forward. The sale of 500 cannot be doubtful,—enough to pay the expensé of publication, and quite certain to be immediate. I mean, therefore, to print it on my own account, for which I can without difficulty borrow the necessary sum. There is no reason why the booksellers should share my profits as interest for an advance of money, which is merely nominal, they paying nothing before they receive.

We have had extraordinary weather here; a deeper snow than has been remembered since 1767. Three days we were without a post, — on one day only one person came into the town. In some places the road is cut through drifts seven or eight feet deep.* I went

* I once was detained a week in Keswick, and then had to pass over Dunmail Raise, through a road like this, cut expressly for the mail: the snow was considerably above the roof of the coach. This was, I think, in 1842. The mountain scenery was marvellously grand.

out to see this pass through walls of snow, and very singular it is. Even to-day, after four days' gentle thaw, a hundred men are employed in opening the road to Penrith, where the stage has been stuck since Friday week last: there the drifts are in some places twenty feet deep. The mountain scenery has been fine beyond all powers of pen or pencil to express — at morning, when the valley was in mist, the heights in sunshine, and blue sky above them; and at noon, when clouds lay upon their summits, and the sun shone upon the clouds, and the clouds and the snow and the sunshine made up one glory!

There is little doubt that my uncle will wish me to meet him in town speedily His letter I shall get on Saturday or Sunday next, and start within three or four days after I receive yours. But I shall halt three or four days on the way.

Remember me to Mrs. R. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.

Keswick, Dec. 3. 1807.

My dear Wynn,

My uncle arrived in the convoy, and this is all I know about him; for by a mistake sufficiently provoking, he directed to me a letter of business which was written to some person at Falmouth. It is by no means unlikely that I may shortly set out to meet him in London: this, of course, depends upon his movements.

I am a *little* surprised at the charge of irreverence. Few men have more of what Hartley calls theopathy in their nature than I have; few men have a firmer faith in the truths of Christianity. There is nothing more

in quoting Scripture in such a case as that of Ossian than there is in quoting any other book. As for the Rabbinical story, I found it in a Catholic writer (Feyjoo) and to a Catholic I gave it; and surely "Espriella" is in no danger of the inquisition for repeating what had been told by the General of the Benedictines. The book sells; 700 are gone, and they think it probable that it must be reprinted in a few weeks.

On the duty of spreading Christianity you know my opinions, which perfectly coincide with your own. My views of religion approach very nearly to Quakerism, as the "Annual Review" may perhaps have led you to suspect. The Quakers err in prohibiting things which it is sufficient to despise; they err in their principle of preaching; and their conduct about tythes is foolish and troublesome. Their opinions concerning war go against the instinct of self-defence; just now that sort of religion which the Maccabees held upon this subject is more called for. There can, however, be no question but that the Quaker system, were it general, would produce the greatest possible good. It never can spread so rapidly as to lay any part of the world at the feet of the conqueror, and if it were not for Bonaparte, I should have little hesitation in declaring my conviction that it is the true system of the Gospel; that is, my reason is convinced, but I want to have the invasion over before I allow it to be so. Their morality is perfect. I should not have agreed with George Fox if he had made his creed, but I entirely agree with him in reverentially abstaining from attempting to define what has been left indefinite, and in rejecting all those disputed terms which are not to be found in the Scriptures; not as false, but as not being there, and as unnecessary provocations to disputes and doubts. Were there a meeting in Keswick, I should silently take a seat in it, but I should not alter my lan-

guage nor my dress, should pay my Easter dues, and stand in no fear of a pack of cards. Did you ever read Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici?" If ever I can afford to write what I should not think it prudent to publish, it will be the "Religio Poetæ."

Overtures have been made me to write in the "Edinburgh Review." They come through W. Scott, who takes some pains to satisfy me of Jeffrey's "high conversation," and tells me I may add one or even two hundred a year to my income; choosing my own books, and expressing my own opinions. It so happens that I have no opinions in common with that Review. I am greatly in hopes that it may not be necessary for me to review at all after this year. It is work which I abominate.

I think Heber had no copy of M. Arthur, when I talked to him once about it, and foolishly enough never thought how likely it is that he should have got one since. I have now asked the question.

Here is a nursery story for Mrs. Wynn. A little boy asked his nurse at dinner for some pōtatoes "Ask for them properly, Master Wilson, and you shall have them." "Some pōtatoes, if you please, nurse." "Ask for them properly, sir." "Why I do ask for them properly. Some pōtatoes, if you please." "It's not pōtatoes, sir." "Why, yes, nurse, it is pōtatoes." "No, sir; it's pētatoes." "Why, I'm sure, nurse, it is pōtatoes; my mother has been teaching me this very morning to spell the word p-o-pō-t-a-tā-t-o-e-s-toes, pōtatōes." "Poo, sir; it's not pōtatoes, I tell you. There's nothing pō but *pō-chay*." — Literally true.

The minutiæ in "Espriella" are impertinent to English readers at this time. If the book gets abroad, they are not so now; and if it be read at home half a century hence, they will have ceased to be so. We forget how these things are continually changing. All

this, too, is information in America. I shall bring him to England again, and endeavour to leave a complete picture of the present state of society.

I am applied to, to bear a part in the "British Biography." If I do anything it will not be till late in the work. George Fox, Wm. Penn, Wesley, and Whitefield, are all that I feel solicitous to biographise. The two former lives would include a history of Quakerism; the two latter that of Methodism. Wesley is destined to hold as distinguished a place in history as Loyola. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 10. 1807.

My dear Rickman,

My uncle leaves town in a few days to go and look after litigious parishioners in Herefordshire; he therefore wishes me to delay my journey, so you will not see me till the snowdrops and the unborn have made their appearance.

I have taken time about the Edinburgh proposal, not to think about it, for that were wasting time, — but to let the *pros* and *cons* find their level, — that being a safe way of proceeding. You see the advantage of engaging in it just in the right point of view; but even that is not worth the sort of compromise which it would cost. I write, therefore, to Walter Scott, refusing, in terms of all courtesy, to bear any part in a journal with which I do not hold any one opinion in common, and the conduct of which I thoroughly disapprove.

You estimate "Palmerin" rightly, — it is even more

inferior to "Amadis," than Virgil is to Homer. The only scene in it which at all affects one, is that where the tombs of K. Arban and old Grumedan give for a moment a sort of historical reality to the story. Yet the very difference between this romance and "Amadis" the reputation of both being considered, made it worth while that both should be in our language. The part which I have translated is as well done as "Amadis;" the difference lies in the original. Moraes was for writing a fine style. The "Cid" you will find equal in this point to "Amadis," the language being of the same character, *i. e.*, both being anterior to the age of fine style.

"Prince Arthur" is lettered in green, on a gilt back, one of the small quartos. With this I have nothing to do but to write preface and add notes, in which I design to give the whole bibliology of the Round Table; — luxurious sort of reading, in which I think I should not afford to indulge were I not paid for it.

"Espriella's" secret is not worth any awkward attempt at evading the *avowal*. Your friend Lady Holland has just sent me a present of Spanish plays, and asked me the question concerning it. This book is likely to set me fairly afloat; a second edition will clear me with Longman, and leave me the profits of all my other books to look on to for ways and means in the ensuing year; enough, it is to be hoped, without touching the produce of "Brazil."

Drop the inclosed note into the twopenny; it is to desire that the sheets of the "Cid" may be sent to you when my uncle leaves town. I wish you to look them over before the additional notes be made up, that you may point out what may occur to you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Dec. 19. 1807.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Frank for me the enclosed to the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, Thetford, Norfolk. My brother Henry is looking about him where to settle. Thetford is one of the places which have been mentioned to him; and as I happen to be acquainted with the rector of that place, this letter is to make inquiry concerning the chance there may be of his succeeding there. Another year in Lisbon would have been convenient for him.

My uncle loses 300*l* a year by this expulsion of the English. My friend, John May, 20,000*l*. He is one of the best men I have ever known; it was not possible to make a better use of affluence than he did, or to part with it with more composure.

I replied to the overtures about the "Edinburgh Review" by a decided refusal, upon the ground of my utter disapprobation of the general system of criticism pursued by Jeffrey, and my utter dissent from all his principles of taste, morals, and politics. As Walter Scott happens to agree with me in the first, and in his opinions about peace and Catholic Emancipation, he was well pleased with the grounds and manner of this refusal.

Coleridge is to lecture at the Royal Institution. Have you heard that Davy is dangerously ill? I know no man whose death would be so greatly to be lamented, as he has just struck out some of the most important and original discoveries that have ever been made in chemistry, and which, if he lives to pursue them, will set his name far above all other natural philosophers. God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Dec. 21. 1807.

MY DEAR SENHORA,

I am flattered and gratified by Sir Edward's offer of becoming godfather to the unborn, and you will express to him my thankful acceptance of his offer, in the best terms you can find. You have contrived to mingle something unpleasant with this, by requesting me to change the name intended. I have told Danvers that, should the child be a boy, Danvers is to be his name, and assuredly Danvers his name must be. I have as great a respect for Sir Edward as it is possible to have for any person with whom I am well acquainted only by report, and have seen so seldom. But were I to name a child of mine after him, the immediate question would be, Is he a particular friend of yours? And to this, what reply could be made? It would be paying him a very mean compliment, thus to set aside one of my oldest and dearest friends,—a man whom I most entirely love, honour, and esteem, and whose name, I verily believe, if there be anything good in the boy who bears it, will operate as an incitement in him to every virtue. If I judge rightly of Sir Edward Littleton, he would think within himself, what am I to Southey, that he should show me this preference? and judge me to be one of a suppler spirit than it has pleased God to make me. When you have reflected a little upon this, you will feel that I am right; and as for the *never forgiving* of which you talk, it is I, Senhora, who have to forgive you the imprudence with which you have subjected me to this risk of displeasing Sir Edward, and appearing insensible of the honour he has done me. Out of this you must bring me as you best can. I

have a sort of feeling about naming my children after my friends, just as the Catholics have for calling them after their favourite saints. Should I have a third son, his name would be Edmund Seward; and a fourth would have a good chance of being called Rickman. On looking back, one thing requires explanation: you may perhaps take it in your head—(are you liable, Senhora, to that female complaint which Doctors call the pet? I think not)—you may, I say, possibly think that if I will not call the boy Edward Littleton, I may as well let Danvers be his sponsor. The fact is, that Danvers is one of those dissenters who reject the ceremony altogether, and look upon godfathership as a relic of Popish superstition. I have a different feeling upon the subject, and think the more ties there are of goodwill to bind man and man together, the better.

If this unborn does not appear some time in January, it will be very extraordinary; for as Nature is as punctual as I am in all her operations, he may certainly be expected about that time. You may therefore look for me in less than six weeks. Tom will accompany me as far as our roads lie together, which will probably be just to Penkridge; then he strikes for Bristol, and I for Litchfield and London. This expulsion of the English from Lisbon strips my uncle of half his income,—*that* half on which he himself lived; Miss Tyler and what he allowed Harry engrossing the other. My friend, John May, loses the bulk of his fortune by it—20,000*l.* I know no man who ever made a better use of affluence, and there is none who will bear up against adversity more like a man. Whether my uncle's "great friends" will do anything for him remains to be seen. I generally suspect that a man's great friends are so called by the old law of contrarieties because they are very little his friends. . . .

Lady Holland's is a very handsome present—eight volumes, in Russia binding, with R. S. on the back. I only regret that she did not know my partiality for black letter, as the ordinary said to Jonathan Wild, about the punch, when Jonathan proposed a bottle of wine to him in Newgate. "Espriella" seems generally known. I can only console myself by proving that the world *had no reason* for knowing it, because it only knows me as a poet, and "Espriella" is not in the same style as "Madoc," "Thalaba," or "Joan of Arc." It cannot be helped, and it is no matter. Pray rummage up your memory for the new volumes.

To-day being the shortest day, I have a library table come home, of Dantzic oak, standing on two claws, and with drawers all round; handsome enough for me, well made, and excellently convenient; we all admire it much. Worse news; — two brothers were drowned yesterday on the lake, attempting to cross it on the ice; a great shock as you may well suppose to everybody here, — knowledge of the place seeming in some degree to affect us like knowledge of the persons.

Hartley has been writing, by her desire, to your friend Mrs. Skepper, and I am asked if the letter may not be franked up to you, to be franked on; so expect it in a blank cover. My first batch of reviewing goes off this evening. Did I tell you that overtures were made me from the "Edinburgh," offering about double pay to what the "Annual" gives? You would have been pleased with the way in which I rejected this offer, on the ground of my dreaded disapprobation of the system on which that journal was conducted, and all the opinions which it professed. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 21. 1807.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I have a strong suspicion that the disappearance of "Prince Arthur" is owing to a personage whose laziness is always doing mischief, either to himself or to other people. Did not B. borrow it for his specimens? and did he ever return it?

A little delay is of little consequence, and the loss of the book not of much, it being so imperfect. Walter Scott, who meditated the same publication, urges me to follow his plan, of printing it in small quarto, and giving vignettes of costume. I have transmitted this advice to the Long-men of the Row, proffering, on my part, additional research and preliminaries, in proportion to their increased expense. This will tally well with your advice, for which I heartily thank you.

It has long been one of my greatest desires to read through the Byzantine Historians, and I have long said that the possession of that great collection would be the only thing which could make me recover my Greek. I have here "Zonoras," but in such woeful plight that he must go to London to get bound; I have eight volumes of French translations of these writers, and you have in London a huge "Chalcondylas." In these it will be pleasant enough to hunt out matter, and refer to the original when any is found.

Armour was disused for a reason which I found in one of Fuller's sermons — "The rags of a broken corselet making a worse wound than the bullet." We will talk over these things. Did you not make out a suit from "Amadis?" I have seen aprons of chain-mail to protect the face, and will hunt out everything of the kind.

One hundred and fifty copies of "Espriella" remain,

and they go to press again immediately. I am requested to omit the history of the Newbury Renegado, because it hurts his friends. This fellow, whose name is Baily, was in England about two years ago, — saw this same story told in my reviewal of "Wittmans' Travels," and called upon A. Aikin, in his Turkish dress, and with his scymetar, to take vengeance upon him. Luckily, King Arthur was out of the way, or there had been a loss to the Round Table. Here's a Turk for you! He thinks no more of cutting off a man's head than he did of being circumcised. A merry Christmas. God bless you. In haste.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 22. 1807.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

As Henry dines with you Christmas Day, the enclosed will hit him flying.

I have got a third through the French "Anna-Comnena," to-day, and shall soon have all the remarkables out of the book, with references minute enough to enable me to verify them by the original. The translation seems to be very good.

Last night I was in too much haste to look for the *ipsissima verba* of Fuller. They imply more than stated: "It is better to fight naked than with bad armour; for the rags of a bad corselet make a deeper wound, and worse to be healed, than the bullet itself!" A good corselet would certainly repel a musket ball; there are enough in the Tower to show it: and the contusion could seldom be of any consequence when the corselet did not, in great part, sit close. Besides, many

balls would slant off. It must have been the greater use of cannon which occasioned the disuse of defensive armour, and now that battles are so decided by the bayonet, the breast plate ought to be resumed.

I think there is a suit of chain-mail at the Liverpool Museum, but it is Asiatic. This I will *see*, and examine. My paper contains a great number of facts relative to ancient warfare in all its phases, — enough to furnish matter for a curious chapter. The question how far did the real state of society ever correspond to what the romances describe, is a curious one. Turner proposes to examine it as far as relates to this country. He has produced a Saxon romance anterior to the Crusades, and that Latin poem which relates to Atila, and is referred to in the notes on "Madoc," is another. One of the first things which appeared in "Anna Comnena," is that she describes her father fighting like a Palmerin in battle; there is a good deal of this in Byzantine history, and still more in Persian fable. Read Champion's Fragment of "Ferdusi" when you can meet with it. It is worth your while to endure the disgust so villanous a translation will excite, for the sake of getting at the story. You know my opinion concerning romance, — that it is the natural growth of semi-barbarous ages, and that Hercules and Jason and Theseus, were the Guy of Warwick, the Rolands, and Launcelots of their day.

These books were never meant to outrage probability. Amadis in armour was no more than the Chicken or Gully without it, — the man of most science and most strength, — which ensured success in the then mode of warfare. Their miracles also were believed; nothing is so common in romance as enchanted fountains. Yet for one which there is in romance, I can produce half-a-dozen in old natural history.

Perhaps you will make one morning's leisure, and go

with me to the Tower, where we shall certainly find out something. I have long thought that the disuse of defensive armour, rendering personal strength less necessary, has led to the disuse of manly exercises, and made us weaker than our forefathers. Thus much is certain: that in former times the gentry excelled the peasantry in bodily strength, which assuredly is not the case now. God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 16. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Enclosed is a draft on Longman for 50*l.* It is superfluous to accompany it with expressions of thankfulness which never can be satisfactorily expressed, and it will be better to proceed with a brief statement of my affairs in the Row, where all my property, such as it is, is vested.

The system of foregoing immediate profit in expectation of greater ultimate advantage, will, I trust, soon begin to operate well. It obliged me, however, (chiefly on account of the ill sale of "Madoc," by which I gained only 25*l.*,) to have money in advance of Longman: 100*l.* when I was last in town, 200*l.* this year. To set against this, there is the current edition of "Espriella," almost sold, which I estimate at 160*l.*; writing done in the "Athenæum" about 30*l.*; and what the sale of the small edition of "Madoc" may have produced. I calculate that a second edition of "Espriella," the sale of which is almost certain, will turn the balance in my favour, and shall then have to look on to the profits of "Palmerin,"—(on the "Specimens" I reckon nothing;

Bedford and the printer between them having utterly ruined the book,)—of the "Cid," of about 60*l.* in the next "Annual," and half as much in the "Athenæum," as ways and means for the ensuing year. "Espriella" promises so well, that it seems at present more than likely to float me into fair water.

It appears, therefore, that the other works which I have to bring forth in the ensuing year may so far be considered as supererogatory, that I have good reason to think their whole profits may be left untouched; that is, that they may be applied towards liquidating my debt with you. The first volume of the Brazilian History will nearly do this, if I print the volume on my own account, and thereby secure the whole profits to myself, as I think of doing: 500 copies will produce 300*l.*, and if I can follow the example of my friend Clarkson, and dispose of any considerable number of copies myself. I shall save upon them the 27½ per cent. which the booksellers take away themselves. Upon this I shall consult Clarkson, who is as willing as he is able to befriend me in this matter.

Another work which I have in contemplation will be equally profitable, and its sale equally certain; that of my travels in Portugal. Upon this I wish to talk with my uncle. I have materials enough for a quarto volume, to which I think of adding prints. Some drawings he has; my fellow-traveller, Miss Seton, has many.

This book will cost me little labour. The expense of engraving will stand in the way of my publishing it myself, but this also is matter of consideration and consultation, and, at any rate, this may be calculated upon for 150*l.*, supposing the booksellers share with me.

You may have seen my intention of editing "Mort d'Arthur" announced: what this may produce I cannot tell; at any rate, it costs me little time, and that

employed in such a way as to be pure relaxation and amusement.

Last of my plans are two additional volumes of "Espriella," who comes to England again for this purpose. These will complete my original design, and all these I expect to accomplish in the course of the ensuing year; that is, to get all of them into the press, and some of them out of it. I am therefore in better circumstances by far than has ever before been the case; for, excepting what reviewing I have to do before my journey to London (about six weeks hence), and what I have to do then towards completing the notes of introduction to the "Cid," my ways and means for the ensuing year are provided.

I am very anxious to hear how you have fared in this general wreck at Lisbon; and have some hope that as British property was not seized, your loss may have been lighter than you apprehended. I must look to you also for news of my Lisbon friends; from my uncle I have only had one hurried letter, and Harry has not written a word to me since his return.

As soon as Edith's confinement takes place (we look for it towards the end of January), I move for London. Tom will set off for Bristol at the same time, to put himself under a surgeon there. He labours under the very distressing complaint of a *prolapsus ani*, brought on by hæmorrhoids, which were themselves produced by bad living and unusual fatigue.

Young Edith thrives. Herbert is not so stout as we could wish him; he has, however, no complaint, and seems to promise well. This is a letter of business. I shall hear from you on its receipt, and will then write to you more in the way of leisure about all my literary projects, &c. Remember me to Mrs. May.

Yours very affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Dec. 17. 1807.

LITTLE did I suspect, my dear friend, when writing to you last night, what intelligence I should receive respecting you this evening; and strangely deficient must you have supposed me to be in the common duties of friendship, finding me silent on such an occasion. I cannot forgive Harry, for leaving me, till now, in ignorance.

God be praised that the trial with which He has been pleased to visit you, heavy as it is, is the lightest of all others for a wise man. Absolute want, the want of the necessaries of life, is indeed of all evils the greatest; but, when decent comforts are left, how much better can all beyond these be spared than health, or friend, or child? To you, I trust, this is but a transient and recoverable loss; the hurricane has stript away blossom and fruit and leaf, but the tree is standing, and will put forth its buds again. My brother tells me your spirits are as I should expect them to be. Assuredly, no man ever employed wealth better; and I have something like *a faith*, that one who has employed it so well, will be intrusted with it again.

My debt to you shall certainly be discharged in the course of the ensuing year. I explained the state of my affairs in my yesterday's letter. I have now only to add that, having this additional motive for exertion, I will make such arrangements, when next in London, as shall secure the performance of this duty.

Should the Prince remove to Brazil, you will, I hope, consider and reconsider the matter well before you resolve upon removing to that country. I do not say this merely from personal feelings, and the pain which it would give me to have you at such a distance; but

the stability of his government, in case of such an event, is to be doubted. It appears that the Brazilians are blind enough to their own interests to prefer the French to us. This prejudice must needs be heightened by their dreadful bigotry and if they find themselves burthened with the expenses of a court, which is not very likely to be under the direction of wise ministers, no change which could take place would surprise me. There is another personal consideration which influenced me much, when it was intimated to me, some two years ago, that I, perhaps, might see South America; this is, the miserable state of medical science in that country. To a single man this should not be of weight sufficient to set against any material prospect of advantage; but to those who, like you and I, are fathers and husbands, it should seem to outweigh everything. Good as the climate of Brazil is, an English constitution does not adapt itself to so great a change without some risk; and, bad as the native physicians are, it will require many years of experience to make English practitioners better.

Perhaps I may see you ere long. I have been repeatedly invited to Sir Charles Malet's (the uncle of a lady who is our summer neighbour, and with whom we are in habits of the closest intimacy); and that in such a way that I cannot very well refuse making a considerable bend out of my road to Bristol for the sake of going there. Should you be at Hale, that will be motive enough to lead me there. Remember me very kindly to Mrs. May, and believe me, my dear friend,

Yours very truly and affectionately,

Robert Southey.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Jan. 9. 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will be pleased to hear that I have received two letters, both from persons whom I have never seen, one yesternight, and the other this evening, requesting me to favour them with some fragment of Henry's writing, however trifling, that they might preserve it as a relic. One of these applications comes from Mr. Arthur Owen, whom I think you will feel disposed to oblige, in requital for his sonnet, which bore tribute to Henry's merit at a time when such tributes were useful as well as pleasing. His direction is Edmund Hall, Oxford. The other is from Mr. William Fox, junr. Clapton, near Hackney, who published, some years ago, a descriptive poem called "La Bagatelle." It is a book which leaves a favourable impression both of the talents and disposition of the author; and, as the papers are so numerous, you will perhaps have no objection to oblige him also. If you gave the MS. of one of the shortest *printed* poems to each, they would be gratified, and your store not impoverished. There is something in the feeling from which such requests originate that pleads their excuse, and makes one wish to gratify it.

My friend Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, one of the best, as well as of the most learned men with whom it is my good fortune to be intimate, tells me he cannot express how much he has been interested by the "Remains," and that he regrets Henry far more than Chatterton. I cannot say whether all here who peruse the volume feel most wonder or regret.

If no accident prevent, I shall see you in the course of next month, and, perhaps, early in the month. It

will give me very sincere pleasure to shake you by the hand.

Yours very truly.
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Jan. 14. 1808.

MY DEAR WYNN,

You may rest assured that not one syllable of the abuse in the "Courier," has come from Coleridge. The origin of the report is obvious. He is very intimate with Stuart, who is one of the proprietors (not the editor) and to whom the house belongs, and his home in town is in consequence at the "Courier" office. I am a little surprised that you should have thought it possible anything so contemptible could have come from him.

I am obliged to you for the newspapers. Scott Waring's reasoning, if it can be so called, is thoroughly despicable. Something I had said upon the subject in reviewing Buchanan's Travels; and I am not without hopes that in consequence of what I said to him yesterday, the Bishop of Llandaff may take up the subject.

The removal of the court to Brazil cannot be otherwise than most highly beneficial to that country and to this, as we shall now trade as freely with the colony, as we did heretofore with Portugal. Anything like enlightened policy is not to be looked for, nor anything beyond what cannot possibly be avoided. The prince is almost an idiot, but just as he was obliged to run away from Bonaparte (who proved himself the greater idiot of the two in this business), just so will he be obliged to open a free trade with England: circumstances

compel him to it. With respect to the natives, I am of opinion that it would require two or three generations of civilisation or taming, before intermarriages could be productive of good. The mixed breed, or Mamalucos *, as they were called, were desperately bad, — even the Jesuits pronounced them irreclaimable. I have not yet learnt what proportion of the Brazilian tribes still exist upon the sea coast, — probably a very small one. They must have been pretty well used up by a villanous sort of slave trade against which the Jesuits never could prevail, till it was too late. Nor can I tell you what is the present state of the missions. They have probably diminished since the dissolution of that wonderful society which was destroyed just when it had ceased to be mischievous, and was doing nothing but good. Those Reductions may, however, easily be restored: and the Jesuits meant this system to go no farther: theirs was a sort of illuminism designed to tame the savages, and keep them always in a state of subjection founded upon ignorance. Yet such Reductions are good preparatory schools; it required two or three generations to domesticate the animal, and get rid of the effects of cannibal diet, and wild habits.

That paper of D. Luiz da Cunha † is greatly abridged. My uncle permitted Lady Shuldham to bring the original to England. She left it with her son Simon Harcourt, to whom I applied for it, and could get no answer to my application. I shall be ready, almost immediately on my return from London, to put the first volume of Brazilian History to press; and if I can borrow the very few Spanish Chronicles which I still want, the first of European History also.

I have no poems, and long disuse begins to occasion

* "The Mestizos, or mixed breed, here called 'Mamalucos.'" — *History of Brazil*, vol. i. p. 257.

† See Hist. of Brazil, vol. iii. pp. 265. 296. *Notes.*

something like an unwillingness to attempt any. Sir G. Beaumont wrote to me the other day, and abused me for having left off poetry. I told him in reply that if the world would buy my poems, they should have more, but that they must not expect another "Madoc" for five-and-twenty pounds; that it was well we should be contented with posthumous fame, but impossible to be so with posthumous bread and cheese.

You and I are looking for the same great family event about the same time; this is a little unlucky, for had my journey taken place a few weeks sooner, I could have touched at Wynnstay, and have seen more of you in a day there than in a month in London, where we shall both be very busy, and move in such different circles that we shall never meet. God bless you.

R. S.

Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Jan. 22. 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter has given me very great pleasure. There are few things of which I am more earnestly desirous than that Henry's "Remains" should meet with that respect immediately, which they certainly must sooner or later obtain; and it now appears very probable that this desire will be gratified; for though the rapid sale of this edition must for the most part be attributed to Henry's personal acquaintance, and Cambridge reputation, the manner in which strangers have been interested by the book may fairly be considered, not merely as a testimony of its intrinsic merit, but as an indication of public and unbiassed opinion. I did not receive the censure till last night, which is the reason your letter has remained unanswered till now.

I, as well as yourself, have been affected by the way in which Mr. Brydges mentions the "Remains"; his mind seems to be at once so alive to genius, and so sore with wrongs; — wrongs I conclude them to be, as nothing else would occasion such complaints. The passage on which he comments was written with reference to those poets who are usually mentioned as peculiarly unfortunate;—Otway, Savage, Boyse, Dermody, &c. Their genius could not save them from untimely and miserable death, but it reprieved them from it. Should the fifth volume of the "Annual Review" fall in your way, you may there see something which I have said upon the subject in reviewing the "Life of Dermody."

Had it not been for my wish to see this preface, I should have replied immediately to your letter, relating to what you say of unknown persons soliciting a correspondence with you. Upon this subject you speak with thorough good sense. Letter-writing is a favourite amusement with the young; as men grow older they find less leisure for it, and as they cease to want employment for idle hours, their inclination for it ceases also. Your correspondents will drop off, not from disappointment at the letters which they receive, but from this natural cause. Those who were nearly and dearly intimate with Henry, will probably continue to keep up an intercourse with you, as doubtless you will wish to do with them; to all others, whether they were slightly acquainted with him, or not acquainted at all, you may either plead the fair excuse of want of time, or exchange a few letters at longer and longer intervals, till they set the example of stopping short. And this is perhaps the most advisable way; for the interest which these unknown persons feel towards one who had been a good brother to Henry certainly seems to imply some goodness in themselves, and it may be that you may find among them some pleasant acquaintance,

or even serviceable friend, for yourself or your brother and sisters. Now though this is such prudent advice that a Scotchman might have given it, do not suppose that I am related to the family of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, even in the most distant degree.

As for what I have done in editing these "Remains," I cannot express to you the satisfaction it gives me that I obeyed the impulse of my own heart in undertaking that office. Even his own family cannot feel more. One of the MS. volumes I will with great pleasure accept, and place among the choicest treasures of my collection, — and I will not scruple at choosing a large one. Let it, if you please, be that which contains the sonnet addressed to myself, which is among his earliest pieces.*

The review will do little harm. The "Monthly" must needs be sore, and had best be civil; for I will assuredly reply to any attack which it may think proper to make.

I shall see you very shortly. If there be any part of the prefatory account which you would wish altered, it may now be done for the second edition.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 15. 1808.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I have just laid hold of a book, printed in Portuguese, and so printed as to be almost unintelligible, evidently from a Portuguese manuscript, which neither

* On the death of Southey the MS. was returned to the family.

printer nor editor could read. It relates to the inquisition and is ascribed in the title page to Vieyra,* the famous Jesuit, but it is certainly not his; and though said to be printed at Venice, is as evidently in English types. The preface proves that a Jew published it. I shall like to talk to D'Israeli about it; if that fish knows anything out of the French *anas*, it ought to be about his own sect, and I am curious to know for whom such a book could possibly be printed; for where could it be read out of Portugal? and in Portugal whoever had it in his possession would have been *ipso facto* convicted of Judaism. The date is 1750,— not so long ago but that the editor may well be remembered. I have a good deal to say about the Jews in my history, and have been looking in catalogues for the work of Basnage without success.

Can the Capitaneus † introduce me to Mr. Dalrymple's library? He purchased those books which I sent a commission for to Elmsley. Tell that said Capitaneus that I hope to shake hands with him in the course of a month, and in the course of a year to begin putting quartos upon his shelves in fair exchange.

Old poets in all the modern languages always describe beauties with light eyes and golden hair; they painted of course from the nobles and higher classes, and this is proof that the races of the conquerors and the conquered are not yet intermingled in those classes. We dark men must have Roman blood in us. The inclosed contains the copy of a chart of Bahia for my uncle, who is returned to town. God bless you.

R. S.

* The volume alluded to is, Vieyra (Ant.) Relaçaon Exactissima de Procedimento das Inquizicionis de Portugal. Venetiis: 1750.

† Captain James Burney.

To John Rickman, Esq.,

Keswick, April 15. 1808.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I reached home last night: the whole round of my journey had been free from hurt, hindrance, and inconvenience, and everything here was to my heart's desire. Knowing by experience so many of the accidents of life, I am thankful for this happy return.

Tom came back with me, but he ought to have remained under able hands till the parts had recovered their strength. Southey-nature hath a touch of the mule in it, and Tom's mule is not so well broken in as mine. I think he will repent his hasty departure from King, and I am sure he deserves to repent it: however, I shall be glad to find that he escapes his deserts. We stopped at Grasmere just to speak to Wordsworth from the chaise window; my only purpose in this being to learn later news from home than could have reached the south. I found him beginning to be uneasy about his eldest child, and, upon asking a few questions, clearly perceived that there was every symptom of hydrocephalus, and that those symptoms had been blindly neglected. Among other things, I mentioned to him a mode of practice which Beddoes and King have often found successful,—that of bleeding in the jugular vein; and promised him to make search for a letter of King's, wherein he had described the operation so minutely, that he wished me, if a country practitioner hesitated (and the case required it), to operate myself by the directions. My meaning was to alarm Wordsworth, and in this I so far succeeded, that he immediately began to look for some account of the disease, and that account so increased his alarm that he dispatched a messenger at midnight, who called me up before four in the morning to look for the letter

in question. If the child is saved, as probably it may, he will owe his life entirely to this. They wanted me to go over, but I am not *Doctor* Southey, and could not have been of any possible use.

You will guess that the inclosed map is for Arrowsmith. I have cut it out of a good book, and shall be glad to reinsert it therein, when he has made use of it.

When we parted, you wished the Tantarararas* had allowed you time to have been more useful to me, for my sake as well as your own. I wish they had allowed you more leisure, because I would have created time for participating in it; but that you could have been more useful to me, or have made me feel myself more perfectly comfortable, at ease, and at home, under your roof, was not possible. You are no lover of professions, and I, for my part, profess nothing, except the faculty and practice of eating more gooseberry pie than any other man upon earth. Still you must allow me to thank you: and when you come northward in the summer, you shall be welcome with as little ceremony and as much sincerity.

I am in the midst of the land detachment of books; they travelled excellently well, and give me main hopes of the main body, notwithstanding Tricker's ominous note. In a few days I shall have cleared off a load of letters which must be written, and be able to tell you of my meeting with Gebir at Bristol, one of the most extraordinary men whom I have ever seen, and certainly one of the ablest.

Remember me to Mrs. Rickman. Better employed as she will be in the summer, we are very sorry that there is so little hope of seeing her at the Lakes. God bless you.

R. S.

* This was the familiar name applied by Rickman and Southey to the noisy members of the House of Commons.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, April 27. 1808.

YOURS of Saturday has reached me by this day's post; you will see by the date of this how long a letter is in travelling the other way. On cross roads, a traveller easily outstrips the post, and it is probable that no time would be lost by franking to you through London.

Tom bore the journey well, contrary to my expectation. I found all well at home. The land detachment of books arrived a day before me, and the other two-and-twenty chests a week afterwards. It is no little comfort to me to see them safe, and, for the first time, gathered together. The tea-chests just did their duty—a longer journey in the waggon would have shaken them to pieces. For freight of these twenty-two cases, I paid something less than three pounds; the carriage from Newcastle made it amount to 9*l.* 7*s.*; — surprisingly little for removing above seven-and-twenty hundred weight, three hundred miles. The carpenter has not yet made his appearance with the new shelves, so that we are literally up to our eyes in books.

I have gone through "Bandini," and the MS. "Elogio" of Amerigo Vespucci; the latter has little remarkable except its impudence. The fact is, that the Florentines seem determined to support their countrymen through thick and thin, just as Frenchmen would do. There is one letter in "Bandini" which was never before printed, and this I take to be the letter the authenticity of which has been suspected, for it makes Amerigo discover the lunar observation. No satisfactory account is given of the original, from which

this has been printed, and the whole complexion of "Baldini's Memoirs," makes me very very suspicious of his honesty. Both he and the Eulogist take up a bad cause with such violence, that either of them would have recourse to any artifice for the sake of exaggerating their hero's merit.

Pasqual's book upon the needle raised a good deal of expectation in me; both Rickman and I having long supposed that Raymund Lully and Albertus Magnus were the authors to be studied by those who wished to discover the real state of sciences at that time: but I have been thoroughly disappointed. That passage in the "Partidas" is at least twenty years anterior to any of Lully's writings, and would alone overthrow his claim to the discovery, if anything like a claim had been made out for him. But the most marvellous thing in the book is the truly marvellous supposition of the author, that the needle points south, when south of the Line,—a phenomena which he takes for granted, and then sets about to show that Lully foresaw it.

As yet I am in too much confusion to know what books I have, or to pursue my regular employment as methodically as usual. The only deficiency of any consequence seems to be respecting Paraguay; but, after the first settlement and discovery have been fully related, I think the mere civil history of the province may be passed over briefly; so that, when only the heads of the subject are treated upon, even Charlevoix may be taken as authority, for want of better. In the course of a month I will send the first chapters round to you, as transcribed for the press. They shall go in the first parcel which I send to Longman.

Edith desires me to thank you for the crescent. Is it not possible for you to visit this beautiful place before next winter? From Worcester it is little more

than the journey to London,—the distance through Chester is considerably less. It would be a great satisfaction to have you here when the first proofs arrive, and to show you the labour of many years arranged on yonder shelf.

Harry has taken his first fee—two guineas—for pronouncing that a lady was dying, who verified his opinion two hours after he saw her. God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, April 28. 1808.

DEAR SENHORA,

How many letters I have had to write since my return home you must well know, and having heard of our safe arrival, you will hardly have expected to hear immediately from me sooner. I am at this moment in the most utter confusion,—the most comfortless might have been added, if it were not an ungrateful word to employ upon a glad occasion. Here are all my books arrived, and, in Tom's phrase, kicking to windward; floor, tables, and chairs covered with them; some on the landing-place, some on the stairs, just as they were last year. Harry Pooley is making shelves, to cover the wall of the passage which communicates between the two houses. It will hold about 1200 volumes, and the dark end is to be Duck Corner. The parchmentarians have all been rubbed and scrubbed, and a good number of them have taken their seats on the brackets. One set, of six folios, is lettered in gold upon bister, as thus:—

OBRAS
DEL
VENERABLE
PADRE
MAESTRO
FR. LUIS DE GRANADA;

and the volumes connected with chain-work, but the gold leaf is exhausted, and two links are yet wanting to the chain. You will be very much pleased with their appearance. I have two things to beg, intreat, and desire: first, that you would be pleased to send me in a frank as much gold leaf as a frank will carry; secondly, that you will be pleased to come after it yourself as soon as may be to juniperise within doors, to maroon without, and to be introduced to Sir Edward's god-daughter, who is pronounced to be the quietest and at the same time the forwardest child that ever was seen.

I was greatly in hopes that Sir Edward would have been persuaded to take time by the forelock, and not let another summer pass away without seeing the Land of Lakes. (Be pleased to observe, that this is the appellation which old Llywarc Hen gives it, who was himself a Cumbrian prince.) He feels time so little, that it is not to be wondered at that he does not think about it much. All I can say is, that if you cannot prevail upon him to come this year, you must come yourself. You will find better company than you did last summer, for I fully expect to have Rickman for my guest, as soon as Parliament breaks up.

My stock of marbled papers is tolerably good, but I failed sadly in the gilt ones; nothing could I find like John Wesley's suit of sable and gold. I got the best I could meet with; when you are in the way of any, think, I beseech you, of the grandeur.

I am much indebted to Sir Edward about Plott's "Staffordshire." In any shape the book would have been acceptable to me; the more so as coming from him. The "Sylvester" also is a treasure, for the copy which I formerly possessed is one of the many volumes which have been stolen, while my poor library and I were so many years kept asunder. At last, God be praised, we are gathered together, and earnestly is it my wish that neither they nor I may be removed from our present resting-place, till I take up my last lodgings in Crosthwaite churchyard. Here are materials enough for me to work upon perhaps for as long as I live,—certainly for many many years of industry. Never before was so poor a man so rich in books, and never did any man who possessed books enjoy them more heartily.

You will not be displeased to hear that Landor's offer to print all the poems I would write has stung me to the very core; and that I am yearning to go through the whole Thalaba-series, not with any idea of accepting his offer,—far from it; but for the sake of showing him how much I feel it, and of letting him see the power that is in me. I shall send him what is written of "Kehama," and if he likes it *, in good earnest I will up at six every morning, and give two fresh hours of morning work to it till it is completed. Nine tenths of "Madoc" in its first state were written in those hours. God bless you.

R. S.

* This MS., by the kindness of Walter Savage Landor, is before me. Southey's own MS. I purchased at the sale of his library. It dates May 28. 1806.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, April 30. 1808.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

That part of your letter which relates to Mr. Wilberforce requires an immediate answer; for, by this time, you must have received my parcel, and no time ought to be lost in getting the new edition through the press. Undoubtedly, if Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Simeon desire to have their names withdrawn, they must be. At the same time, I cannot but say that it appears to me a very idle request on their parts; for, admitting that there was any good reason for keeping the thing secret, that which has been printed in 750 books, and read by ten times as many readers, copied into magazines and reviews, and by their means circulated through all the reading populations of Great Britain, must be already as well known as it can be. They may object to letting their light shine before men, but when the candle has been set up and looked at, if they choose to have it blown out, it is my opinion that the smell of the snuff will attract more notice than the light would have done.

But the sum which Henry received from these gentlemen must not be vaguely stated, — that is an essential matter of fact; it is of consequence that the precise nature and amount of his resources should be reported, and I do not think any valid reason can be assigned, on the part of his patrons, for pressing this omission upon me. The public would be deceived by the omission, and certainly suspect that the aid which he received was more, unless they are told how little it was.

As little can I consent to leaving out that passage which expresses Henry's intention of becoming a dissenting minister, if he could find no means of ordination in the establishment. It is not possible that the sale

of the book can be affected by it in the slightest degree. Had I overlooked the fact, I should have deserved censure for negligence; did I expunge it now, I should be liable to a heavier charge.

I feel myself much indebted to you for your prompt vindication against the "Christian Observer's" suspicions, and shall much like to see your letter. For their animadversions I have not the same curiosity; it is satisfactory to know that they speak well of the book, and I have no desire to know more.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Charles Danvers, Esq., Bristol.

Keswick, May 5. 1808.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

Of our journey homeward, safe arrival, and finding all well, and as it should be, you have heard from Tom. Since he wrote I have been in a state of happy confusion, occasioned by the arrival of my books, two-and-twenty packages. Here they are at last, after so many years that I have been wanting them, wishing for them, and yet never able to get them together; here they are gathered together under one roof. It was only yesterday that we got them stowed away. I have had a range of shelves run up along one side of the passage which connects the two houses from the floor to the ceiling. It holds about 1350 volumes, and is denominated Duck Row, though there is only the dark end to which that name can properly be applied, those which are in the light being Drakes. There must be yet a small stand of shelves on the upper landing-place to hold about 200 which are still kicking to windward, and to receive droppers-in. I have seven stands upon

brackets in my study, which support the parchmentarians, and the carpenter is making three more to go over the three doors in the passage; that is, the study door, our own bed-room, and that wherein you slept. Heartily do we wish you were coming to us this summer; you would delight to see me in my glory, with all my riches round me. My son walks barefoot, and will, I think, tread evenly enough on his feet; the want of shoes will be some inconvenience, but that cannot be helped. He is a beautiful boy, terribly violent, and almost unmanageable. All this he will outgrow, if it please God that he lives. I am in great favour with him, and when he and I have the book of the birds or beasts before us, I teaching him the language of all, and he repeating them after me, I verily believe such a concert hath not been heard since Noah and his live stock came out of the ark. What you hear at Exeter Change is nothing to it! Emma is the quietest of infants; there is scarcely any trouble with her; an agreeable variety this, from all her predecessors. She will be like neither brother nor sister, for her eyes are dark gray. I hear her voice so seldom, and see so little of her (our nurse not having yet been called away) that I hardly think of her as one of the family, and forget her existence till she makes her appearance.

Tom suffered little inconvenience on the journey, still I believe he will have reason to repent his obstinacy in running away from King so soon. . . . . I hope King has received the book; if it be not yet come, it will soon.

I hope also and trust that by this time King has perceived the villainy of that portrait, and thrown it behind the fire. It looks like a sneaking sawneying Methodist parson*, — the one thing in the world most unlike me.

* See Epistle to Allan Cunningham, p. 211. Poet. Works in one volume.

Tom copied out for me all that is fairly written of "Kehama," and I have sent it to Landor. The offer which he made me deserved this on my part, and if anything were to induce me to finish the poem, it would be because such an offer had been made me by such a man, though of course it is what I should not accept. If he likes it, I shall make an effort to go through the story, by writing before breakfast, as I did at Westbury and at your house; and see when it is finished whether there be any possibility of securing the fair price of so much labour, either by subscription or sale of copyright.

Our fair weather began on May-day, exactly as it did four years ago, when Edith was born; we are obliged to leave off fires, though a week ago we were creeping into them. The boat is launched, and we have begun our summer cruises on the Lake. Herbert went on the water yesterday for the first time, and was not a little delighted with the stroke of the oars, but he found out another amusement which was not quite so well, that of throwing things overboard. One of his stockings went, and it required good watching to save his leathern cap from following it.

Harry has had his first fee,—a two-guinea one. He pronounced the patient to be at that time dying, and die she did in two hours; so the doctor lost his patient, but lost no credit. I suppose the parcel from Bristol will soon make its appearance. Remember us to all friends, and in particular say to Mr. Heinker that it will give me great pleasure to show him everything within reach of Keswick, when he comes this way. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, May, 1808.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Your good news came much sooner than it was expected. I shall not condole with you on the daughtership, because (though it would be an error deserving of flogging to deny that the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine) there are many things in which girls are preferable to boys. They begin to be useful just when boys begin to be troublesome; you have them longer for companions, and, moreover, the cost of a boy's education is a girl's fortune. Mrs. Rickman, I daresay, is well satisfied with the sex,—or, if she is not, she will soon find cause to be so. Boys about a house are like favourite dogs in the country, who come into the parlour with dirty legs, and then lie down on the hearth and lick themselves clean; they are always in the way, and when out of sight, ten to one but they are in mischief. Girls are like cats, clean and fit to be up stairs.

I brought with me from London an Italian Life of Amerigo Vespucci, and a MS. Eulogy upon him, in the same language, which Lady Holland got from the author in Italy. With the Life, Amerigo's letters are published in Italian, and one letter added which never appeared before, and which I strongly suspect to be a Florentine forgery; for in it he describes himself as having just invented the Lunar Observation. No satisfactory account is given of the MS. and the astronomy of the other letters is utterly unintelligible. (I am no astronomer, but it is admitted to be so). Does the Capitaneus know anything about this? It is manifest that the Florentines are wilfully bent upon magnifying Amerigo into a great man; and it is equally manifest to me, upon diligent perusal of his letters, that he is

much more truly represented as a crafty one, who wishes to appropriate to himself the reputation which he had only a right to share, and that in no great ratio.

There is a book written not long since by a Majorcan, to prove that his countryman, Raymond Lully, invented the compass. I opened it with some expectations of finding something there, though the needle is mentioned before Lully's time. But I found a very nonsensical, illogical, worthless affair; and, what is very odd, I found that the author of the book imagined the needle points South on the other side of the line, and supposed that Lully foresaw it.

I am glad to hear of "Josephus" and "Clelia." As the lost sheep occur to me, I write them down on a slip of paper, meaning the first idle evening to send the catalogue to Biddlecombe, and both these books are on the roll. There should be a map of the county of Tender (ness) in the latter, which is worth your looking at. Of the later French romances this is the best specimen, being the worst; indeed more incomparably absurd than any person would suppose possible. I read it sixteen years ago, at an age when I could afford time to read books which nobody else read, and had luckily brains enough to remember them when such reading came to be of use. I have six or seven of these romances, and mean to make them pay interest for their carriage at some future time. The books and prints from Burton will, I dare say, enable you to fill another tea box; and when that shall be the case, Turner has a Catalogue of the Red Cross Street Library, which I shall be glad to have enclosed; because there may be books there which I want, and the books from that Library are allowed to be taken out, and might be sent me here.

The "Monthly Review" *publicates* me and Duppa as being one D. Manuel, and notices the book with civil

Non-conformistical dullness,—being civil to me wholly on the score of dissent. Duppa will perhaps make his disavowal in the next number, as he meant to do with respect to the British Critic, being a little more alarmed than became him at the imputations of "dangerous opinions." The introduction to the "Cid" travels to London in the course of the week, and as the printers are all at a stand still for want of work, they will make speedy work with it. I announce "Brazil" in the next "Athenæum," and this is all I do with it as yet in the way of publication; though when paper will fall in price God knows. There are some other things which may possibly fall first.

George Dyer being Miss Betham's agent, I will beg him to settle the second part of the business of my picture; that is to say, to convey it to you; and I will beg you to have it put into a fitting frame — one of those flat, broad, shining, black frames, having a gilt rim round the picture. You will bring it with you: the sooner the better; and as soon as I have the picture, I will send Miss B. a draft in payment.

The enclosed contains a great order for bacon, which, it is in hopes, will effect a junction with our unborn peas in good time for you, who are a lover of bacon, but a blasphemer of Ham.

Remember me to Mrs. Rickman and her (to me anonymous) daughter. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, June 11. 1808.

My dear Wynn,

I have something to thank you for, but it is not for a letter. If you neglect your Gospel duties as much

as you do your Epistle ones, Heaven help you! I have to thank you for your amendment to Lord Castlereagh's bills, whereby you have exempted me from the local militia. There is one good consequence resulting from your speaking in the House, and taking an active part there, of which you are not aware at the time;—it lets your friends in the country know you are alive, when they might otherwise be ignorant of it.

Poor Conway Shipley! Sir R. Barlow used to say *his* was the finest set of midshipmen in the fleet; there were seven of them: Shipley, Bettesworth, Hanfield, a son of Sir Roger Curtis, a son of Sir J. B. Warren, Prowitt, and my brother Tom. Curtis, a lad of genius, died of consumption. Warren was taken out of the navy to please his mother, and transferred into the army,—he fell in Egypt. Hanfield, Bettesworth, and Shipley all rose to the same rank, were all among the most promising men in the British navy, and have all fallen within a few weeks of each other; and, what is vexatious, all fallen unprofitably. Prowitt and Tom, both old lieutenants, have often half envied the better fortune of their old messmates, and now they are the only survivors.

My little boy has been very ill, and I had many days' anxiety about him. Thank God, he is now recovering, and able again to walk. I have such rooted and habitual sense of the precariousness of life, that what is to be done with him hereafter scarcely ever passes across my mind, and never so as to excite a moment of care. I only resolve that, if possible, he shall be neither soldier nor sailor, and wish I could breed him a quaker.

How much of "Kehama" did I send you? I am borrowing hours from sleep to go on with it, and have made some progress. If five hundred subscribers could be found for every such poem which I should produce,

I should wish for no better fortunes, because there would then be no occasion to allow the booksellers the lion's share. However, by thus creating the time so employed, whatever it may produce will be gain, though but another five-and-twenty pounds; and I am rigorously resolved to allow it no time but what is thus fairly won. If you can tell me the last line of what you already have, I will send you the rest as it proceeds. It is more than probable that I should never have written verse again had it not been for an accidental meeting with Landor, the author of "Gebir." I had told him of the whole series which I had planned, and how they were stopped, because "Thalaba" and "Madoc" lay in the publishers' cellars; and he said to me, "Write them, as many as you will, and I will pay for the printing." This stung me, and I believe a strong desire to show him that if the time could any way be afforded, I cared nothing for present popularity or present emolument, but would willingly cast my bread upon the waters, has been the main, almost the only, motive, for my resuming an amusement which I had totally disused for the last three years. Perhaps I may do more than I have yet done; as soon as I have determined between the subjects of Pelayo, and the first deliverance of Portugal from Castille, I shall probably begin another blank-verse poem in these morning hours; because it will save time to carry on two poems at once. When the thread of ready thought is run out in one, I may turn to the other, and reap the harvest of one field while the other is lying fallow.

God bless you.

R. S.

The Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, June 11. 1808.

We have had a good deal of illness in the house, which has broken my rest by night, and my employments by day. A bilious fever, which is epidemic among the children in this neighbourhood, attacked all mine successively; the eldest had rather a severe fit, and Herbert was alarmingly ill the whole of last week. He is now recovering, but still unable to stand. One of the comforts of this situation is that there is an apothecary, who is very superior to the ordinary run of such men, within half a quarter of a mile of us.

Your note from "Moncada" is in good time. My preface, introduction, and a portion of the notes are on the eve of their departure for London. Frere has not yet sent me his translations, and I am now in want of them to insert in their place among the remaining notes. Will you write and ask him to transmit them? I am not sufficiently acquainted with him to do this comfortably.

I find the origin of our word "commodore" in one of my extracts from old Pere Tomich, which I was fitting into its place yesterday. Johnson supposed it to be a corruption from "commendador," — a word too little resembling it in meaning; but it is manifestly to be found in this Catalan author. He is speaking of the Usatges which Count Ramon Berenguer enacted in 1068. *E primerament lo dit Comte agradua los Comtes, dient los potestats sobre los Vescomtes, nobles Vervessors qui son en gran sobira apres los. Comtes a potestats dessus dits, exceptat sobre los non Barons, los quals lo dit Comte mete en gran de dits Comtes, appellant los* Commdors, *quasi volent dir, que en les senyories e Baronies que ells havien sobre lurs vassalls eram axi com los Comtes.* I do not understand the composition of the word so as to find this meaning in it. Tomich, no doubt, did.

I very much wish we had more of the Catalan writers, particularly the two histories which K. Jayme and Pedro left of their own times.

The "France Antarticque" of Thevet is a poor book, when compared with Lery or Hans Stadt; still I have made a good gleaning from it. I have now collected all that is to be found (that is, as far as my knowledge of books upon the subject extends,) concerning the Brazilian Indians, and shall without delay put the materials together. This chapter will come in when the Jesuits are first introduced. I have transcribed for the press, just up to that time, about twenty printed sheets in quantity. Some alteration must be made upon the authority of the History of S. Vicente, and when this is done and the notes fitted in, these chapters shall be sent to Longman, and transmitted in one of his parcels to some Hereford booksellers, if he has a correspondent there; otherwise they may make a parcel with Henry White's "Remains" (which will be republished in the course of this week) and the large-paper poems and Anthology, which I shall send him to bind for you, desiring him to employ a better binder than the one whom he sent to us in London.

Fr. Manuel Risco, the continuator of the "Esp. Sagrada," has published a Latin history of the Cid, whether it be an old history, or a composition of his own I cannot discover from his references to it, but most probably he would neither venture, nor wish, to write in Latin himself. It is vexatious that we did not learn this sooner. The Spanish historians and antiquaries seem resolved to make amends for believing or pretending to believe, so many lying legends, by denying or doubting everything else which comes in their way; and they speak with contempt of whatever they call in question. I have no doubt that everything in the history of the Cid is true, except the expedition against

the Emperor, the miracles, and the whole circumstance of his death and burial. Some part of the last additions are borrowed from the story of Bernardo del Carpio, and not a word of them is to be found in the poem, — proof sufficient of the antiquity of that extraordinary composition, which is, in spite of its barbarous language, one of the most spirited poems extant. Salazar and Ferreras are both of this class of doubters; they strain at the uncommon, and swallow the impossible.

Pedro de Cieça's is an excellent book, and makes me very much regret that only the first part was published. One has so often to regret this, that it may be concluded good books had as little success in old times as they have in our own. The Spaniards of that age have not had justice done them for the literary treasures they have left us. We blame the conquerors by wholesale, and forget how many of them left their comrades to amass the spoils, while they recorded the history of the great events which they witnessed, and of the countries which they traversed. I believe no other conquerors ever left such records to posterity, and the Portuguese are entitled to the same praise, though unhappily many of their most important works have been suppressed or lost, — in particular, the great history of Antonio Galvam, one of the best men that ever Portugal produced.

I shall miss Brito Freyre when I lose him: he is a better-informed writer than the Italianised author, and does not mar good matter, like F. Raphael de Jesus*, by an affectation in the manner of delivering it. That sermon of Vieyra's is written with wonderful power, and

* All the books here mentioned will be familiar to Spanish and Portuguese scholars. I do not give the titles, dates, or places of publication, which I have examined, as it would only be overlaying the text with notes.

the simile is one of the most original and apposite I have ever seen. I am making straight way through these sermons with great delight, often thinking of Fr. Gerundio, and not knowing whether to wonder most at such talents or at such a perversion of them.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, June 22. 1808.

My dear Senhora,

If I had leisure to enter into a new correspondence, I would thank Mr. Walhouse for his curious paper by letter; but you know how very much I am employed, and that it is not possible for me to write with tolerable regularity to the friends already on my list. Almost every letter that reaches me brings with it a complaint, and every one which goes from me has occasion to begin with an apology. Do you say this for me, and excuse me in the handsomest manner you can. Part of the paper I had seen in a Birmingham newspaper, and easily guessed who was its author. It is very odd and ingenious, though it is not to be supposed that I can assent to its philosophy. Mr. Walhouse speaks in parables: seeing things vividly, and combining them rapidly, he expresses himself as if the type and the thing typified were the same. Thus, because those principles which would be beneficial to our body politic may be likened to the constituent parts of Leamington water, he says Leamington water will save the King; not that he can possibly mean that the King and the body politic are one, or that good political principles are the same things as carbonate of iron, &c.; or even that Leamington water, drastic as it may be, can purge away

political corruption, or natural stupidity. There are some persons whose ideas are so vivid as to produce all the effect of actual impressions, and to be mistaken for such. You have heard me relate a remarkable instance in my own case, before I went last to Lisbon. The phantoms produced by laudanum are of this description. When the body is weak, and the patient makes the mistake, he is what is called light-headed; and it is, beyond a doubt, in this state of mind that so many ghosts have been seen, which did really exist in the sight of the beholder, and had no other existence. These people's perception differs from that of others in its excessive vividness; so, if I am not mistaken, do the reasoning powers of Mr. Walhouse. He passes so rapidly from his premises to his conclusions, that you know not by what process he has got there. If I am on the top of one tree, and want to get to another, I must descend the first, and then climb the second: but he jumps from one to the other like a squirrel, and they who are not like squirrels in their understanding, cannot follow him. It is plain that he is a very ingenious man, and, I have no doubt, a very interesting one. If his inclination should ever lead him to the Lakes, I shall be glad to show him all the attention in my power, and to talk with him upon matters on which I have no time to write. As he is an amateur of waters, you may tell him that there is some of the finest and purest in the world at poor old Peter Crosthwaite's pump, and that in Borrowdale there is a well which, I dare be sworn, will out-stink Leamington water, let Leamington water stink as it will.

We have lost Tom. He was unexpectedly summoned by an appointment to the Dreadnought, Admiral Sotheby's ship, and set off on Sunday to join her. In all probability he passed through Penkridge yesterday, and, certes, cast a wistful eye towards Teddesley,

— cursing his evil fortune, that would not let him halt there. But that Admiral-Ty is an admiral whose orders must be immediately obeyed. I suppose, Senhora, that absolute peremptoriness is because of the Ty-ship; for Time, and Tide, and that Admiral-Ty, will wait for no man. Honour and praise be to the first wise man that ventured to talk nonsense!

More books. Neville White has sent me Sir William Jones's works, in some of the best binding I have ever seen. They are the handsomest volumes in my whole library, and thirteen of them. I have told him that if he were rich enough to give me books by the cart-load, I should gladly accept them; but that it gives some little pain, as well as pleasure, to receive so costly a present from one who can have so little to spare. So it is, that there always seems the greatest disposition to be generous when there are the least means. It is an old observation that street-beggars receive more alms from servant-maids than from any other class. You will admire these books very much; they are in excellent taste, and it is not Neville's fault that the inside is not as perfect as the out. He followed public opinion in supposing Sir William Jones a very great man: I look upon him as one of the show-books of fashion. However, there is something there which I wanted, and the magnifico book-case is greatly increased in *ricosity*. Great is the grandeur, Senhora, which you have to behold!

H. Senhouse and his wife called here this morning, on their return, at last, to Cumberland. I was heartily glad to see them. Farewell! I have plenty of love and remembrances to send you, — things that travel without paying postage, even without a frank.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. I wish you would write me the particulars of your story about the mad dogs and the geese. I shall not write now to Sir E. L., because a second letter of thanks would be too formal, and somewhat obtrusive, when I have the opportunity of thanking him through you. My "Cid," I suppose, will be published in six or seven weeks, and then I shall order a copy to be sent him, and will take the occasion of returning him thanks myself, when I write to apprise him of it.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, June 29. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter from Oxford gave me great pleasure. I had been anxiously expecting to hear what news you had of Worthington, and you have sent me the best that could be. That general and permanent good will arise out of partial and transitory evil, is your faith as well as mine; and it is by no means impossible that, in your own particular case, you may ultimately be the richer for your hopes. There is no country in the world which is at this time so likely to be prosperous as Brazil. It is out of the reach of France as long as England can keep the seas; it has no pestilence to keep down its progress like North America, and is in less danger of intestine commotions than the United States. I have no great respect for the Braganzas,—the first of the family was a villain, and, with the single exception of Joam IV., they who have sat upon the throne have been either very weak princes, or, in the case of Pedro II., very wicked. But, except Pedro, there has been nothing abominable among them; and, in the present state of things, Prince Joam rises above his contemporary princes, as having some sense of ho-

nour, and, I verily believe, a conscientious desire to do the best he can. A more liberal system of policy was gaining ground, and circumstances must now necessarily assist it. There will be a great and increasing harvest for English enterprise. I hope you will have your full share of it.

Since the stirring day of the French Revolution I have never felt half so much excitement in political events as the present state of Spain has given me. I had often said that if Europe was to be delivered in our days, in no country was its deliverance so likely to begin as in Spain; and this opinion, if my recollections do not play me false, you will find expressed in the reviewal of Semple's "Travels," written eight or ten months ago. There was then a millstone about the neck of Spain; nothing could be done under such a Government, and now that obstacle is removed. The dynasty is *felo-de-se*, and if the Spaniards would bury the crown and sceptre which they have left at four cross roads, little as I like to move from home, I think I would gird up my loins and go to assist at the ceremony as devoutly as ever pilgrim put cockle-shell in his hat, and set off for Compostella. Spain is without a government; there never was a country whose situation so plainly pointed out what Government would suit it best.

On every account it is desirable that the whole peninsula should be united; on many accounts it is equally desirable that, in their internal governments, the several kingdoms should be kept distinct. A federal republic would accomplish both objects, and would remove the main difficulty which stands in the way of a union with Portugal. Arragon, Biscay, &c., would retain their own *fueros*,— each province have its own Cortes, and the General Assembly might be held at Madrid.

The Spaniards have to deliver their country first. I hope and believe that they will deliver it. I never had any hope from the old confederacies of Austria, Russia, &c. I never could have any from the old Governments of the continents; their hour is come, and we have only to regret that it did not come sooner. Nothing but a spirit of liberty and of patriotism can check the power of France. That spirit has arisen, and in a country where it cannot easily be checked or overpowered. Biscay, Asturias, and Galicia, have a population which contains above 400,000 men between the ages of sixteen and fifty, and there is, probably, not a peasant among them who is not a good marksman. The remembrance that they have once before recovered their country will assist them not a little in recovering it again: if the flame be not speedily put out, it must spread; and I heartily pray that the French who have made Lisbon the wretched place it is, may soon find their graves there. If once the tide turns against them, we shall witness such a vengeance as the world has never exhibited before.

I have been sadly impeded in my pursuits,—first, by a bilious fever among the children, which endangered little Herbert, and latterly, by one of my violent catarrhs, which clings to me, and afflicts my eyes, so that I spend half the day in the darkest place I can find. Still I get on a little, and in the intervals of these interruptions, have got on considerably. My last notes to the "Cid" are completed, and go off to-morrow: in about a month, I hope you will receive the volume. Next week I shall send off to my uncle the first seven chapters of my "Brazil," containing about two fifths of a volume. I have as much more ready for transcription. For my volume of "Travels," or rather "Letters," I have been collecting stray materials into one drawer, and my order of the evening is to begin this as soon as

your letter is despatched. I am not certain whether or not I told you in my last that I had adopted a system of earlier rising than usual, and thus won a good hour before breakfast, which, being thus created for the purpose, may allowably be given to poetry. In those hours, and those only, I have gone on with my Hindoo poem, which was begun at Lisbon, and has lain dormant for many years. Great part of it will be in irregular rhymes, of a higher pitch than Walter Scott's; for mine is a lofty subject, which takes in all worlds of a wild mythology. This is not all: it is my nature to do two things at a time better than one; or rather, it is my belief that time is saved by doing it; because a train of thought may be ready for use, when it would be necessary to wait for them before the other could proceed. I am, therefore, planning another heroic poem, to be begun forthwith, and prosecuted on those mornings when I am not ready with the immediate matter for "Kehama." Pelayo is my hero, the Restorer of Spain — a subject which has long been in my mind, and which I have at last chosen before that of the Battle of Albubarrote, giving it precedence rather than preference. Considering that the first edition of "Thalaba" is lying in the warehouse, and that my whole profits upon it have amounted to five-and-twenty pounds, this is having good heart. But I cast my bread upon the waters, and if I myself should not live to find it after many days, my children will.

Tom left us last week — summoned by an unsolicited appointment, which happens to be a good one. It is to the Dreadnought, a ninety-eight, Admiral Sotheby's ship. I know his brother, the poet, and am on very courteous terms with him, — so much so, that if this Admiral can be of any service to Tom, I think Sotheby would take some pains to influence him in his behalf.

Remember me respectfully to your mother. I have

a longing recollection of the *Hale* strong beer, and shall never see the abominable malt-physic of this country without thinking of it. Mrs. T. May was in poor health when I saw her; is she recovered? It vexes me that you and Mrs. May should be so far on the road as Derby, and yet not near enough. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

London, July, 1808.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I congratulate you on the birth of a child, and will not condole with you, though it is a daughter, because there are a thousand and one reasons why it is best that daughters should come first. You do not seem to have understood by my letter of annunciation that I should have left Keswick before your reply could reach it. I have been nearly a month from home. A few days Tom and I passed at Liverpool, seeing Roscoe, Rathbone, Shepherd, &c.; and had it been quite sure that we should have found you at no inconvenient season, perhaps I might have crossed the river; in which case had there come on a storm, so as to endanger the ferry-boat, I could not have prayed to the Lord to have *Mersey* upon me! What a face of abomination you will make at that *pundigrion!*

We halted two days with Sir Ed. Littleton, in Staffordshire, and there Tom and I parted,—he going to Bristol to put himself under the surgeon's hand, I to Lichfield, where I made a short stay with Miss Seward. Then I hastened to town, and here I have been since Monday week packing up books and trampling over the streets of this vile city. As usual, the atmosphere has proved a complete malaria to me. How, indeed, should

it be otherwise, when it is a compound of fen-fog, chimney-smoke, smuts, and pulverised horse-dung! The little leisure I have is employed in blowing my nose, with interludes of coughing.

My uncle is trying to get some preferment in the place of what he has lost, and if Frere's activity were equal to his good-will, he would have good cause of success. As it is, neither he nor I have any sanguine hopes. My own affairs are not in the pleasantest way. It cannot quite be said of me *laudatur et alget;* but if I do not wholly give myself up to writing in reviews and magazines, and once more spinning verses for the newspaper, it will very soon come to it. One edition of "Espriella" has sold; it requires the sale of a second to balance my account with Longman, and it is most likely that the second will sell. The small edition of "Madoc" has not yet paid the expenses. The quarto copies are waste paper. "Palmerin" has just paid. I have that, the "Madoc" (which will in time drop off), and the yet unpublished "Cid" to look to for the supplies of the current year. Whatever "Brazil" may produce is anticipated; it will go to discharge a debt contracted for Harry during the last seven years. Do not, however, suppose that I am either out of humour with the world, or out of heart myself. The 200*l.* a year which is necessary for my expenditure is within my reach. The "Annual Review" will yield me from 70*l.* to 80*l.*, the "Athenæum" 30*l.*, and I am solicited to become poet to the "Courier," at a guinea per week. This offer I have declined, and choose rather to work by the piece than trust to periodical exertion, which very probably it may not be in my power to command. Verses, however, for that respectable paper I shall assuredly soon begin to write, for this efficient reason, that it is the only way in which they will pay me for the paper on which they are written.

There is a buzz of envy beginning against Walter Scott, and the world are looking for blemishes in "Marmion" as eagerly as they hunted for beauties in the "Lay." The whole edition of 2000 was subscribed for among the booksellers, and they would have taken more could they have had them; yet, unless I am much mistaken, Scott has killed the goose which laid the golden eggs. The story is enough for a ballad, and not for more, and the poet is made subservient to the antiquarian, not the antiquarian to the poet. It has beautiful parts, yet, before it appeared, I thought within myself how glad I should be to write such a poem at half price; now that I have seen it, no such wish remains.

I am afraid we shall miss each other; I stay a fortnight longer in town, then go down to Taunton to see if by any power of persuasion I can get some help for Harry out of Mr. T. Southey, whom, you may perceive, I disown as uncle by that formal and right proper appellation. On my way back I shall be too homesick to halt anywhere, even if I could spare the time. Come in the summer, and see me in my glory, with my books about me, and my three children; and see how thoroughly happy a man can be who is satisfied that the objects of pursuit he has chosen are such as it becomes him to pursue. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, August 23. 1808.

DEAR GROSVENOR,

Recepi, and am in haste, for a shoal of Lakers are to drink tea here, and immediately ex-

pected. After which I take them on the lake in my boat. I am glad Nicol remembers my prophetic feelings about Spain, of which I am not a little proud. Often and often when expressing that opinion have I seen such a look of incredulity in those present, as if they thought I were saying so merely for the sake of astonishing them, and of seeming to think differently from everybody else, — a trick which, God knows, never belongs to me.

I am *very—very—most—very* — or *damned* busy, as a man would say who swears; and be it known that I have no objection to the occasional use of such *expletives* of emphasis! My old travels are just come to me to be weeded of some of their faults, interpolated with later knowledge, and hurried through the press as fast as they can go. Sir Richard Phillips, that worthy knight, has just published some Travels in Spain and Portugal, in which he has inserted eight pages of mine from the "M. Magazine," *literatim*, as if they were written by the author of the book himself, — as cool a piece of plagiarism as one shall see of a summer's day!

Remember me to your father and mother, and to Harry, and tell me how to get "Kehama" to you. As I mentioned in my last, my belief is that the downfal of Bonaparte is approaching. The heart of man is against him, and against that there is no power which can stand. A Dios.

R. S.

To Charles Danvers, Esq., Bristol.

Keswick, Sept. 4. 1808.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

* * * * * * *

An odd circumstance has occurred this evening, greatly to the honour and glory of your aunt. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wolseley (Sir William's son) are lodging in Keswick; they brought letters to me from Miss Seward, and we see a good deal of them. This evening we drank tea with them, and Mrs. W. mentioned that Sir William was famous for his fine strawberries; it directly occurred to me that there was a very remarkable strawberry mentioned in "my aunt's" journal, and that it was at Wolseley. I could not be satisfied till this point was ascertained: home I came, and Mr. W. with me, and then we found, not only the strawberry (the breed of which seems now to be lost), but such a minute description of the house and grounds as has delighted him; and he is now transcribing it for old Sir William, as the most interesting piece of family history they have ever yet met with. The then Lady Wolseley was your aunt's aunt, and the house was her head-quarters for six weeks.

This book of your aunt's is certainly a very curious one.* D. Manuel has been indebted to it more than once, and the translator of that valuable work is of opinion that the MS. ought to be printed, as a great store-house for county historians, and family history. Every person whose family is mentioned would derive great pleasure from seeing what is there said; and if a

* The MS. here alluded to is "Celia Fiennes' Account of her several Journeys into several Parts of England during the Reign of Queen Anne." 4to. It sold for 7*l.* 7*s.* I do not know who bought it.

subscription could be obtained just to clear the whole cost of the impression, I should think it a very desirable thing to print it; not as a book for public sale, but just the number for the subscribers. It is very probable that this could be effected. Shall I try it?—that is, ascertain the expense, and put out my feelers to see what subscribers are to be found? As for profit, that is out of the question; it may possibly occur, and if it should, God knows you have heavy calls for it. But in case the thing can be done, I could see it transcribed here, and correct the press, and manage the whole business, "only for the pleasure of the thing," as the man said to Shepherd of Liverpool, when he was going to shoot a favourite goat for him. A preface of a dozen lines might state the fitness of printing it, and fully justify it. Your aunt could neither write English nor spell it, but she was a woman of great observation, and her journal contains more information concerning the state of England at the end of the 17th century than is to be found in any other work of the time, or even to be gleaned from all.

The "Cid" will speedily reach you, and King's copy in the same parcel. You will have seen my letters advertised for a new edition. By copious omissions and some valuable additions, I have converted them into a respectable work; so much, indeed, altered and amended, that it shall be sent to displace the former one from your shelf as soon as it is ready. You know, perhaps, that Landor is gone to Spain. I thought he would go; he wrote to me from Falmouth,—a letter truly characteristic of the man. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Sept. 12. 1808.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

Men who have little to do with the press, seem to be so fond of it when they are once in, that there is no getting them out of it. Frere has made a month's business of what ought to have been a week's; the proofs travel Heaven knows where to hunt him, through Mr. Hammond: revises after proofs, and cancels after revises. However, I am very much and very truly obliged to him, and my book is greatly increased in value by his communications. I look daily to see it advertised. You may have seen my old letters announced. I devoted a week to the corrections, weeding them with righteous relentlessness, and inserting such pertinent matter of fact and antiquity, as the books at hand supplied. A supplementary chapter about the Bierzo * will show you what we lost by not halting a day or two at Villafranca and Ponferrada. But I live in hopes to see Spain and Portugal once more; and, go where I will, to know what is to be looked for in the neighbourhood. Landor is gone as a volunteer among the Spaniards.

Gifford, who is acquainted with my old schoolfellow Bedford, has been talking to him upon the fitness of my being sent to Spain, to write the history of what is going on there; and the first intimation I had of this was that he had undertaken to speak about it to Canning and Frere. I have no wish to go, especially for that specific purpose, having history enough in prospect; but if an offer were made me which it would be expedient to accept, the desire of seeing the country once more, and of picking up books, would induce me

* See "Letters written during a Journey in Spain, and a short Residence in Portugal, vol. i. 103. Third edition.

to go, I believe, great as the sacrifice would be of departing from home. There is little probability that anything will come of this, nor am I desirous that it should. Yet if anything advantageous should be offered, my own comforts shall not stand in the way.

I have made a discovery which would interest Lord Somerville and the Duke of Bedford;—that the Merino sheep were originally exported from England. Here is the passage, which occurs in the *Centon Epistolario del Bachelles Fernan Gomez de Cibdareal*, ep. LXXIII.

Two persons are quarrelling before Juan II. of Castille, and one of them says in scorn, *Que non fuera fijo de Juez de pastores. E esto dixo por motejo, ca Juan Sanchez de Tovar deriva de Fernan Sanchez de Tovar, Juez de la Mesta é Pastoria Real. E Fernan Sanchez el de Berlanga le respuso en la presencia del Rey, que bien le entendia la punta, mas que no era buen ballestrero, é fablaba contra de si mesmo; ca Fernan Sanchez, que á locallado ser Juez pastores motejaba, tanto bueno como el era, ca era primo del aguelo del Fernan Sanchez de Berlanga, é fuera Vasallo del Rey, de que se pasaba en el tiempo antes á Ricohome: é el cargo de la Juzgaduria é Alcaydia de Mesta fue habido siempre de Fidalgos de honor, é á Fernan Sanchez de Tovar se lo dio el Rey Don Pedro, levandolo á Juan Tenorio su Repostero mayor, é su Alconera mayor, que era tan bueno como Gomez Carrillo; é que el Rey D Alfonso, quando se traxeron la primera vez en las naves carracas las pecoras de Ingalaterra á España, principio este oficio en Iñigo Lopez de Orozco, de quien vienen por parte de madre el mismo Pedro Laso é su padre Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza; é que sabido quel mesmo deriva de Juez de pastores, moteje como querrá."* *

* See Omniana, vol. ii. 103. No. 199. Merino Sheep.

Which Alfonso is meant I do not know; perhaps I shall be able to hunt it out. The fact is curious because it seems to prove that the quality of the wool has been affected by the climate, and that, consequently, a few generations in this country will bring these sheep back to what they originally were.

Paper will now fall in price, since the ports of Holland are open for exportation. This revolution in Spain has so effectually destroyed Bonaparte's plans of war upon our commerce, that he will probably let things fall into their old course as soon as he decently can do it. I have scarcely a fair week's work to come to the Acclamation, and the volume had perhaps better conclude with the subsequent treaty. This is my idle season, when I see friends, acquaintances, and strangers, boat about on the Lake, and lay in exercise and health to last me during my long *hybernation*. If it were possible to get to Lisbon, I would forego the advantage of earlier publication for the sake of seeing Anchieta's Grammar, and getting the Life of Almeida: his Life ought to furnish some account of the first mission to Paraguay, and of the first descent of the Aymures, a dreadful race of savages, who are described in your MS. of Ribeiro as frequently desolating the settlements on the south of the Orellana, and on the great rivers on that side. Muris, he calls them, but they must be the same people. One volume of your "Relacam Annual" gives the best account of them. Everything we want will now be turning out at Lisbon, and I verily believe as mere matter of speculation it would answer to go over and buy books to make an auction of in London.

You ought long ere this to have had your large paper copies, and with them "White's Remains." His tutor Mr. Cotton, dined with me yesterday. You would be surprised to know how much credit I have got for that

book, and how many friends it has made. Mr. Cotton talks of putting up a tablet to his memory. He had no notion how deeply the poor fellow was infected with Calvinism till his letters appeared, and has no doubt that it contributed to wear him out, and hastened his end. What is to stop this dry rot in the Establishment?

It appears by the old Spanish poems that their pronunciation had none of those sounds which now distinguish it from the Portuguese. It is curious how they should have adopted them. Ximena, for instance, is spelt with Sc instead of X; and the ll is unknown.

I more than half wish that the Factory may take you back with them, and that I may get something to take me over with you, and settle me there.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Sept. 30. 1808.

My dear Neville,

Your parcel arrived during my absence from home, when I was, with part of my family, performing a long-promised visit twenty miles to the west of Keswick; a longer distance from this place than Edith had yet travelled since we came to it, five years ago — such close housekeepers have we been.

We were very much obliged to you for the Fragments of poor Miss Smith, which I had heard of and wished to see. In the winter of 1796 I was introduced to her on the South Parade at Bath, by James Losh, a gentleman now settled at Newcastle, and practising as a provincial counsel,—one of the best and most estimable men in all respects whom it has ever been my good fortune to know. He borrowed of her for me Carlyle's

translations from the Arabic, then newly published. From that time I neither saw nor knew anything of her till about three years ago, when, hearing that one of Mrs. Smith's daughters, at Coniston, understood Hebrew, I knew that she must be the person to whom I had formerly been made known; but I made no attempt at renewing the acquaintance, because there is a haughtiness and harshness about her mother which are to me exceedingly offensive. Not many weeks before her death I chanced to meet her and her mother in a one-horse chair, when I was in an open carriage with one of her acquaintance. Death was in her countenance; my friend stopped to talk with them, but I merely bowed my head: that was not a time to remind her of days when she was in health; she had evidently no breath to spare in waste words, and the sight of her made me melancholy for the rest of the day. Indeed I have her, as she then appeared, vividly in my recollection now. You liken her to Henry; but genius is wanting on her part for the resemblance, for of this there is no trace to be found among her Fragments. There is great good sense, great acquirements, prodigious industry, and, what is most admirable, a pure love of knowledge for its own sake,—for the quiet enjoyment, and the holy self-satisfaction which it afforded.

With Crabbe's poems I have been acquainted for about twenty years, having read them when a schoolboy on their first publication, and, by the help of the Elegant Extracts, remembered from that time what was best worth remembering. You rightly compare him to Goldsmith. He is an imitator, or rather an *antithesizer*, of Goldsmith, if such a word may be coined for the occasion. His merit is precisely the same as Goldsmith's,—that of describing actual things clearly and strikingly; but there is a wide difference between the colouring of the two poets. Goldsmith threw a

sunshine over all his pictures, like that of one of our water-colour artists when he paints for ladies, — a light and a beauty not to be found in Nature, though not more brilliant or beautiful than what Nature really affords. Crabbe's have a gloom, which is also not in Nature, — not the shade of a heavy day, of mist, or of clouds, but the dark and overcharged shadows of one who paints by lamp-light,—whose very lights have a gloominess. In part this is explained by his history. He had formed an attachment in early life to a young woman who, like himself, was absolutely without fortune; he wrote his poems to obtain patronage and preferment. In those days there was not much good poetry, and hardly any negligent criticism. He *pushed* (as the world says) for patronage with these poems, and succeeded; got preferment sufficient, and married. It was not long before his wife became deranged, and when all this was told me by one who knew him well, five years ago, he was still almost confined in his own house, anxiously waiting upon this wife in her long and hopeless malady.* A sad history! It is no wonder that he gives so melancholy a picture of human life.

Mr. Cotton could tell me little of Henry with which we had not previously been made acquainted. He has the merit of having discovered his genius and his good qualities himself, for nothing had been said to him upon the subject; and this is a great merit. It was not till some months after Henry had resided that Mr. C. heard of his little volume; and when he mentioned it to him, Henry was very much abashed, said that he was heartily sorry he had published it, and heartily ashamed, but that it must be considered that he was very young. Mr. C. requested to see the book, and was much pleased with it. He could not, of course,

* See Crabbe's Life and Poems, vol. i. 211. Ed. 1834.

encourage him in pursuits which might have interfered with his academical studies;—no person in his situation could do that. It is not yet generally understood that of all men, a great poet, such as Henry might probably have been, exercises the most extensive and most useful influence over mankind. Compare the effects produced by Homer and by Alexander the Great.

God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, 1808.

My dear Wynn,

I have been for the last seven days incessantly at work upon my old volume of Letters, which it is thought proper to reprint at this time. By well weeding it, referring to the original journal, and hunting out local information, it is made into a respectable book, and one which future travellers will find useful. It will be printed in two small volumes, making the whole of my operas in that size twenty-two—a pretty regiment when in good uniform. It required some effort of prudential patience in me not to write to you two days ago, immediately upon the receipt of an epistle from Horse * Campbell. The Equus Evangelizans (who sayeth that he hath no taste in poetry for anything above a tabernacle hymn ?) has taken occasion from "Kirke White's Remains" to write and inquire of me whether I may not have suppressed some edifying papers, because they differed from my own sentiments. This, however, he has done with all possible

* This was a Westminster nick-name. I made ineffectual inquiries about him in Shrewsbury.

civility, and it prefaces an attempt to convert me to the Calvinist faith, and an invitation to Shrewsbury. The letter is by no means a bad one: you know there was always a spice of shrewdness in the Horse, which gave a finer flavour to his absurdity. I give him full credit for sincerity, and had a gush of laughter upon discovering who the epistle came from, which was honestly worth five shillings, and would have been worth five guineas if you and Elmsley had been here to have participated in it.

Nothing makes me so melancholy as to "call over the names" at Westminster. I tried to find out Combe * in London, but he was not to be heard of at the Temple. It is about six years since I saw him. Both he and I have grown into men with as little change as possible in either; and yet, after a few minutes, there was a dead weight upon me which was not to be shaken off. We met with the heartiness of old and thorough familiarity — something like a family feeling; but it was necessary to go back to school; for the moment we ceased to be schoolboys there was nothing in common between us. We had no common acquaintance or pursuit, and I feel that of all things in the world there is nothing more mortifying than to meet an old friend from whom you have had no weaning, and to find your friendship cut through at the root.

A Westminster man of our times, though I cannot for the life of me remember him, travelled with me from Liverpool — a Captain Murray. He was certainly of our time, and at the same boarding-house. He told me —— was a colonel in the army, and has served in Egypt, where he was just as much detested by the soldiers as he had been at school. His halter, therefore, has not yet got into the collection.

* "My two most intimate associates — Combe and Lambe." —*Life and Correspondence*, vol. i. 154.

I prophesied about the Spaniards at Bedford's to William Nicol and Bull Beresford, and Nicol has acknowledged me for a true prophet. It is indeed a scene unparalleled in history, and a more glorious one never has and never can be exhibited to the world. Landor (Gebir) is gone as a volunteer. I know not whether we ought to desire a renewal of the war in Germany or not. If North Germany could be roused, that would be something; but from Austria it seems to me that no good can be expected till its Government be cut up root and branch. A diversion there will give Bonaparte a pretext for abandoning Spain. He will beat the Austrians and freshen his popularity in France by so doing; the Spaniards will be tempted to cross the Pyrenees, and there they would probably meet with defeats of which I have no fear while they remain on the right side, even though their enemy were tenfold mightier than he is.

Mr. T. Southey's conduct *is* literal madness beyond a doubt. My brother Tom, knowing nothing of his quarrel with his sister, called there on his way to Plymouth; he was with the haymakers, and had his back towards him when he approached. "How d'ye do, sir?" says Tom; and "How d'ye do?" he answered, without turning his face. "You seem very busy, sir." "Very busy." Not a word more; so that Tom could not avoid saying, "I think, sir, you don't seem glad to see me." "I never desire to see any of the family." Tom then went to the house to look for his aunt, and heard from the servants that "he had used her worse than a dog," and turned her out of doors. She herself is a woman whose spirit has been long since broken down, and who would bear, and did bear, a great deal in the hope of serving us; and even now she begs me to say nothing which can offend him, because she thinks I am not quite out of his good graces. And I believe

this very fear of making him displeased with me prevents her from coming here, as I have urgently requested her to do. It does not fall to every man's lot to have had two such precious uncles.

I wish you a boy with all my heart: for myself, it will perfectly satisfy me if what I look for about the same time should prove a girl. The prospect of a large family gives me no uneasiness whatsoever. If it please God to let me go through the career which I have begun, they will be well provided for; and if it be His will to call me away, they will find friends, and I shall find that justice which is as seldom denied to the dead as it is granted to the living.

Can you procure for me Dick Adderley's address? I should like to send him a copy of the "Cid," for the sake of sending a letter with it, and getting one from him. He had the best heart for an Irishman that I ever knew, and it grieves me that such a man should be so lost. There was another poor fellow in our remove whom I would have travelled far to have shaken by the hand, and that was poor O'Keefe; but he was blighted and blasted by adversity more than by imprudence. In fair weather and kindly sunshine he was one who would have flourished and brought forth fruit. I loved O'Keefe because I never saw that man whose tears * of mirth or of compassion were so suddenly excited. There was a drunkenness of joy in his merriment which was catching, but when drunkenness was really superadded, it was madness, and then his ruin.

God help us! it is perilous travelling, when a man turns out of the broad turnpike way of the world;

* "Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur
Quæ lachrymas dedit: hæc nostri pars optima sensûs."
Juv. *Sat.* xv. 132.

and yet night and morning do I thank God for leading me into the by-path which has brought me where I am. Oh, that you could at this moment see the moonlight upon Derwentwater, and the cloud in which the moon herself is hidden!

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Oct. 16. 1808.

My dear Harry,

In the fourth "Annual" you will find my reviewals of "Bruce's Travels," and may there see the true state of the case between him and the Jesuits. I have understood with respect to his death, that the common account is erroneous: it is said he fell down stairs and died; but the truth is, that he died and fell down stairs, — the fit killed him, not the fall. Murray's book I have not seen, but there are two things which you may insist upon, — the fitness of his giving us faithful translations of the Abyssinian Annals and of the Book of Enoch, and the want of an academy to undertake the publication of such works.

In your Persian reviewal cry out for a translation of Ferdusi. I hunger and thirst for the whole history of Rostan. Even the wretched rhyme in which Champion rendered a part of this poem gave me much information concerning my own old friend the Simorg. All Oriental poetry that I have seen is bad, and the superiority of the Hebrews is truly marvellous; it almost requires a belief in inspiration to account for it. I dare say Sadi will make you sick of roses and nightingales. Do *not* praise Sir Wm. Jones. No man, except Mr. Pitt, has a reputation so much above his deserts.

Do you know your Prebendary, Dr. Zouch? I have his "Life of Sir P. Sidney" to review, — a book of sufficient industry and dullness; the former I shall praise, and of the latter characteristic say nothing; and this is just and reasonable, inasmuch as the industry is his merit, but this dullness his misfortune. He gives a cowardly assent to the Barbauldish opinion that the "Arcadia" is a book no longer to be read, perhaps for the same reason that the opinion was originally passed, because he has not read it himself. Horace Walpole, the first beginner of this cry, certainly had not, for he calls it a pastoral. There is a very fine print of Sir Philip; and for the true love and reverence which I bear to that perfect man, I certainly do covet and desire that print, that I might frame it, and hang it in my study. If you are upon terms of anything like familiarity with this said Prebend, you may some day, *after dinner*, express to him this wish of mine. I desire to have it gratified, as being the eminent writer whom he quotes in his Preface, though he evidently mistakes Dr. Aikin for me.

My uncle goes no more to Lisbon; he has hung up his wet clothes*, he says, in Staunton church, happy that he has found a port. My reviewing must be done by a limited time this year, which is so much the better. When it is done, I shall think of going to pass a week with your Doctorship,—perhaps as soon as the Christmas parties are fairly over, if the weather be not too cold for travelling; for Christmas parties suit not my gravity, and Christmas dinnêrs (the merits of which

* There is a double allusion here, — one to Horace, the other to the epigram translated by Johannes Secundus. The first every one knows, i. Od. v. 13. "Me tabulâ sacer," &c. The other runs, I think, thus:

"Inveni portum: Spes et Fortuna valete:
Nil mihi vobiscum: ludite nunc alios."

I fully acknowledge) are not to be had without them. My visit will be to you and St. Cuthbert, and the Cathedral Library.

Has that said Mr. Adamson delivered to you my books?

Poor "Thalaba" has at last reached the end of one edition, and Ballantyne is going to print another which will differ materially in appearance, having a fuller page, and the notes at the end of each book. My "Brazil," will go to press almost immediately: a portion of the MS., having travelled to my uncle, is travelling back to me, that I may insert some farther particulars respecting the Lago Xarayes*, &c., and then it will be delivered over to the printer. I am not sanguine about this part of my history: it will be a good book, and not an interesting one; the historical materials are generally bare and insipid, and there is no making a silk purse of a sow's ear.

I passed five days lately at Netherhall with both the Ediths, — a great event in their lives, for the one has never been so far from Keswick since she was born, nor the other since she came to it. Miss Wood is going to pass the winter with Mrs. Peachey, at Bristol,—which seems to mean the Hot Wells,—and to imply more cough than was confessed in an Imperial letter written to inquire of me concerning the earthquake, — an earthquake which nobody felt. Netherhall is a comfortable house; you are left alone as much as you wish, and there is a good collection of old books.

If my "Cid" should have a good sale, I will translate the "Chronicles" of Fernam Lopes, those of K. Fernando and K. Joam; the latter, without exception, the finest chronicle in existence: that is, of a general chro-

* "Which the Portuguese Paulistas call the *Pantanacs*, or Flooded Savannahs." — *Hist. of Brazil*, i. 132.

nicle; for the "Cid" has a personal and dramatic interest which gives it all the charm of romance. Never was there a character more admirably delineated than this old warrior's; at the Cortes, there is even a Shakspearian truth of feeling; so much so, that one may swear to the reality of the scene, for no man but Shakspeare could have feigned it. I think your heart must have given a spring when the old hero addresses his swords, Colada and Tizona.* There is nothing to surpass it in Homer. The Spaniards have not felt the beauty of this wonderful book, yet they have so many ballads about "*Mio Cid*," and have so many traditions about him, that Ruy Diez, dead as he is, will do more against Bonaparte than all the kings of Europe have done. I am reading "Round Table Romances," from Heber's library. "Gyron le Courtoys" I finished yesterday, and began "Meliadus de Leonnoys" (Tristrem's father) to-day. Of all romances, "Amadis" is far, very far, the best; and yet even "Amadis" fades away before the "Cid;" for that book, of all which I have ever seen, carries with it the strongest mark of truth, in all that is not manifestly fiction. God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, October 12. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

You have, I hope, before this received the "Chronicle of the Cid," and the new edition of the "Letters," both which Longman was instructed to send

* See "Chronicle of the Cid," book ix. ch. ix. "Ah, my swords, Colada and Tizona, truly may I say of you that you are the best of swords in Spain," &c., p. 290.

to Tavistock Street. On the latter work I laboured just eight days, from morning till night; unluckily it was thought expedient to hurry it through two presses at once, with all possible expedition; time, therefore, was not allowed for the proof sheets to travel here, and I anticipate many vexatious blunders of the printer, which will stare me in the face on cutting the leaves. The booksellers would have republished this book three years ago if I had wished it. People asked me about it; the subject excited curiosity just at this time. To destroy the 1250 copies which were abroad was impossible, for alas! *Nescit vox missa reverti;* the best way therefore, which could be done was to reprint it in such a form that I should have less reason to feel ashamed of its contents. So by plentiful erasures, and a good deal of pertinent matter of fact, which my favourite studies enabled me easily to lay hand on, I have made the book more respectable than it was.

I need not tell you what my feelings were respecting Sir Hew Dalrymple's convention. Since the execution of the Brissotines, no public event ever distressed me so deeply. I could not sleep the whole night after the news reached me; the whole business indicates such a total want of all honourable and generous feeling on the part of our commander that it sickens me to think of it. Thank God, the nation has redeemed itself, as far as words can redeem it. What the Government will do remains to be seen; what they ought to have done they have not done. Had I been minister I would have followed the Roman example in such cases —annulled the treaty, and delivered up the generals who signed it to the French, with ropes round their necks. It is nonsense to say that we were bound by the treaty, as if any claims which the French could derive from the act and deed of a fool or a coward could be paramount to those of such allies as the

Spaniards, and such a cause as they are engaged in. Surely we have men in England who would have humbled the French when they had beaten them, and made Junot sign his capitulation in his own infamous name; not by a title which is not, and cannot be his, if we have any grounds for going against him.

There will be bloody work in Spain, but I have no fears for the result. Meantime, will this present deliverance of Portugal enable you to recover some part of your lost property?

Winter is come upon us here prematurely—at least six weeks before its usual time. My grasshopper season is at an end, and fire and candle evenings bring with them regular employments, which there is now nothing to disturb. When Longman will be for putting my first volume to the press I know not; in all probability his next letter will say the sooner the better. It will finish with the Dutch treaty after the Acclamation. I wish the "History of Portugal" had preceded this work upon Brazil; for I am sure common readers will blame me for the want of interest in great part of the events which are related. Thinking minds will judge differently. I have begun this branch of my history with a sort of exordium, in which the nature and character are explained; this will, perhaps, be ridiculed now, but I think it will be approved hereafter.

The last news from my publishers was that the edition of "Thalaba" had at last reached the end of its slow seven years' sale; that its later movement had been rather of accelerated pace, and that they recommended reprinting it with as little delay as possible. The property now reverts to me, and as the sale certainly will not slacken, I may, in the course of a second seven years, look for another 115*l.* from this source. Slow and sure, but it is satisfactory to see the fruit trees of one's own planting beginning to bear, however slender

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the first crop. The most apparent alteration will be in the manner of printing. It went through the press while I was last in Portugal, and I never saw a proof sheet of it. There is an unpleasant effect by the manner of placing the notes; for many pages have only a line of text, and so the eye runs faster than the fingers can turn them over. I shall now place the notes at the end of each book.

I am getting on with my new "Letters," and have the comfort of finding at hand *almost* all the information with which books can supply me. We go on well. Herbert grows stout, and Edith looks like a great girl beside the two younger ones. Of Harry I have not heard for some time, but I conclude he has not much employment, because the papers do not speak of any remarkable mortality at Durham. Tom has no chance of any practice in his line: the maritime war is at end as to what Irishmen call "de fun of de ting," and with that said fun has gone all his chance of preferment.

Remember me very kindly to Mrs. May, and believe me

Yours very affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, November 11. 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter had nearly brought me the first intelligence of my uncle's marriage; for his, which announced it, arrived only by the same post. Some eight or nine weeks ago word to this effect had been written me by Colonel Peachey, my summer neighbour here; but as he knows nothing of my uncle, and there are so

many Hills in the world, I rather wished his information to be true than believed it; and, indeed, so totally discredited the rumour as not to think it worthy of mention. I perceive what opinion you are inclined to upon the subject; mine, as far as it can be formed in utter ignorance of the age and character of her whom he has chosen, is more favourable. Perhaps selfish considerations contribute to render it so. I was not satisfied to feel myself settled so far from my uncle, considering the lonely situation in which he was placed, and the thought that his evening of life would be passed in solitariness often came across me, and lay heavy at my heart. But setting that consideration aside, one of the main objections to a late marriage is not applicable to him: he has now no fixed habits of life, which it would be difficult to change or modify; they have all been torn up by the roots, and new ones were necessarily to be acquired. One weighty drawback undoubtedly remains,—should he have children he cannot hope to see them grow up. I trust he feels convinced that, in this case, should I survive him, I shall be to them, to the utmost of my power, what he has been to me. Surprised, however, certainly I am, and so surprised as hardly to have thought of anything else since. To have a new graft upon a family is always an important event, and it is especially strange to hear unexpectedly of one who stands in so near a relation, and to know no more of her and her family than the woman in the moon and hers. A woman, you know, there must be there, because the man in the moon has horns! My uncle tells me her former name, and that she is of the race of old George Wither, the poet; who, in spite of his long fits of desperate dullness, is a dear old friend of mine; a right poet in his best moods, and a right honest, upright, downright Englishman in all his moods. It is curious enough that I should long have

thought of publishing a selection from his works. As you may well suppose there are many questions which I should like to have answered, and perhaps you can answer some of them. Did he become acquainted with her at Lisbon? What age may she be? What part of Hampshire does her father live in? Has she any brothers? and what is become of three elder sisters? for my uncle calls her the fourth daughter.

You ask me my opinion of Mr. Fox's History. I have only hastily seen and run it through. The importance of the subject upon which he treats everybody must feel. I know not whether others feel the thorough and degrading meanness of all the circumstances recorded, and of all the characters brought forward, with the single exception of Sidney (for Russell was nothing but a martyr), and probably of that republican maltster*, if we knew more of him. There is, however, enough known to place him in my political Kalender. In recording the events of that age, which no true Englishman can remember without feeling shame for his country and almost for human nature, no sentiment can be excited except of hatred and disgust, which approaches to loathsomeness. England is so sunk,—so degenerate and vile and abject, that one can have no national feelings in perusing these annals, and the party spirit which is everywhere apparent ill supplies their place. In fact, Whig and Tory were alike base; the difference between them was not more than the shade between black and raven-gray, and if this book had

* I am at fault here. Burnet, in his history of his own times, says, that the Duke of Monmouth gave an appointment to Lord Shaftesbury to meet him "at Shepherd's, a *wine merchant*, in whom they had an entire confidence."—Vol. ii. 178. ed. 1815. But, after all, the allusion is probably to John, the husband of Alice Lisle. See *Macaulay's Hist.*, vol. iii. 458.: "The *malthouse* of Alice Lisle."—*Ibid.* 506.

reached the time of the Revolution we should have found and felt that even that event went to the tune of Tantararara, or, *Rogues all.* It was the bishops who saved us; and to be saved by such bishops reminds me of Beelzebub casting out devils. All this relates to the matter of the history. The manner it were unfair to judge of otherwise than favourably. It appears that Mr. Fox had right notions concerning the nature of narration, and would have made it plain straightforward narration, without any discussion of disputed points and jarring authorities. The text is now full of these discussions, but it cannot be doubted that he would have placed them in the notes or appendix. We lose much by the unfinished state of the work, yet not so much as if the writer had been a man who stood aloof from parties, and was not continually thinking of the situation in which he himself stood. In spite of all Mr. Fox can say, Whigs and Tories have never meant much more than Ins and Outs, or Outs and Ins;—a fact upon which the last year of his own life set the great seal. I am of the school of Sidney, and Hutchinson, and Milton. Public morality has never been produced in any other, and never will be produced where there is a false standard of greatness.

Bourgoing's is the best statistic account of Spain, faithful and full but dull; Fischer's the best supplement, giving what lies on the surface of things; but Fischer is one of the worst principled men who ever lent his aid to debase, demoralize, and debilitate human nature. His picture of Madrid is now on my table, and contains ample proof that he sets all religious and all moral restraint equally at defiance. Spain is totally changed since the Countess D'Anois and Labat described it;—*her* account is half a novel; *his* authentic and curious as far as it goes. But there is no country concerning which we have so few tolerable books. No traveller

seems to have known anything about the country before he went there; consequently none have been prepared for the journey. God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H.M.S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, Nov. 12. 1808.

MY DEAR TOM,

The intelligence which I have to communicate will surprise you, if you have not already heard it from some other quarter. My uncle is married. The Imperial Colonel told me this was to be the case some eight or nine weeks ago, adding that he had seen the lady; but there are so many Hills in the world that I utterly disbelieved his reported rumours. Married, however, he is, to the fourth daughter of Lovelace Bigg Wither, a gentleman of great weight in the county of Hampshire, and of the very ancient and good family of my old friend George Wither, the poet. It seems, however, that he must have taken the name for an estate, for his daughter's name was Bigg. Of her age, or of anything else, I know nothing, except that she hopes to see Edith and me when we visit "the more civilised parts of England." Is not this *eempraunce* in anybody who lives by the Black Mountains, to call Skiddaw uncivilised?

I am heartily glad of this, for it frequently made me uneasy to think how solitary the remainder of my uncle's life was likely to be. He has none of those inveterate habits which often render marriages uncomfortable; all his habits have been plucked up by the roots, and he had new ones to acquire. The evil is, that if he should have children there is no hope of his living

to see them grow up. That, however, is a remote evil. There will be enough for their education, and if I am living there will be somebody to superintend it. Cousin Robert will not do for a playfellow when the age of riding *pocko* is over, but he will do for something better.

And so, Tom, we have got another aunt, by the Lord! How will this be relished in the College Green? I am very curious to see this new relation, with whom, in case of a family, it is likely that one day I must be so nearly concerned. My uncle may be trusted for choosing well. Aunt I shall not call her, being too old to consider her as such. It seems more as if a brother had married, than a kinsman of another generation.

And now, after this Gazette Extraordinary, comes the flat part of the newspaper, filled up how it can. It is time that another letter should arrive from you, and I am daily looking for it. Ten proofs of "Thalaba" have reached me, the notes are in a very beautiful type, and this edition will greatly excel the former in its appearance. "Kehama" is just now in great glory. He has won the Swerga, and Kalyal is riding abroad in the huge chariot of Jaggernaut, as the Idol's Bride. I have got on to 2500 lines, probably half the poem.

A few days ago came a letter from Bedford, communicating to me the, as yet secret, intelligence that it is thought expedient to set on foot a Review, for the purpose of counteracting the base and cowardly politics of the "Edinburgh." Walter Scott, it seems, was the suggestor, to some of the men in power. Gifford (the Baviad and Massinger Gifford) is to be editor, and he commissioned Bedford to apply to me. The pay will be as high as the "Edinburgh," and such political information as is necessary will be communicated from official sources, — for, in plain English, the ministers set it up. But they wish it not to wear a party appearance, — only

to breathe at this time the right English *at-him-Trojan* spirit. Would I write about Spain, was asked? I have asked in return if they can bear to have the principle avowed of no peace while Bonaparte lives, and if I may damn Sir Hew Dalrymple,—*sine quâ nons* upon this subject with me; and I have offered to take those departments for which I conceive myself sufficiently qualified. Next week will probably bring me tidings how this is settled, and by the time these Annuals are off my hands, a parcel on the new account may be expected to arrive. They require no pledge to any party or any set of opinions. I have taken care that there shall be no mistake about mine, explicitly informing Gifford that I am an enemy to the peace-mongers, an enemy to Catholic Emancipation, a friend to the Church Establishment, because I am a heretic requiring toleration, an almost Quaker,—a damner of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Co., and a friend to reform, as being the only thing which can prevent revolution. All fair and above board. The articles which are in fashion will most likely weigh down those that are not. But is it not amusing that such an application should be made to me from such a quarter?

Little Mr. De Quincey is at Grasmere. He was here last week, and is coming again. I wish he was not so little, and I wish he would not leave his great coat always behind upon the road. But he is a very able man, with a head brimful of information.

Nothing can be done in the way of a county meeting against Lord Lonsdale. Wordsworth, therefore, is now writing a pamphlet about the Convention, which doubtless will do your heart good. Curwen called here the day after we met him at Calvert's, pressing me to visit him at Workington. If I go it will be with Wordsworth, for the sake of tracing the Derwent the whole way. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Nov. 14. 1808.

'DEAR SIR DOMINE DOCTOR,

My uncle, who is not a very frequent correspondent to anybody, desires me, when I write, to tell you that he is married, though he says in all probability you will have heard it before. You will, I suppose, be not a little surprised that he should have got the start of you. If he has chosen well (for which he may be trusted), he has done wisely; he had been too much accustomed to society to pass the remainder of his days alone in a country parsonage.

The lady's name was Bigg: her father, Lovelace Bigg Wither, is, he tells me, a man of great weight in Hampshire, of the very ancient and good family of George Wither, the poet, whom I hold in especial good liking, both for his poetry and his politics.

By the Lord, Harry, this is very surprising! yet I am as much pleased as surprised. As for thinking of this new relation as an aunt, that is out of the question; it seems more like the marriage of an elder brother than an uncle; and the cousins, if any there should be, will seem like nephews and nieces, for cousinship implies contemporaneousness, and the loss of a whole generation will spoil all chronology of connection. Well, Sir, I shall be heartily glad when you have followed his example; but, though I look carefully at the deaths in the newspapers, and the obituary in the magazines, I do not perceive any such mortality in the county of Durham as should induce me to suppose you are getting into much practice!

There is another good reason for rejoicing in this family news, Domine Doctor. Ours is a good breed, and ought to be spread as carefully as that of the Merino

sheep: but what there is good in it is not from the Southey side; it was the Hill cross that made us what we are, and the Hills ought not to be extinct.

I expect Walter Scott here, either on his way to or from London. He has not told me the object of his journey there, but I have learnt it from another quarter. For more than a year Scott has cut with the "Edinburgh Review." To its manner of criticism he always objected; my refusal to take a part in it strengthened some political scruples of conscience which he had already felt at their cowardly cry for peace: and how much "Marmion" had to do in settling the matter is more than I can tell. So, however, it is, that he tells me he has cut it, for more than twelve months, and I received a few nights ago confidential information that he has projected another journal, and suggested to some of the men in power the fitness of setting it on foot for the especial purpose of counteracting the base and rascally politics of Jeffrey and that peace-mongering squad who would lay us at the feet of France. The plan is approved,— Gifford (the satirist) has reluctantly consented to be the editor; and such information as will at least be equal to what Brougham and Horner get from their party, is to come from an official quarter,—probably from Canning himself. They have had sense enough to see that if the thing be made a mere ministerial business it will fail of its object, and they require nothing but to keep up the heart and spirit of the country. At present this is a secret, Sir Domine, and the way it came to me was in the shape of an application from Gifford to bear a part;—through Grosvenor Bedford, with whom he is much acquainted. My reply contained a confession of faith, and it is probable that my orthodoxy on the two main points of the war and the Catholic question will cover the heterodoxy of the re-

maining articles. This is no doubt the business which takes Scott to London.

I have offered to take the department of travels, and to write upon the Buchanan question of the Hindoos; and I have not absolutely refused to write upon the affairs of Spain, which is the specific subject for which I was applied to. But my review is not of a pamphleteering turn, and wherever it is necessary to give my opinions, they are usually given as *neat* spirits, without that due dilution which would weaken them down to common palates. A few days will bring me Gifford's answer.

And now, Domine, who says I am a Jacobine,—except I myself? *Quis Diabolus* would ever have foreseen that I should have a pension, and be applied to from such a quarter as this upon such an occasion?

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. I hold my intention of seeing you early in the new year.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Nov. 28. 1808.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Had I not been very busy in clearing off my annual reviewing, I should sooner have told you that Rees has disclaimed for his house and for Hood's any pretensions of copyright to the "Life,"—so that business is at rest. I thought I had praised the poem concerning which you ask my opinion.

So far from having any objection that what you propose

should appear in the "Evangelical Magazine," I shall heartily rejoice if it can be effected. That Magazine is a powerful engine,—the most powerful in this country; unquestionably it can be of the greatest service to the "Remains," and it will be doing no little good to those persons who act according to its directions thus to put something into their hands better than the offal and hog's wash with which they are dieted. I have a horror of the presumptuous ignorance and intolerant spirit of that rapidly strengthening sect, and only wish there were more such writers as Cowper and Henry whom they might be permitted to read, as the only means of softening them.

I am sorry that —— is acting so childishly, — for his own sake, and not for mine. Could I have guessed that the paragraph in question would have appeared objectionable to anybody, it should have gone behind the fire. The remark was made to me by Wordsworth, as illustrating how good comes out of evil; he wished I had stated it; and accordingly in the second edition I did state it, with as little thought of —— as of the man in the moon. It is lamentable that that good heart of his should be coupled with so bad a judgment and so waspish a temper. I am obliged to Mr. Hill, but shall be sorry if this mark of attention towards me should deprive his "Mirror" of a respectable correspondent. Mr. —— may attack me with perfect impunity. I never condescended to reply to any personal attack but once, which was to Sir Herbert Croft in the "Gentleman's Magazine";—then I had begun the war. Mrs. Newton's (Chatterton's sister's) interest was implicated; and my reply to a shilling pamphlet was made in about fifteen lines. On all such occasions I am a Quaker in literature, as well as in the main foundations of my faith. My thunders and lightnings are reserved for occasions which deserve them.

Will you inform Mr. Park that those few poems of poor Lovell's, for which I searched in vain, have turned up among some old papers, and that I should have sent them to him, had not his letter led me to believe they would be too late;—if there be time, they shall still be forwarded.

The "Letters," as you may well remember, were printed off in the second edition before I saw Mr. Dashwood; part of his communication was inserted in the "Life"; the rest as soon as it could be in the third. I am glad he is well pleased with the book.

The "Life of Colonel Hutchinson" is one of the best books in the English language, or in any other; you must have read it with peculiar interest as being a Nottingham man. It accorded with all my best feelings and dearest principles; and I had the satisfaction of reviewing it in the Annual, in such a manner as to produce a letter of thanks from the editor.

For these reverses in Spain I was prepared, and by them I am not cast down, nor indeed led to abate a jot of my full confidence in the final success of the Spaniards. We have, as usual, done everything in the very worst manner possible, and have been far more mischievous to the Spaniards as friends than we ever could have been as enemies, by that rascally business in Portugal, which appears worse and worse the more it is investigated. But the end will be well; this I said before any person had begun to hope, and this I shall say after every person has ceased to hope, for Joseph will soon be crowned at Madrid,—is probably by this time. Zaragoza will in all likelihood be laid in ashes, and Bonaparte will march to Lisbon; still the country will redeem itself, and work out its own redemption. Sir John Moore has a strong country behind him, and if he cannot make head in the field, may secure himself in the fortified towns along the frontier.

God bless you. Remember me to James—has he received benefit at Brighton?

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Dec. 7. 1808.

You will have stared, Sir Domine, at receiving a parcel of Coleridge's Prospectuses. I am desired to ask you to consult with Mr. George Taylor about sending some to Sunderland. Make what use of them you can in the way of distribution. They are upon too horny a paper for any other use, and if you find any persons who wish to subscribe, send me the names.

Domine Doctor, it is not such a Prospectus as I would have written; and had I seen it before it was printed, I should have objected to its form, and to some of its parts. It is now too late. Will he carry the thing on?—*Dios es que sabe.* I hope so; for if it be carried on, we shall have a tremendous battery to direct which way we please; and if he does but fairly set it forward, it shall not drop for any accidental delay of illness on his part.

I presume you are tooth and nail at your Annuals, finishing off to be in time. Mine went off on Thursday last; and the floor is now covered with the contents of a parcel on account of the unborn Review, all relating to the Missions, of which I am preparing a general view and vindication, in direct hostility to that despicable article of Sidney Smith in the "Edinburgh." We shall hoist the bloody flag, down alongside that Scotch ship, and engage her yard-arm and yard-arm. Jeffrey, after all his shifting, is now so sold, body and soul, to the

sneaking Whig party, that we shall have with us all the rest of the country. What a complete separation is there upon this question of war or peace between the Whigs and the Republicans!

What articles are yours in the last "Medical?" "Mason Good," I guess, for one. One phrase in the reviewal of Blair's book would make me think it was yours, but the whole paper leads me to a different conclusion. Can you tell me which are Gooch's articles? The journal is very well done, but there is a twang of Edinburgh insolence about it, which will make enemies, which can do no good, and of which the writers, when they are a little older, will be sorry and ashamed. Severity may often be right; insolence is always wrong. Generous minds and tempers, Domine, are mellowed, like wine, as they grow older. You may repent a sarcasm,—you never can repent having forborne one. I like Gooch so much, and was so thoroughly pleased with all I saw of him, that this character which he has given to his review surprises me. It is not his nature; and why in God's name will he graft crabs upon a nonpareil stock?

I do not remember if I told you that Parry sent me a letter during the summer to introduce some ladies, who never came. It was a vile palavering letter,—provokingly so, and set both Tom and me growling. Nevertheless, I should have been civil to his friends, had they made their appearance. Saving Joanna Baillie, we had no very interesting people this season:

And how go on physic and fees? Have you enriched the apothecary? Has the undertaker set up his coach—the grave-digger retired from business, since you came to enrich them? Have you had any cases of the Pole Davy? and exhibited the Zebethum Occidentale to advantage in these Northern latitudes? Ha, ha! Domine! I long to have a laugh with thee once more. Here my puns are wasted on the desert air, and quaint

things enough to have set up a king's fool in times when fools kept to their profession, are thrown away, and of no account. Yet I go on heroically, and so I should do if I were shut up for sedition in one of the solitary cells of the English bastilles.

Early in the year I think of seeing you, going by way of Carlisle, and returning by Bowes.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, Oct. 30. 1808.

My dear Tom,

You inquire about my uncle just as if you supposed that a man in England was likely to get anything because he had good claim to it. I have not heard that the Dean of Hereford is dead, and I am sure that my uncle has no expectation of obtaining anything. He has made up his mind to pass the remainder of his days at Staunton.

It is some satisfaction to me that I shall be able to leave upon record my opinion upon this infamous Convention, in the "History of Portugal." There is a talk of an address from this country, but Lord Lonsdale will do all he can to prevent a meeting, or oppose anything that may be done at once. He and the ministry (all ministers alike) never wish the people to come before the King with anything except professions that they are ready to kiss his Majesty's . . . This his Majesty is not yet tired of hearing, and would go on creating knights and giving gracious replies to the end of the chapter. I rejoice to see the spirited manner in which

the Common Council have resented his most improper answer to their petition. If anything is done in Cumberland, here it will originate with Wordsworth: he and I and Coleridge will set the business in its true light, in the country newspapers, and frame the resolutions, to be brought forward by some weighty persons; and Wordsworth will speak at the meeting, he being a freeholder. We are all to meet Curwen (by his special desire) at Calvert's on Friday next, and then I suppose the plan of operations will be settled. It was wished not to make this a party matter, and therefore Lord Lonsdale was applied to through H. Senhouse, but it seems he "views the Convention in a very different light." God help poor England! Well might W. forefeelingly call our rulers

> "A venal band
> Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
> And honour which they do not understand."

Do you know anything of Captain Philip Beaver? He has, I believe, the Acasta at this time in the W. Indies. If you were in the way of falling in with him, I would have a copy of the "Cid" sent you, that you might give it him as a mark of respect. I have been reading—indeed, have bought,—his "African Memoranda," the Journal of the colony which he attempted to found on the Island of Bulama, and from which only himself and one adventurer returned; but never did I read a book which gave me so high an idea of the infinite resources, activity, and genius of any one man, as that plain, manly, right English book has given me of its author.

Herbert grows stout, and continues short. "Why does Papa call you Herby?" (which is what he calls himself). "Mine dog!" and then laughs. "And what does mamma call you?" "Bright eyes!" You would laugh to see the faces he makes, when he says of his sister's

name, not *Edaw*, but *Edis*. Edaw he used to call her. He says everything: rides *pocko*, rides towel, rides foot, makes me give him three tosses, and has no mercy upon either *pocko*, towel, foot, or father. Your niece wants sadly to know when you are coming home, and is surprised that you have not killed all the French yet. I verily believe Lord Chatham would have finished the war by this time. Twenty thousand men, landed at St. Andero four months ago, would have exterminated all the French in Spain, and 100,000 Spaniards would have been beyond the Pyrenees, spreading fire, sword and manifestoes, more formidable than either, before them. I am glad to see they are investing the town upon the coast from Catalonia. With Lord Cochrane's help, they will find employment for a great many troops in defending their own stores. But at home here, all is delay, blunder, jobs, and rascality; and so it will continue to be till things are thoroughly altered. No strength of mind, no rectitude of heart, no feeling of honour, no sense of shame, among our trading politicians. If it were not for the indignation which the people have discovered upon this cursed occasion, one might be ashamed of one's country, and tempted to wish oneself a Spaniard.

I shall make use of your stories of the band, and of "Junot," and good use. Do not let any stories of this kind, or anything which I can make use of, escape you. You know how these things, even after the lapse of many years, always turn to account at last. God bless you. Edith's love.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 18. 1809.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Parliament being so soon to assemble, — to the great benefit of franking, and spoiling of newspapers, I suppose that the Emperor of the Franks may by this be arrived at Westminster, and that letters may once more travel free as thought,—though not quite so fast. George I., I believe, is somewhere in the way of College Libraries; if you know where, direct to him the accompanying note, the purport of which is to request that he (a most fit man) will hunt out a passage in an old Lyons or Leyden edition of Ptolemy, impugning the authenticity or veracity of Amerigo Vespucci's letters, as they appear in the "Novus Orbis" of Grynæus. For I shall either prefix or append to each volume of my "Opus" a critical account of the documents from which it is compiled. I am in the press, and have corrected seven sheets.

Landor (Gebir) has a bill coming before Parliament, which will take him to town in four or five weeks. Shall I introduce him to you, on the ground that you may possibly give him information which may save him some trouble? You will thus see one of the most extraordinary men that it has ever been my fortune to fall in with, and one who would be one of the greatest, if it were possible to tame him. He does more than any of the gods of all my mythologies, for his very words are thunder and lightning,—such is the power and the splendour with which they burst out: but all is perfectly natural; there is no trick about him,— no preaching, no parade, no playing off.

I will wrap up this in Coleridge's Prospectus. For "The Friend" itself you may whistle these three months, and God knows how much longer. Hitherto, however

there is no other blame attachable to him than that he carried a prospectus wet from the pen to the printer, without consulting anybody, or giving himself time for consideration, and so a day was fixed for the appearance of the first number which was impossibly soon. Meantime, a hundred difficulties open upon him in the way of publication, and doubtless some material change must be made in the plan. I advise half-a-crown or five shilling numbers irregularly, whenever they are ready; but no promised time, no promised quantity, no promised anything. The Prospectus looks too much like what it intends to be, talks confidently to the public about what the public cares not a curse for, and has about it a sort of unmanly *humblefication*, which is not sincere, which the very object of the paper gives the lie to, which may provoke some people, and can conciliate nobody. Yet, such as it is, I shall augur best of those persons who expected most from it, such a habit of thinking, and such a train of thinking is manifested there.

Have you seen Wordsworth's essays in the "Courier" upon the Cintra Convention? The second appeared in to-night's,—that is, Friday, the 13th. They will be separately published. God help us, Rickman! If anything can ruin Spain, and England too, it will be such generals and such ministers as we are destined to be cursed with. Even now the game is in our own hands, if we knew how to play it. But these wretches have no principles of action, no moral courage; their boldness is only face deep,—bronze over plaister-of-Paris heads—and their talents just equal to the dirty job-work which has long been the main business of what is called government in England.

When you see or communicate with Arrowsmith, will you tell him that what I have finally determined about the map is, to have it as large as it conveniently

can be for a quarto book; to have the whole of South America in outline, marking only the chief places, the rivers as minutely as can be, and Brazil as full as it can be made. It is most likely that I and my uncle may be able to make additions to this part from our manuscript stores.

I am hard at work, transcribing and filling up skeleton chapters, and rewriting one from better materials than were originally before me. My book will be very unlike all other histories, — not, God knows, from any affectation of making it so, but from the very nature of its subject.

Remember me to Mrs. R. We hope her little one may be left to breathe Sussex air this summer, while she accompanies you thus far on the way to Scotland. It will not be easy perhaps to leave one; but it will be more difficult by and by to leave two. Time, therefore, should not be lost. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. I have seen to-night what I never expected to see,— a book of mine advertised with a recommendation from the Anti-Jacobins!

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, January 20. 1809.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I am the most punctual of men in replying to a letter of business; but when a letter of luxury (as it may be called) is to be written, it is so often deferred till a more convenient season, that what would at first have been a matter of pleasure is at last considered with the

feeling of debt. Your last letter is five weeks old. I have during that time been absent from home three days. I have been invalided for a week by a cold, and something worse than invalided, after my recovery, by some of those little family sicknesses which bring with them more disquiet than is reasonable to one who is apt to be anxious overmuch upon such occasions.

You ask me whether you shall write again to ——? Better advice cannot be given upon that subject than what Henry gives you in one of his earliest letters. In this case I think the question entirely depends upon the pleasure which you derive from his correspondence. Mr. ——, I believe, is a man not happy in his circumstances; and fits of irritation against you, or me, or anybody else, serve to divert a certain portion of uneasiness which is always fermenting in him, and which becomes more tolerable by finding its object abroad than at home. I respect his learning and his benevolence, and regard his infirmities of temper with pity, because they are symptomatic of what is still more to be pitied.

It is not by you, Neville, that a monument to your brother should be erected. His works are his monument, and you have done your part in preserving them. Leave it to others to do themselves honour by thus honouring him. He will, perhaps, have one at Nottingham before Chatterton has at Bristol.

My opinion respecting the affairs of Spain remains unshaken. Every blunder which it is possible to commit our ministry and our generals have committed, and, I suppose, will continue to commit: if, however, they will but (as Walter Scott says, in a letter which I lately received from him,) "fight on like mastives,—boldly, blindly, and faithfully," even that will do. We have only to keep the field till the Spaniards have been beaten with soldiers, as they were at Buenos Ayres; they are a slow nation, but of unconquerable persever-

ance. Meantime, the temporary success of Bonaparte will end in good, because he is abolishing the Inquisition, and other grievances, which it might not have been easy for the Patriotic Government to abolish, but which certainly they will not renew.

That "Life of Sydney" is indeed a meagre book. I have been reviewing it very gently, because, as we are never compelled either to buy a book or to read one, the public ought to be obliged to every person who takes the pains to write even a bad one for their use, provided there be no evil in it. Dr. Z. is a bigot in all things; there is nothing so pestilential to my feelings as the fog of bigotry in which all our cathedral establishments are enveloped. Enthusiasm has the glory of the sun to kindle up mists and clouds with beauty; fanaticism has thunders, and lightning, and meteors in its darkness; but bigotry, especially that which is found about deans and chapters, is like one of your London fogs. Dr. Z. is bigoted in his religion, bigoted in his politics, bigoted in his taste. His very admiration of Sydney is bigotry, for by his censure of the "Arcadia" he proves that he has not the slightest perception of Sydney's real excellence.

I have lately been much delighted with the "African Memoranda" of Captain Beaver: it is the history of the disastrous settlement, Bulama, where Beaver himself did all that it was possible for man to do, and, I believe, more than it would have been possible for any other man in the world to have done.

At present I have a pretty frequent correspondence with the printers; for "Thalaba" is reprinting at Edinburgh, and my "History of Brazil" is in the press at London. I hope to finish my Hindoo poem early in the spring. I have also written for a Review, not yet published, nor even announced, and of which I do not yet know the name, a long vindication of the Belfast Mis-

sion in Bengal, which I am about to follow, in the succeeding numbers, with a view of the other missions to the South Seas, and to Africa. Remember me kindly to James. Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.

Keswick, January 20. 1809.

MY DEAR WYNN,

It is so long since I have heard from you, that if Bedford had not, per chance, mentioned you in one of his last letters, I should have been making inquiry whether you were in this world or the next. I am looking, with far more solicitude than I ever did before, to the meeting of Parliament, to see what effect the Spanish question will have upon our home parties; and I confess, with a strong hope that it may lead to a schism between you and the Foxites, as they must still be called, for want of any other name. Delay after delay, blunder after blunder, panic and pusillanimity, have not yet utterly lost the only opportunity we ever have had of bringing the war to a glorious termination; and had we but a ministry who would act up to the wishes of the people, and put forth the whole strength of England, Bonaparte would inevitably find his grave in Spain. But if it be possible to ruin such a cause, our peace party, our war office, and our wretched, most wretched, Cabinet will do it. There is no hope that the "Edinburgh Review" will destroy itself; for whatever gratifies the malignant passions is sure to find partizans in plenty; but I think it must injure the party whom it aims at serving. Nothing could be more absurd than the way in which it has been endeavouring to

give the opposition a Jacobinical character. To them it is as unjust as it must be mischievous; and for the Jacobins,—as far as I have ever had any right or title to the appellation,—may be supposed to know the feelings and opinions of the better part of those who have been so called,—all participation in the feelings of the Scotch Review, and all fellowship with Jeffrey and his associates is utterly to be renounced. The true and consistent lovers of liberty are convinced that this war has long been a business of national life and death: our salvation is in our own right hands, and ruin can only come from ourselves; but if we abate one jot of heart and hope, we do the work of the enemy, and no heavier evil can befal us than we deserve. If any separation of party takes place, and I can be of any service in the way of newspaper essays, or pamphleteering, my whole heart will be with you; and you have only to tell me in what manner I may be, or may try to be, useful.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, February 9. 1809.

My dear Landor,

You have a Bill coming before Parliament. The Speaker's Secretary happens to be one of my very intimate friends, and one of the men in the world for whom I have the highest respect. It may be some convenience to you, upon this occasion, to know him, because he can give you every necessary information respecting Parliamentary business, and thus, perhaps, spare you some needless trouble; and there needs no other introduction than knocking at his door, and send-

ing up your name, with which he is well acquainted. Rickman is his name, and you will find it over his door, in St. Stephen's Court, New Palace Yard, next door to the Speaker's. I will tell you what kind of a man he is: his outside has so little polish about it, that once having gone from Christ Church to Poole in his own boat, he was taken by the pressgang; his robust figure, hard-working hands, and hoarse voice all tending to deceive them. A little of this is worn off. He is the strongest and clearest headed man that I have ever known. "*Pondere, numero, et mensurâ,*" is his motto; but to all things he carries the same reasoning and investigating intellect as to mathematical science, and will find out, in Homer and the Bible, facts necessarily to be inferred from the text, and which yet have as little been supposed to be there intimated, as the existence of metal was suspected in potash before Davy detected it there. I have often said that I learnt how to see, for the purposes of poetry, from Gebir; how to read, for the purposes of history, from Rickman. His manners are stoical; they are like the husk of the cocoa-nut, and his inner nature is like the milk within its kernel. When I go to London, I am always his guest; he gives me but half his hand when he welcomes me at the door, but I have his whole heart; and there is not that thing in the world which he thinks would serve or gratify me that he does not do for me, unless it be something which he thinks I can as well do myself. The subject which he best understands is political economy. Were there but half-a-dozen such men in the House of Commons, there would be courage, virtue, and wisdom enough there to save this country from that revolution to which it is so certainly approaching.*

* I avail myself of a note to express the high respect I entertained for this excellent man. In 1834 I spent a fortnight in his

I should not have written just now, had it not been to mention Rickman, thinking that you may find it useful to know him; for I wished, when writing, to tell you of "Kehamâ;" and a good many interruptions have occurred to delay my progress; indispositions of my own, or of the children's, — this latter the only thing concerning which I am anxious overmuch. At present my wife is seriously ill; and when I shall be sufficiently at ease to do anything, God knows. Another heat will finish the poem.

I hope you will not return to Spain. What is to be done in that country must be behind stone walls, not in the open field. Moore should have dispersed his army among the frontier towns from the Minho to the Guadiana, and then have worn out the patience of the French, while we fitted out a greater army to relieve him. I do not abate a jot of heart or hope, as to the ultimate issue of the struggle. Nay, I am, and ever have been, fully persuaded, that if we landed 100,000 men near Bilbao, secured the passes, shut the French in Spain, and landed 50,000 men to fight them there, we should then have a campaign to which the world has never seen a parallel since the battle of Platæa. But

house, and marvelled at his immense stores of information, and at his facility as well as pleasure in imparting them to a willing hearer like myself. I may mention, likewise, how, under a somewhat hard exterior, there was the deepest sense of Christian charity. I had a never-to-be-forgotten opportunity of noticing this in a large party at his house, on which occasion, (admitting his errors) he defended the name and memory of Porson, whom he knew, from needless censure. What has become of his Etymological Collections, and his Papers on Roger and Lord Bacon? If his own motto was "*Pondere, numero, et mensurâ*," mine, deeply impressed with the sense of his worth, acknowledged and expressed by all parties in the House, after his death, would be in the words of Ennius, —

"VIR BONUS ATQUE PROBUS!"

we are palsied at home. There is not one statesman among us who has either wisdom or virtue.

Coleridge's essay is expected to start in March.

My uncle, Mr. Hill, is settled at his parsonage at Staunton-upon-Wye,—in that savage part of the world to which your cedar plantation will give new beauty, and your name new interest, when those cedars shall have given place to their offspring. It is probable that you have no other neighbour so well informed within the same distance. Next year, God willing, I shall travel to the south, and halt with him. It is likely that I may then find you out, either at Llantony, or somewhere in the course of a wide circuit. Meantime I will still hope that some fair breeze of inclination may send you here to talk about Spain, to plan a great poem, and to cruise with me about the Derwentwater. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, February 18. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I should have written to you before this, had it not been for a more unpleasant reason than the permanent one of constant employment. Edith has had a serious indisposition, which at length confined her to her bed for eight days; and it was but yesterday that she was sufficiently recovered to walk from her own room into mine.

I am anxious to hear how your brother bears the climate of Brazil. Healthy as that part of the country is, yet, I believe, few Englishmen can escape without some seasoning; and there was an account, some little

while since, in the papers, which made me tremble for him and Worthington. What, too, is your Lisbon news? Notwithstanding the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, I think of those countries; and notwithstanding the disasters which our gross misconduct could not but bring on, my confidence in the ultimate success of a good cause remains undiminished. I could have wished, indeed, that the work of reformation which Joseph Bonaparte is beginning had been begun by the Junta; that they had called the principle of liberty as well as of loyalty to their aid, and made freedom their watch-word as well as the Virgin Mary, for she may be on both sides. Certainly it was not easy to do this; and I have always suspected that those leaders, such as Palafox, — who might have wished to do it, — bore in mind the first great struggle of the Portuguese against Castille, when the Infanta D. Joâo, a prisoner and in chains, served as Joâo the First's stalking-horse, and was painted upon his banners, till he found he could safely assume the crown himself. The convenience of such a name as Ferdinand's, and the stain which France has left upon the very name of Republicanism, were causes which might well induce a timid, and therefore a feeble, line of conduct. But it was as a Republic that Spain must be emancipated, for the old dynasty is too old to be restored in any of its branches. They could not agree in choosing a new one, and they will not submit to have one forced upon them with such monstrous and avowed injustice. Why is Bonaparte gone to Paris at such a time? If any change in the North should call him into Germany, with only a part of his army, the tide will roll back, and King Joseph be forced, a second time, to decamp. Meantime I expect a desperate resistance along the southern coast, wherever our ships can be of use. Is it possible that we can leave Elvas without seeing it well garrisoned? The place is absolutely im-

pregnable. Moore would have done wisely had he fallen back upon the frontier, where there was a double line of fortified towns, into which he might have thrown his troops, whenever he felt it necessary to leave the mountains, and against those fortresses the French would have wasted, and must have divided, their force, allowing us time to send out another army. Regular armies, in such wars as this, must always be successful in the field; but they have always met their chief disasters before fortified towns: tactics are nothing there; individual courage everything; and women and children fight by their husbands and their fathers from the window, or the house-top, or on the walls.

Have you seen William Taylor's defence of the slave trade, in Bolingbroke's "Voyage to the Demerara"? It is truly William Taylor's. Thoroughly ingenious, as usual, but not *ingenuous:* he weakens the effect of his own arguments, by keeping the weak side of his cause altogether out of sight. In defending the Slave Trade, as respects the duty of man towards man, he has utterly failed. He has succeeded in what you and I shall think of more consequence, in showing what the probable end is for which wise Providence has so long permitted the existence of so great an evil. The ways of man he cannot justify; the ways of Heaven he has. I know not that this expression is allowable; what I mean is, that he has shown how all this evil has been necessarily tending to commensurate good.

About twenty sheets of my first volume are printed. I have suspended the task of transcribing for three weeks, while busied upon some books of main importance as documents, which I was lucky enough to obtain from a public library, and was therefore compelled to return as speedily as possible. You would be surprised to see the piles of papers which are daily accumulating, and not displeased at their method. Four books I have

just written for to the Library in Red Cross Street; still I am in want of the "Annual Letters from Paraguay,"—a grievous want. It happens, fortunately, that I can, with sufficient propriety, wait for them till the second volume, and by that time, if they are in England, I may hope to unkennel them. William Taylor sent me one book, which has proved of much importance; Sealey had a list of some which I hope Borel will be able to find amid the wreck of the convents. Meantime, I find fifteen hours in the four-and-twenty short enough to work through what I have in hand. Remember us to Mrs. May, and believe me

Yours very affectionately, ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Feb. 18. 1809.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Your letter required an earlier answer, because it asked me a question respecting Dr. Collyer's book. I should have replied immediately, if it had not arrived at a time of considerable anxiety.

If it gives you any satisfaction to see my name in the list of your friend's subscribers, by all means place it there. The subject is a very important one, if it be ably handled: the proofs from prophecy appear to me the best ground that can be taken to establish the truth of revelation. I shall accept the book with pleasure; but do not you, on another occasion, scruple at asking me to subscribe for myself. When you send it, it will save an unnecessary expense if you consign it to Longman's care; he is in the habit of sending me frequent parcels by the waggon,—one in about six weeks, and these generally serve as deposits for all stray communications which may happen to be addressed to me.

You are right in supposing it is the "Quarterly" for which I have been engaged. Walter Scott is the projector of the Review. He has long broken off all connection with the "Edinburgh," —before the reviewal of "Marmion" appeared (which indeed would not have influenced him), upon the ground of his disaccord with their principles of politics, and the system of criticism which they adopted.

Bigland's "Essays" I have not read; nor do I ever read books of that nature, unless they come to me to be reviewed, and I am paid for reading them. Summaries of history are of no use to me, nor am I ever solicitous about the opinions of other men, except it falls to my lot to deliver one of my own. Then, indeed, I make it a duty to read everything that has ever been written upon the subject, as far as it is possible so to do. Warburton's "Correspondence" has not yet fallen in my way. He was a powerful man,— so powerful that even when he was most in the wrong, he makes you respect him; and you almost pardon his arrogance in deference to the feeling of superiority from which it springs. The new books which I most wish to see,—indeed, almost the only ones that I feel any desire for, are those of voyages and travels: of these, if I could afford it, I should buy all that come out. I take in Pinkerton's publication of the contemporary ones, and I am thankful to him for publishing them, ill as they are translated, and indiscriminately as they seem to be brought there.

Your views of the good which Bonaparte will do by his temporary triumph accord with mine. The good will be permanent, the evil only for a time. It is to be hoped our ministry are not so wholly engrossed by the defence of the Duke of York, and their attempts to invalidate a very plain story by such petty prevarications as a dirty lawyer uses to bring off a fellow for sheep stealing, as to forget the Spaniards.

I have made no bargain about the "Curse of Kehama," nor have I any expectation of making a good one. It will, however, be time enough to think of this when the poem is finished. We have had one sickness after another for the last two months; my rest has thus been broken, and the poem has been at a stand. Of my History eighteen sheets are printed. I am better pleased with it in print than before, and am working very hard in transcribing and filling up for the press.

The Duke of Kent has manifested a disposition to serve your brother James in one way. Perhaps if Dr. Collyer were to mention his situation to him, he might do it effectually in another, by placing him in a public office. Remember me to him, and believe me

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 27. 1809.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

First, while I remember it, about the honey in the trees. I have qualified the passage by saying *scarcely a tree*, &c.; so that your note has not been thrown away, but honey it is; the immediate mention of the bee proves this, and other authorities confirm it. It is so common that the way of seeking it is to strike an axe into a tree. I suppose the bees of that country contrive to hollow a tree for themselves, as wasps hollow a bank; but about this I shall have more to say hereafter. I do not know that the sugar maple grows in South America; it requires no warmer climate than our own, for it flourishes at Versailles.

The "Dobrizhoffer" which I got at is out of Arrow-

smith's reach. I wish he could get at the book, and earnestly wish I could meet with a copy for myself. It may be worth his while to inquire at the London Institution; it is probably too modern a book to be found at the Museum, unless they have funds for increasing the library, which I believe is not the case. Has he Falkner's *book* as well as his map? for they do not necessarily go together. If he has, I shall be greatly obliged to him to let me see it. Longman will send it down. Longman, by the by, will consult him about this map of Chiloe, whether it be worth while to engrave it for a history of Chili, a book of good authority by one of the ex-Jesuits, which has been translated in America, and to which I am going to add notes and a preface for them.

I will write about this map when I have well examined it. It is no candle-light work. Can you explain to me Herrera's account of the mode of arithmetic used by the Indians of Yucatan? He says they count by fives till they come to twenty, then by twenties as far as a hundred, then to 400, and then to 8,000*, and from thence *ad infinitum*. I suppose Herrera did

Fingers.		Toes.
$5+5+5+5=20$		20
5	Fingers, or	20 Toes and Fingers.
100		400
		20
		8,000

As long as men have five fingers on each hand, and five toes on each foot, human numeration will probably always proceed by fives, — the fingers on one hand; tens, the fingers on both hands; and twenties, the number of the fingers and toes taken together. Ten is the prevalent period in numeration, but in many of the South Sea dialects six is; five and one; seven, five and two; and so on to ten. The numeration of the Yucatans is founded on a mixture of the periods of five and of twenty; for smaller numbers they count by fives, scores, and five score. For larger numbers, twenty multiplied by twenty makes four hundred; twenty times

not understand this himself,—yet it looks like a blundering account of something remarkable, and certainly the power of numeration which it implies is in itself curious.

I am hard at work filling up the two most laborious chapters of the volume. The printer will have to wait a fortnight while they travel into Herefordshire. By way of a fine style, have you seen the advertisement of the lady who was "born deficient of arms and legs!"

They ought to build stone theatres, if theatres are to be built at all,—which I hold not, they doing more harm than good. I suppose they will build cast iron ones,—that being all that is wanting to make them uglier than they are at present. Bedford suspects the Society for the Suppression of Vice of setting them on fire! Edith continues to grow better. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, April 21. 1809.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

A ridiculous disorder, called the Mumps*, has nearly gone through the house, and visited me in its

400 is 8000, and thence *ad infinitum*, multiplying by 20 as we by 10 in our state of numeration,—*J. Rickman.*

The reader is referred to the notes on the History of the Brazils, vol. i. 638. (*margin*) 2nd edit. The Greek scholar will naturally call to mind the word πεμπάζωι, *e. g.*: —

πεμπάζετ' ὀρθῶς ἐκβολὰς ψήφων, ξένοι.

Æschyl. Eum. v. 718.

* He writes word to his brother Tom, April 18. 1809: —

"I am in the dumps,
Because I've got the mumps."

way,—a thing which puts one more out of humour than out of health; but my neck has now regained its elasticity, and I have left off the extra swathings which yesterday buried my chin, after the fashion of fops a few years ago.

During the half year from November to May, my time passes on with such a happy uniformity, that were it not for an occasional cold, a visit from the mumps, or some other such interruption, time would glide by without anything by which it could be remembered; and when summer came, I should almost be surprised at finding that winter was gone. Never, certainly, did man lead a life more after his heart's desire, than it is my good fortune to enjoy. My first volume is nearly half printed. Just at present I am somewhat hurried about the second "Quarterly," having half-prepared an account of the South Sea Missions, when I was requested to lay that aside for the third number, and prepare two articles, of an entirely different nature, for the one now in hand. They tell me the Bishop of Durham is writing an answer to some parts of my defence of the missionaries; in what tone and temper time will probably show.

Sir Egerton Brydges, I see, drops the "Censura," and starts a quarterly work, of the same kind, in its place; quarterlies being now in vogue. I wish he had a better plan, or that he had ability enough to execute his present plan better. A good review of the works of the dead would far exceed in value any journal of contemporary criticism; no book would there be introduced which was not, in some degree, worthy of notice; there would be nothing adulatory, nothing malicious, and rigid justice might be administered without any fear of hurting either the feelings or fortunes of the dead;—a fear which every man who reviews the works of a living author ought to have before his eyes. I

should like well to bear a part in such a Rhadamanthus Review, as it might fitly enough be called.

The publication of Sir John Moore's last letter, and the correspondence between him and Frere, have given a deep wound to his memory, and incontestably proved him to have been utterly unequal to his situation.* Frere's letters do him high honour. They evince a knowledge of the people, a knowledge of the country, and a reliance upon what is good and permanent in human nature; in all of which Sir John Moore was unhappily deficient. It is no slight satisfaction to me, to find the same opinions in these letters which I have always maintained, both as to what the Spaniards will do, and what the English army should have done. God bless you. Yours very truly,

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, May 13. 1809.

DEAR SENHORA,

Mr. White wrote me an intimation of Miss Seward's death. I was right enough in supposing her farewell letter to me was not written in so desperate a state as it purported to be, for she recovered that attack, and died of a different complaint. She had however distinctly, at other times, expressed an apprehension of the particular disease which threatened her, and a conviction that her days were near their end. Her will, the Wolseleys tell me, filled fourteen folio sheets, and Scott has a legacy of 100*l.*, for which he is expected to write her epitaph. A bequest of 500*l.* for her own mo-

* Opinions yet vary on his merits. Sir William Napier, in his "Battles and Sieges of the Peninsula," published in 1855, says that full justice has not been done to his memory. P. 17.

nument is the only foolish part of her arrangements,—that was a poor vanity: the very verger, when he shows the monument, will relate it to her discredit. I am glad I have seen her; glad, too, that you were present at the first interview, and not in the slightest degree surprised that when it rains legacies none should fall upon me. Everybody who has money to dispose of knows persons who ought to have it, and they are greatly to be censured who give any part of their property to those who have no claims to it; of course, I include moral claims as well as those of kindred. Scott's legacy and her monument-money should have gone to Miss Fern. She might have left me a set of her works, or some piece of her plate, and I should have shown such a token with pleasure. Her papers, which are in Constable's hands, are very numerous; the letters alone would fill fourteen quarto volumes, of which two are to be published. Then I suppose I shall come in, and be adored to my face. She was a woman of great abilities; and if ever I pass through Lichfield again, I shall feel with regret that she is gone.

Burnett, I hear, is in a deep decline. God have mercy on him! Never was a good heart so wofully corrupted by a vain head. It grieves me to think how differently this intelligence affects me from what it would once have done. He is better dead than living, but it is shocking that I should think so. I think there was a time when that man's heart was as pure and innocent as the heart of man could be. That so beautiful a flower should have had its fruit so cankered! The question, whether it would have been otherwise if he had never known me will occur to many persons. On that score I have nothing to repent. I set him no example but what was good. As long as he loved me, he loved what was good.*

* See "Life and Correspondence," vol. i. 333.

I expect daily to hear of Harry's marriage with Mary Sealy. God bless you. I suppose Sir E. is in town, and therefore do not inclose the letter.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, May, 1809.

MY DEAR TOM,

I was wondering what could be become of you, till the "Courier" told me Admiral Sotheby was cruising in the Channel. Good luck to your cruise, and a reasonable supply of prize-money!

Since last I wrote, Herbert has had the croup, and we, as you may suppose, were in great anxiety. He is now, thank God, recovering his looks, for the bleeding left him dismally pale; the blister is healed, and very thankful we are that the means of treating a disease, which, till lately, was almost always fatal, are now so well understood.

Ballantyne, the bookseller (the printer's brother), sent me a note yesterday, saying he was arrived at the Royal Oak, and would be happy to wait on me at whatever hour I might appoint, so I asked him to dinner, — a lucky piece of civility on my part, inasmuch as it appeared afterwards that he was come from Penrith on purpose to see me, and returned there the same night. Of this I had not the smallest suspicion. The matter was this: I had, in a letter to Scott, said that a review of old books, that is, of any books, except such as were in the province of contemporary criticism, would answer if it were well conducted. Scott talked this over in London, and Ballantyne, returning from thence, came commissioned to treat with me about

such a work. Things will not be finally settled till I have seen Scott, who offers to take a great share in the work, if I will conduct it. I am offered 100*l.* a year as editor, and ten guineas a sheet; the thing to be in quarterly five shilling numbers; and the name which I propose is "Rhadamanthus," he being the Judge of the Dead. I can rely upon William Taylor for material co-operation, and hope for some from Rickman and Turner, — possibly from Lamb, not impossibly from Coleridge. There are some things which Lloyd could do well; if I were not afraid of his *flux* of writing; but I shall talk to him. If this plan be carried into effect, I shall need no other *lucre-of-gain* work, for the quantity of my own contributions will depend upon myself, and I can with ease write 150*l.* worth in the year. The trouble as editor is merely that of writing letters, receiving articles, suiting them to the numbers, and correcting proof sheets; and as I would not begin till I had the quantity for two numbers ready, all anxiety arising from improvidence, or want of punctuality in others would be prevented.

Ballantyne, speaking of the "Quarterly," said he hoped they would leave alone the business of the Duke of York, thereby implying a fear that they would defend him, which would destroy the Review. My immediate answer was, "that if they did, or if they took up the anti-Jacobite politics, I should immediately withdraw;" and in all likelihood this will be the case, unless the foreknowledge which they must have of this determination of mine should prevent them; for to Gifford I explained my principles, and to Bedford expressly stated that as soon as the book ran counter to them I should break off the connexion.

I expect Scott daily, with his wife, on their way to Edinburgh; they stop one night, and if they arrive in the course of a week I go on with them. It is likely

that my knowledge of Ballantyne may prove profitable. The Edinburgh publishers are to Our Fathers in the Row what the Liverpool are to the Bristol merchants: they calculate boldly, and find their account in so doing.

"Kehama" will soon be finished. Ereenia has now reached the throne of Seeva. The next book gets to Padalon, and then one more completes it. These will be the wildest books, and I am now like the mules in the Alps, snorting at sight of the place I have got to; presently down we go. Huzza! hot weather here, almost stewed in my study, but nothing to what it is in Padalon. I think how that fellow Kehama will look, standing, red-hot, on one of the legs of Yamen's throne, and grinning at his opposite leg. God bless you; my next shall be begun sooner, and written better. R. S.

P. S. — Your navy papers shall find a place somewhere. The more I think of them, the more I feel their importance.

To Charles Danvers, Esq., Bristol.

Keswick, May 22. 1809.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

You would have heard from me a fortnight ago if I had not been disappointed. The young one has proved a girl, and I believe my main reason for being sorry is that I have lost the pleasure of calling a boy by your name. A few days after her delivery, Edith became very unwell, with a return of the same dysenteric symptoms which she had had two months before. She is, however, now well recovered, and has this evening, for the first time, drank tea out of her room.

Seven weeks have passed away since the few lines above were written, and in that time we have had our share of suffering. Herbert has had the croup, and been saved from it; but last night we lost Emma by a violent bilious attack. We are as well as can be expected after such a shock, for nothing could be more unexpected. I have indeed oftentimes suspected there was something wrong in the child's inside, and were we at Bristol, that should have been now ascertained. Enough of this. These losses are but for a time: this is not the first that we have sustained, and probably will not be the last. Neither I nor my children seem made of very lasting materials; in fact, it is very unlikely that my children should be. It is not altogether a fanciful analogy between a man who cultivates his mental faculties exclusively, and those plants which are improved by culture in an artificial soil: they bring forth finer flowers, but either they do not seed at all, or the seedlings wither away. I often think of what Dr. Jarrold has said of pointers, — the finest of the breed hardly ever grow up. It is a wise order of nature, and such I acknowledge it to be, severely as I am likely to suffer by it.

I am daily expecting to hear of Sir Domine's marriage, which was to take place this month. He will do well at Durham, and has every reason hitherto to think himself a fortunate man.

My "History" is advanced in the press as far as page 336. You would have heard that "Kehama" was completed, had it not been for these sad interruptions of sickness, of which we have now had four serious ones since the beginning of the year. As it is, I am in the last section but one, and as soon as I can recover heart to set to it again, a very few days will complete it. Indeed, I expected to have concluded it this week, little thinking how my hand was to be palsied.

I can hardly tell you how eagerly we expect your coming, though at the same time I hardly dare expect anything, such is my ever-present feeling of the uncertainty of all our hopes and projects. Yet, if it please God that we should meet, and no new calamity intervene, we shall have some happy days, Charles! There will be two candidates for your back within doors; the boat is in dock where it used to be, and the cork waistcoat shall be brought out, and hung in the sun to sweeten, as soon as we hear you and David are at Liverpool on your way. I wish we were nearer each other, and half repent that we are not so. Yet I have rather sunk here, than cast anchor by choice, for I never had funds which enabled me to look about, and choose a resting-place. Whether I may ever remove is very doubtful; if I do, it will be to Bath in preference to any other place. But I have now broken ground in yonder churchyard, and to a man who has no other freehold, even a family grave is something like a tie. God bless you, Danvers! Do not suppose me more cast down than I really am: I am more sad than sorrowful, and more thoughtful than sad.

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, May 23. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last letter told you of the birth of a daughter. I have now to tell you of the death of one. We have lost Emma; it pleased God to take her after a very short but severe bilious attack. Not half an hour before she expired we were assured there was no dan-

ger. Indeed, since I last wrote to you we have had much sickness. Edith was, during one part of her confinement, alarmingly ill, and Herbert has not yet thoroughly recovered his strength after the violent remedies which saved him about three weeks ago, when he was attacked by the croup. The little girl was buried this morning. She was, as our nurse says, "as sweet a child as ever woman bore,"—just sixteen months; and it is not a week ago since I repeatedly remarked in what high health she seemed, and how rapidly she was improving. These losses are but for a time, and this, severe as it is, is far less so than the former. I have now broken ground in the churchyard here, and thus acquired a new tie to the place. Edith is as composed as she should be. It is fortunate for her that she has an infant to take up much of her thoughts.

You asked me about a new Review, which I suppose means the "Quarterly," and about which I fancied I had written to you. It was set on foot by Walter Scott, to counteract the politics of the "Edinburgh," especially with regard to the subjects of peace with France, and of the Spanish patriots. I was applied to by the editor, who is the "Baviad" Gifford. My answer contained a sort of political confession of faith, stating that so far as such opinions would be tolerated by it I was ready to bear a part. Accordingly, the first number contains a defence of the Baptist Missionaries in India against Scott Waring, &c., and the "Edinburgh Review." It has been a good deal mutilated by the editor, and therefore materially weakened; still it has produced considerable effect, and made the "Edinburgh Review" very angry. Under cover of a methodistical book written by a certain John Styles, they reply to it in their last number; and their whole reply consists in calling one part brutal, and another contemptible. Sidney Smith is my antagonist. It is not

to be wondered at if I have the better of him; for I plead for what I believe, and he is obliged to affect a belief in what he is in fact attacking. I am afraid, however, that this Review is too much under the immediate influence of the Ministry. One of the publishers was here last week. He expressed a hope that "they would let the Duke of York alone," which implied a fear that it was intended to defend him; and he said also, that "George Ellis" (who wrote that wretched article about Spain which begins the first number) "and some other of its privy council, talked of unmuzzling Gifford," that is, of letting him set up the old cry of Jacobinism against all who wish for reform.* You will, I trust, have anticipated my reply to this — that in either case I must withdraw from the work; and this, I suppose, will be the case. My communications are now franked through the Secretary of State's office, and this is a bad symptom. The article upon the "Lives of the Painters" is by Hoffner; that upon "Sanskreet Grammar" by Sharon Turner; that upon "Medals" by Barry Roberts, a man whom I remember at school, and who is cousin to my old friend Bedford. Scott has furnished many of the rest. On the whole, there is not much to be said for the first numbers; some articles are positively bad in every point of view, especially Ellis's, which ought to have been the best, and which I declined writing myself, merely because I thought they would get somebody to throw a sort of *official* importance over the pamphlet which would produce more immediate effect upon the public than my under views of the subject; — in fact, they

* "Things are come to this dilemma,—*Reform* or *Ruin*; and on one of these horns I pray to God that John Bull may give his damned drivers a deadly toss. A constitutional reform would save the country, and nothing short of that will be of any avail." —*MS. Letter to G. C. Bedford*, April 21. 1809.

wanted party politics, and I could only have given them principles. To have defended what has been done would have been degrading myself; and to have shown how a nation may become invincible, and must become so, if there be a general spirit of patriotism, would have been to the Ministry foolishness, or worse than foolishness.

I am, however, likely to have ample opportunities for saying this, and whatever else of importance I wish to say. A plan has been suggested of publishing a Review which should not touch upon contemporary books, but choose its subjects from the whole mass of antecedent literature. It originated in a hint of mine to Walter Scott. The booksellers have taken it up, and are in treaty with me concerning it.

My "History" has reached p. 336. My poem of "Kehama" would have been finished this week had not my hand been palsied by this unexpected stroke. I will crowd in here some lines from that poem (written many months ago), which are applicable to my present state of mind. Whether they will stand in the poem or not is very doubtful*: —

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly:
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell.
Earthly, these passions of low earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth:
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest;

* They occur under "Mount Meru," x. p. 583., "Poems in One Volume."

It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for all her fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?

God bless you. Remember us to Mrs. May, and believe me

Very affectionately yours,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, July 6. 1809.

MY DEAR TOM,

Danvers arrived on Monday night, not till ten o'clock, when we had given him up. He has brought with him David Jardine and his cousin Lewis, who, though nearly a year older, is shorter by the head and shoulders. Job is, as you may suppose, in great glory, having two such companions. They return on Monday, leaving Danvers here. Miss Betham, I expect, will arrive immediately after they are gone, and about the same time Clarkson will be here to spend one day and a half. He brings me the Susoo grammar from one of the missionary societies; the language is spoken far and wide among the negroes, and will be a curious addition to my library, and useful in my "Quarterly" pursuit. Curwen's Bill, except in its preamble, which establishes the principle that seats in parliament ought not to be purchased, will do nothing but mischief, for

it leaves the power in the Treasury, and destroys it everywhere else. A man cannot now buy an opposition borough as he was wont to do; but Government can still manage theirs, and pay for them in half a thousand ways, so as effectually to elude the spirit of the Act themselves, while they enforce the very letter of it upon their opponents. In like manner, that Bill to prevent the sale of places was a mere juggle, and an excellently clever one; for by making it criminal to buy, sell, or assist in the sale of any place under Government, all persons who offended are provided with means of escaping discovery. It is no longer of any avail to appoint committees of the House and examine them; to every question (which, before this rascally Bill, they were obliged to answer) they have now only to reply, —"I must not criminate myself." If it is a legal answer the question cannot be just. From this time forward, therefore, the trade is secured from all possibility of discovery. This was what Percival brought the Bill in for. As for Curwen, he neither meant harm nor good. He is a hunter after popularity, and merely thought to curry a little by doing something which should be talked about.

Sharp is here, and I have a design upon him for the benefit of your letter. I dined on Monday at Ianson's with Dickenson, the member for Somersetshire, whom I had not seen since I supped at his rooms at Oxford, in 1792 — seventeen years and a half ago.

The second "Quarterly" contains only one article of mine, as well as the first. In the third will be Holmes's "American Annals," and perhaps the "Mission in the South Sea Islands." Danvers' arrival will prevent me from getting Lord Valentia's "Travels" ready in time for it. These "Travels" are very interesting. He sent his draftsman and secretary, Mr. Salt, into Abyssinia, and Bruce has been convicted

of many falsehoods, gross exaggeration, and wilful lies to extol himself; and the worse crime of inventing a survey of the African coast of the Red Sea, which is altogether fictitious. I have offered to justify Frere against the friends of Sir John Moore, if it be thought advisable so to do; and I have offered also to have another touch at the Methodists, in which I should set to work seriously to investigate the causes of their rapid progress.

The Austrians have disappointed my fears, and things seem fairly on the balance, with this advantage on their side — that they have a good cause, and must therefore necessarily get the better in the long run, if they hold out. Their policy is to avoid fighting as long as they can, and harass him (*i. e.* Bonaparte) by cutting off his supplies. If this can be done till our army arrives in the Elbe, a powerful diversion will then be made in North Germany, joined, as I have no doubt we instantly shall be, by the Prussian army. One great defeat destroys Bonaparte root and branch. If he falls, it will be once and for ever. His power out of France has no other support than brute force; in France it rests wholly upon the opinion of his good fortune and the splendour of his success. Beat him, and the French will desert him; take him prisoner, and he falls so low that the common laws of war would hardly be granted to him; but he might be hung as he would hang Chastillas. I open the "Courier" daily with great doubts and much anxiety; but it does appear to me that at present the advantage is on the side of the Austrians, and the longer they can delay, their power in the nature of things strengthens, and his must be weakened.

That article upon the Austrians in the second "Quarterly" is written by George Ellis, and has been revised by Canning. The Review succeeds excellently well, and will probably soon put to death many of the

inferior ones. It will be powerfully supported; every number for some time to come better than the last. I suppose Frere will bear a part when he returns. If Canning is beaten in this struggle in the Cabinet, then it becomes an opposition Review; this I hope will not be the case. At any rate, the tune will be, "Fight on, my merry men all," as long as the power of France remains unbroken, and I shall waive all difference of opinion upon less important subjects, for the sake of joining in that chorus.

Poor Jackson is going very fast indeed. Your nephew is as happy as the day is long, and as good as he is happy. Your niece goes on well, and Bertha is, I think, the sweetest infant of all our children; at least, I never loved so young a one so much before. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, July 6. 1809.

MY DEAR WYNN,

When your letter arrived I was dining with Dickenson, whom I had not seen till that day since you and I supped at his rooms in January, 1792 —seventeen years ago; these things make one feel the lapse of time. I should not have recollected him at first, but after a while his face returned to my memory. He tells me Combe has taken orders without any preferment, or chance of any, and without even a curacy to give him employment. He lives with his mother, and his main delight is in taking care of the flower garden. Poor Majesty! I hunted for him without success when last in London, in hopes of shaking him by the hand again, though the next

minute's feeling would have been the painful one that he and I, who had once lived years together in the most thorough intimacy, could not now find matter of common interest enough for half an hour's conversation.

The "Quarterly" has struck root, and will grow better every number for some time to come. I am in odd company, and not the most congenial, but far more so than the "Edinburgh" could have been. The politics of Brougham and Jeffrey are to me the more hateful for the mixture of good which now and then appears in them. Both these men are such unballasted politicians, that the public mind could not be worse guided. They set out with that precious definition of war which you will remember — they are now the cowardly advocates for peace. They wrote a defence of the whole system of corruption against Cobbett while their party was in power, and they want Jacobinism as soon as their friends are out again.

I thought those articles upon the Conscription and the Revolutionary Biography could not come from any ordinary writer in that journal; they were in so much wholesomer a stream of thought and feeling, and accordingly they appear to be the work of an American, by name Walsh. In the third number of the "Quarterly Review" you will see Holmes's "American Annals" from me, and probably the "Transactions of the Missionary Society in the South Sea Islands." I have Lord Valentia's "Travels" on my table, and have bespoken some other books. Whether they will let me undertake a justification of Frere against the friends of Sir J. Moore, I know not, but I have offered my services.

I do not perceive the difficulty about Lobaba; the column of sand was "driven by the breath of God." Nor do I see any difficulty about the she-bear; Thalaba

being,—like Daniel in the lion's den, preserved by his piety—spared by a wild beast. They are miraculous enough for the situation, and not so much so as to render a specific spell necessary. That "bridleless steed" is a wretched phrase, which I could not get rid of, but I dare say it will give way to some better one in some lucky minute.

There are seven volumes published of "Aikin's Biography," and two more will probably complete it. Of my handy-work, what little there is, is in the two last volumes. They have not called upon me for my contributions to the next, and I wait to be called upon before I do anything, having so many other things to do. God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, July 30. 1809.

MY DEAR TOM,

You will be glad to hear that my lease was signed yesterday, so that I am now master of this place for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, at my own option; and having taken poor Jackson's part as well as my own, there will be room enough for us all, let us grow as we may.

Danvers left me on Monday last. My summer cold prevented me from going about with him as much as I wished; partly also I was prevented by being in daily expectation of Miss Betham's arrival; for as she knew nobody in the house except myself, it behoved me to be here when she arrived. I went out, however, for those days which were not thus employed, by way of Materdale to Paterdale; there, when we arrived, poor

Charles had one of his bilious headaches, and was obliged to go to bed. James Rickards was of our party, and he and I, guided by a boy whom Luff lent us for the service, went a ten-mile walk to Angle Farm and Hawe's Water, following the stream from the latter down to Brotherswater, and so home. By that time Danvers was recovered, and we drank tea in Luff's garden, where Clarkson, and a very pleasant man of the right sort, by name Tilbrooke, joined us. Next day up Helvellyn, along the whole top, and down to Grasmere. On the third, into Langdale, and home over the Stake; a noble expedition! glorious weather all the way, and for farther particulars I shall refer you to Don Manuel's next volumes.

Nothing more has been heard about "Rhadamanthus;" the business doubtless stands over till my visit to Edinburgh, which will take place early in the winter. I am at present hard at work upon Lord Valentia's "Travels," for Charles's company has thrown me behindhand. This third "Quarterly" will have three articles of mine. I corrected last night a proof for it about the "South Sea Missions," and they expect "Lord Valentia" for the same number: in about three days I shall finish it. It seems likely that as they feel the weight of my reviewals, they will call upon me for more of them. Joel Barlowe's poem of "Columbus" is coming for the fourth, and I am to write about the Methodists, which I shall do with a good will. For ten guineas a sheet one can afford to write carefully, and take two copies if the subject be such as to require it. Books of travels, which supply both matter and arrangement, take less trouble, and the first writing serves.

Miss Betham arrived a few hours after Danvers departed. I am sitting to her again, and she has begun a picture of Herbert, which promises to be a very

happy likeness. We meditate a cart expedition to Buttermere, or rather to Scale Hill, wishing to escape Mary's bad dinners, and so home through Newlands. Would that you were with us!

I do not know which most surprised me: the former victory of the Austrians, or the utter folly and pusillanimity which has now laid them prostrate at Bonaparte's feet. Henceforth there neither can, nor deserves to be, any redemption for that vile dynasty. The baseness with which they have sacrificed the Tyrolese by this armistice, cut them off from all hope and all compassion. No man will again lift his arm in their cause: and the salvation of Germany, whenever it does come (it will come at last), will owe it to a better principle than loyalty to the imperial crown. Meantime the immediate effect will be as bad as possible. It will pour again into Spain, and we shall have let the opportunity of securing that country pass by. Of one expedition the result will probably reach you as soon as this letter can do. I suppose it is intended to keep the Island of Walcheren, as well as to take it; if so, the thing is worth doing, not so much for any additional security it can give us, as for the credit of the thing, and the bitter annoyance it will be to the enemy, whose pride will be more wounded by it than by anything else that one could possibly do.

Rickman, who has just had another daughter born, comes in the autumn. I shall go with him to Irton, and ascend Scafell, thus completing my knowledge of this country. "Kehama" is in *statu quo;* but my cold seems now about to take its leave, and I shall resume my early rising the moment it can be done with comfort. I have sent Ballantyne "Queen Orraca," and the "Alderman's Funeral," for a miscellaneous collection which he is making. The mode of printing and publishing "Kehama" will, ere long, be settled;

but I must clear off the reviewing, and get a good start of people before there be leisure to write the necessary letters about it.

The long-expected tidings of Mrs. Peachey's release is arrived. I had always foreseen it, and can truly say that I have felt a deeper sorrow in looking at her in the midst of mirth and festivity, than when the tidings reached me that she was at rest.

I could not go on to Edinburgh from Durham, because Danvers was coming here, and because Scott was delayed in London so much beyond the time which he had appointed for his return, and which would have suited me.

I am sorry to say that there is not yet another number of "Kehama" ready for you, but this also shall be done as soon as it can be. The truth is, though I do much, I yet love to be idle when there is an excuse for it; and, notwithstanding this propensity, so many things crowd upon me, that if some of my Hindoo gods would accommodate me with a few of their supernumerary heads and arms, I could find good employment for as many as they could spare. All well. Love from all. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, August 16. 1809.

LAST night a letter from Thomas Rees communicated to me the intelligence of the death of the "Annual Review." The Long Men of the Row were long in making up their minds to discontinue it; it is not above ten days ago that a large parcel of books designed for another volume arrived here, and King

Thomas told me he should send off one to you in a few days.

Now then, supposing that you will seriously set about the "CRUSADES," I will give you such directions in the art of historical book-keeping as may save time and facilitate labour.

Make your writing books in foolscap quarto, and write on only one side of a leaf; draw a line down the margin, marking off space enough for your references, which should be given at the end of every paragraph;—noting page, book, or chapter of the author referred to. This minuteness is now demanded, and you will yourself find it useful; for in transcribing or in correcting proofs, it is often requisite to turn to the original authority. Take the best author, that is to say, the one that has written most at length of all the *original* authors, upon the particular point of time on which you are employed, and draw up your account from him; then, on the opposite page, correct and amplify this from every other who has written upon the same subject. This page should be divided into two columns, one of about two thirds of its breadth, the other the remaining one. You are thus enabled to *add* to your *additions*.

One of these books you should have for your geography; that is to say, for collecting descriptions of all the principal scenes of action, (which must be done from books of travels), their situation, their strength, their previous history, and, in the notes, their present state.

These descriptions you can insert in their proper places when you transcribe. Thus, also, you should collect accounts of the different tribes and dynasties whom you have occasion to mention. In this manner the information which is only to be got at piecemeal, and oftentimes incidentally when you are looking for

something else, is brought together with least trouble, and almost imperceptibly.

All relative matter, not absolutely essential to the subject, should go in the form of supplementary notes, and these you may make as amusing as you please, the more so, and the more curious, the better. Much trouble is saved by writing them on separate bits of paper, each the half of a quarter of a foolscap sheet,—numbering them, and making an index of them; in this manner they are ready for use when they are wanted.

It was some time before I fell into this system of book-keeping, and I believe no better can be desired. A Welsh triad might comprehend all the rules for style. Say what you have to say as *perspicuously* as possible, as *briefly* as possible, and as *rememberably* as possible, and take no other thought about it. Omit none of those little circumstances which give life to narration, and bring old manners, old feelings, and old times before your eyes.

Gibbon will supply you with the names of the main authorities. The *Gesta Dei per Francos* must be one of the *first* importance, *quoad* order of time. This Gibbon refers to for the best account of the state of Jerusalem from the time of Heraclius (*i. e.*, the beginning of Mahommedanism) to the Crusades. He refers also to a memoir of M. De Guignes, "*Sur le Commerce des Francois dans le Levant, avant les Croisades*," in the "*Mem. de l'Academie des Inscriptions*," t. xxxvii. pp. 467—500. Your first chapters will be the most difficult, and should be written last. I would advise you not to think of introductory matter till you are far advanced in the book, and find your stock of knowledge of considerable amount.

For the first Crusade you will want the *Gesta Dei*, "The Acts of the Council of Clermont," which are in the great collection of Councils, t. xii., Anna Com-

nena. I dare say the "Byzantine Historians" are in the College library. Look at Gibbon's nineteenth note to his LVIII. chapter, for his authorities. His forty-first to the same chapter is full of minute references. But you must not be contented with merely following his references; unless you read with your own eyes you will do nothing. Do not be dismayed at the sight of a large book; read on manfully, and you will soon find in the accumulation of knowledge quite as great a pleasure as the veriest miser finds in the accumulation of gold. Read half a dozen authors at once, and thus you never need dwell upon one till you are tired of it; and begin the history of two or three Crusades at once, that you may be able to go on with one part of the narrative when you are in want of materials for another. When you have done enough *to give security* to yourself that you will do more, I will put in requisition all my means of obtaining books, and borrow for you from Heber whatever his library contains. Read every traveller that has ever written upon Syria, Egypt, or Palestine,—in the worst of them you may chance to find something which will throw light upon history, and make you fully understand circumstances which else you might imperfectly have comprehended. I can be of some use to you in the way of annotations, and nothing in the course of my reading which bears upon your subject shall be let slip. Go to work with a good heart, and you will soon find yourself the happier for having such a work in hand

I have undertaken to write for Ballantyne's "Edinburgh Annual Register", the history of affairs in Spain and Portugal last year, for which I shall be well paid; but I am hard worked, being pressed for time. If Mary can tell me any anecdotes of Junot's character and conduct, or of the state of Lisbon during his reign there, I dare say I shall be able to make good use of them. To-day I am going to Lowther, from whence I

return on Saturday. Yesterday I took Miss Betham, Edith, and Mrs. Coleridge up Skiddaw, being their first appearance upon that stage. They walked it, and did it well by help of meat and drink on the way. Coming home Mrs. C. got into a bog some way above her knees, and I saved her life! I wish you had been there to have assisted in it. Afterwards I washed her petticoat in one of the gills, and carried it home upon my stick. Oh, Dominie, Doctor! if you had but been there! Our love to Mary. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, August 17—20. 1809.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I can wish you nothing better than that your life may be as long, your age as hale, and your death as easy as your father's.* The death of a parent is a more awful sorrow than that of a child, but a less painful one: it is in the inevitable order and right course of nature that ripe fruit should fall; it seems like one of its

* "I have received your letter of the 29th July; but see the instability of human affairs! I, who talked of going to Keswick, am now at Christ Church, summoned to attend the funeral of my good father, who is to be gathered to his ancestors at Milford (between this and Lymington) to-morrow. His illness was but a paralytic stroke, which rendered him insensible immediately, so that he has died, as desired, at a good old age, and without the sting of mortal dissolution. Peace be with him! A man of milder temper, and of more general benignity never lived. In the peaceful qualities of the mind, a better man than his son; in activity, perhaps in utility, inferior. You knew him, and I think held his countenance and his heart to be in happy unison!" — *MS. Letter from J. Rickman to R. Southey.*

mishaps when the green bud is cut off. In the outward and visible system of things nothing is wasted: it would therefore be belying the whole system to believe that intellect and love,—which are of all things the best,—could perish. I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have past, seems to me not improbable. The supposition serves for dreams and systems,—the belief is a possession more precious than any other. I love life, and can thoroughly enjoy it; but if to exist were but a lifehold property, I am doubtful whether I should think the lease worth holding. It would be better never to have been than ever to cease to be.

Still I shall hope for your coming. You would at any rate have been inconveniently late for the Highlands, for which as near Midsummer as possible is the best season. September is the best for this country.

I have been made to do what has proved to be a foolish thing. Walter Scott wrote to me to say that Canning had a great wish to serve me, and that he, Scott, had been commissioned by him to find out in what manner it might be done conformably to my inclinations. Sharpe was here at the time. I told him of this, and he advised me to ask for the stewardship of the Derwentwater Estates, which will soon be vacated by death. Upon this I wrote to Scott, and also to Wynn; both agreed that it would be the best thing possible for me, and both advised me, as a *sine quâ non*, to make interest for Lord Lonsdale's countenance. Behold me thus place-hunting in regular form. I got Sir George Beaumont to write to Lord Lonsdale. My friend Humphrey Senhouse (who has election weight with him) did the same, and that position was effectually secured. He promised everything, and in-

structed Sir George to write to Lord Mulgrave, in whose gift it lies. Lo and behold, I had proceeded upon the opinion of the equal eligibility of all men to all offices under our happy form of government, which, certes, should seem in that respect to have been framed upon the system of M. Helvetius. But it turns out that this place requires great practical knowledge, and very hard work, and so there is an end of the business. But all this produced an invitation to Lowther Castle, couched in such a manner that I could not well avoid going, and there I went, — slept two nights, walked over his Lordship's grounds with one of his daughters for my guide, and came back yesterday.

The shortest way here is by the Carlisle mail, *not* that which goes through Manchester, by which many persons are fraudulently sent, for that lengthens time and distance, and involves a miserable two hours about midnight at Manchester; but that which takes the Newark and Greta Bridge Road, and sets off from the Bull and Mouth. You take your place for Penrith, seventeen miles distant from here.

I hope soon to hear that you are coming. Remember me to Mrs. Rickman. I admit that she is better employed than in visiting the Lakes, but it is the only employment that I should admit to be so.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Sept. 8. 1809.

My dear Harry,

I am not sure whether I said anything respecting a material part of your work, which is its bibliography.

Have a book for this express purpose, and allowing every author his leaf or more as need may be, put down everything concerning him and his works, as you meet with it in the work itself, or stumble upon it accidentally elsewhere, minuting down your own remarks, so that this collectanea may be formed into a bio-bibliographical and critical account. This is what Gibbon regretted not having done, and what every historian should do. I shall do it volume by volume in my great "Opus."

I have long coveted and desired a set of the Byzantine Historians, above all other books, and am not without hopes of being able to compass my wishes in the course of another year or two. My last told you of an engagement with Ballantyne to write the history of Spanish affairs for 1808, in his "Edinburgh Annual Register;" I have since consented to take the whole historical department, for which he is to pay no less a sum than 400*l.*; and if I do this a second year (he wishes me to undertake it regularly) it will enable me to purchase this enormous set of books, in which the whole of your Greek authorities will be contained. There is a French history of the Crusades which you must lay your hand on whenever you find it in a catalogue; it is by Lewis Maimbourg, and I dare say bad enough; but it will be of use, by sometimes showing the bearing and relation of facts to each other which might have escaped you, and more frequently by explaining the names of places, which are often entirely inexplicable without some such help.

You must acquaint yourself thoroughly with the whole previous history of the Mahommedans, and this will best be done by the "Universal History;" which is far better in this branch than *in* any other, or than any other. It is an interesting history, but the *propria quæ maribus* of the Arabians renders it almost impossible to remember the actors who figure in it. Your

introduction should contain a view of the moral and political system of the Koran, *i. e.*, Islam, as Mahommed taught it; and an account of its mythology, as held by his followers; for the Christianity of the Vatican is not more unlike that of the Gospel in its mythology, than that of the present Mufti's is to what Ali fought for.

Your first chapter must have an account of St. Bernard. I can send you an Italian Life of him, of the date 1614, if you can find no older at hand; but there will probably be one prefixed to his works, which there can be little doubt of finding in one of your cathedral libraries. I have a copy, out of which all the Prologomena, including the table of contents, have been torn, and which by the mutilation is almost rendered useless; for life is not long enough to read such authors through. Before turning to it I perceive a later Life, which will doubtless be the best authority, and a separate account of his miracles. St. Bernard was a far greater man than any of his biographers will lead you to suppose. They make him a saint and a Thaumaturgus, and that is all; but he was a far-seeing statesman, and a main agent in that grand scheme of the Benedictines of uniting all Christendom into a sort of federal government under the Pope,—at that time the grandest and most beneficial scheme that could possibly be devised.

The Epistles must be examined; I have occasion to hunt them through for the chance there may be of finding anything relating to Affonso Henriquez. I will mark what they contain for your purpose.

Since writing the above, I have looked through St. Bernard's works. A note or two (which I have marked) may be gleaned from them, and this is all which you will find for your purpose.

Another plan which I can, from experience, recom-

mend, is to have a common-place book, in which to enter such passages in the works you read as have no immediate bearing to what you have in hand, and yet may be of use hereafter,—either entering the passage itself, the substance of it, or merely the subject, with a reference to the exact place, according to the length and nature of the passages. I do this now to every book I read, and the advantage is very great. When your extracts are not in Greek or Latin you have an amanuensis at hand. Edith transcribes many of my notes for me.

I have two articles in the third "Quarterly." The South Sea Mission, and Lord Valentia. Our love to Mary. Yours,

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, 1809.

My dear Landor,

Frere's defence has been performed by Ellis, with what success or ability I do not yet know, for the number has not reached me. Had I undertaken it, I should have shown that the Ambassador had the spirit and feeling of an Englishman—both of which were wanting in the General, who was cowed by the reputation of the French Generals and ran away from them. I should have shown that it would have been better for an English army to have been cut to pieces, than so to have effected its escape; that either with Blake in Biscay, or at Somosierra, or under the walls of Madrid, such an army might have turned the whole current of fortune, have saved Spain, and delivered Europe.

There is a want of talent in the Junta, but no want of patriotism in the people. It angers me when people who take their politics from the "Scotch Review," or the "Morning Chronicle," or Cobbett, depreciate the Spaniards;—it grieves me that you should do so, after the proofs afforded by Zaragoza and Gerona, and the spirit displayed in Galicia from the moment in which their routed allies left them to carry on the war in their own way. I expect to see last winter's tragedy again represented, except that Lord Wellington will preserve his credit, and that of the English name. Bonaparte will probably overrun the country, but he will never keep it. A nation that has carried on a war of seven centuries against one invader will never rest till it has thrown off their yoke also. Doubtless, they have much to endure; no nation owes so heavy a debt to Divine vengeance. There is retribution to be exacted for the Jews, for the American Indians, for the Dutch. It is in the righteous and natural order of things that the sins of the fathers should be thus visited upon the children. Their punishment is the fruit of their crimes: by the enormities which they perpetrated under Fernando el Catholico and Felipe II., they established a thorough tyranny over body and soul in their own country, and this depravation has been the consequence. They are now passing through their purgatory, but it will purify them, and the Spaniards will come out like gold from the furnace.

I shall soon have to write upon this subject at full length, for I have undertaken the historical part of an "Edinburgh Annual Register," which the Ballantynes are about to start, under advice, probably, of Scott, who is their MAGNUS APOLLO. It begins with the year 1808. They have but just applied to me (being disappointed in the sample which some brother of the grey-goose-quill supplied), and I have not yet received

the materials which their London bookseller is to procure for me; so that they take me wholly unprepared for the task, and will hurry me through with it. I like it, or their terms would not have tempted me. It enables me so to deliver my own opinions as that many thousand persons shall hear them; and they will be heard more willingly, and received with firmer minds, than if the author were known. You will like the bitterness with which I speak of the last coalition ministry, and the undissembled contempt with which all parties are treated in their turn.

A petty difficulty in "Kehama" has stopped me short; yet it cannot, or shall not, stop me much longer, and then I shall speedily reach the end.

The first volume of my Brazilian History is far advanced in the press. There is but one chapter more to transcribe, the additional notes to arrange, and the bibliographical appendix, which it is my intention to annex to every volume of my historical labours. This volume has cost me very great labour; the next will be far less laborious, and in some respects more interesting, but this is worth the pains which it has cost.

Sept. 30.

"Kehama" will be completed in two more sections; — canticles they might be called, if it were not for King Solomon. I want to be advised about the metre of my next poem, which is certainly to be upon Pelayo. It appears to me that what is excellent in itself is best in blank verse, but everything below excellence borrows something from rhyme. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this,—shall the best parts be weakened for the sake of ornamenting what must of necessity constitute the bulk of the poem? I think not; but this opinion wants to be fortified by that of other persons competent to the question. Is it practicable to write the narrative generally in rhyme, and throw it aside

when the passion rises, and the subject will bear it out?

About two months ago some offers of service were made to me by Canning, through Ellis and Scott. They do him credit, because my opinions are pretty well known, and if they have done me no good, that is not his fault, as he has no longer the power of reclaiming them. I asked to be made historiographer, refusing to enter upon a diplomatic line of life, and declining Professorships, because they are fenced about with tests, and it is maxim with me never to swear, except when an oath is good for the bile! To his surprise, as well as mine, it was discovered that there was a historiographer already, and, of all men upon earth, whom think you? Dutens, the Frenchman! Had it pleased Monsieur Dutens just to have gone to heaven to oblige me (the least thing a Frenchman could have done on such an occasion), while Canning was in power, I believe I should have succeeded him.

How wretchedly this game of war is played, when, if it were played well, we should so certainly win everything! What can be more wretchedly constituted than such a Cabinet as ours! A Government so managed is like an army whose whole movements are to be directed by Councils of War, instead of the General! As for these puss-catch-corner *ins* and *outs* among the same miserable sets of men, who have all in their turn been tried and found wanting, they make me almost hopeless, were it not for a faith in God and in human nature! God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, Oct. 18. 1809.

MY DEAR TOM,

I forgot to answer your question about Herbert's feet: he has quite outgrown the defect, whatever it was, and walks as well as can be. You know my ingenuity in inventing causes for kissing: I have lately struck out one in addition to all the others which I hope will meet your approbation: after the fathership, and sonship, and all the other *ships* have been exhausted, there now comes a kiss for that good ship the Dreadnought, where Uncle Tom lives! I hope also you will approve of a description of the water at Lodore, made originally for Edith, and greatly admired by Herbert. In my mind it surpasses any that the tourists have yet printed. Thus it runs — "Tell the people how the water comes down at *Lodore*? Why it comes thundering, and floundering, and thumping, and flumping, and bumping, and jumping, and hissing, and whizzing, and dripping, and skipping, and grumbling, and rumbling, and tumbling, and falling, and brawling, and dashing, and clashing, and splashing, and pouring, and roaring, and whirling, and curling, and leaping, and creeping, and sounding, and bounding, and clattering, and chattering, with a dreadful uproar,—and that way the water comes down at *Lodore*." *

* Such was the origin of the "Cataract of Lodore." See Poems, p. 164. One vol. ed.

"'How does the water
Come down at Lodore?'
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he asked me
To tell him in rhyme." &c. &c.

I begin to be somewhat uneasy at not having heard from you for so long time. Your last is of Aug. 31st—seven weeks ago,—old enough for a Creole letter. My late letters told you of new employment which I am sure would interest you; and to which, as they asked for some specific matter of information to my purpose, I am sure you would have replied. There must be some of your answers kicking to windward, or perhaps picked up by a French privateer.

Last night the first sheet of the "Register" came to be corrected. Ballantyne requests some half dozen passages to be expunged or softened; and this being done, there remains a bolder chapter of contemporary history than anybody else would have produced. It is like Mr. Southey's strong beer,—wholesome, strong, and stingo. I have written out the castrations fairly, to be inserted in my own copy, and rise up in judgment for me hereafter!

I half suspect that my second chapter, which goes off by this night's post, will frighten the Scotchmen, for I have laid down therein my principles about tyrannicide, and the necessity of carrying on the war personally against Bonaparte; that is to say, proclaiming that we are at any time ready to make peace with France, but never while he retains his power, nor, under any circumstances, with him.

You had a book of "Kehama" sent off about a fortnight ago; the poem still remains unfinished, which is more Bertha's fault than mine; for I require eight hours sleep, and if she wakes me at five, and keeps me waking till six, it does not do then to begin my day's work at seven. However, I am very near the end. Kailyal is down at the gate of Padalon. I am transcribing for the press, and you will find the first sections materially improved by numberless little alterations. You objected to the shooting star. It is perfectly

allowable to use popular language for popular purposes: for instance, the sun is constantly spoken of in poetry as moving; and this must be done, because it is the business of poetry to represent things as they appear. The passage in question is not worth a defence, and will most likely be altered, but the principle is not faulty. The rhyme to which your Admiral objects did not offend my ear, or it would not have been there; but I dare say something may be substituted which will not offend his; and when there is no reason for retaining an expression, it is reason enough for its rejection, if anybody dislikes it.

The "Times" is sent me now to be filed for the "Register"; so we have two papers instead of one. Both side strongly with Lord Castlereagh against Canning. I do not see anything in the business which concerns the public, except the gross indecency of two Cabinet ministers fighting a duel, and thereby setting an example of breaking the laws. It remains to be seen what part Marquis Wellesley will take. Unless he joins the Administration, it seems hardly possible that they can stand: and the misery is that, look where you will, you can find no better;—bad as they are, they are not so bad as Whitbread, and Earl Grey, and the peace-mongers. The danger is, that they will make peace for the sake of a temporary popularity. I have been trying to get you promoted, with little hope of success; yet it was best to try. Wynn urged me to do so, and this I am glad of, because it is sufficient proof that he will do what he can for us himself, whenever he comes in again, —an event fully to expect whenever the King dies. Accordingly, I have written to Sir G. Beaumont, requesting his interest with Lord Mulgrave, with whom he is very intimate. There is the double possibility of his making an excuse to me, of Lord M.'s making one to him. However, I have tried; and if nothing comes

of it, there is no other harm done than that I shall have asked a favour without obtaining it. They are afraid to take Lord Melville in, or I should then have a better chance through Scott, who, I am sure, has a very sincere wish to do anything which could be of use to me.

I want you ashore here; the boat is not well manned, and here are more books to be gilt. The first summer you that are let loose, I have made up my mind to a six weeks' journey in Scotland, which will not be very expensive to us, because we will go *Duking*, carry half a knapsack full of letters, and live at free quarters wherever they are to be had.

How is it that your Admiral does not get the "Quarterly"? His brother's name was in the list, which was sent me confidentially, of the expected helpmates therein. Have you yet had your numbers? Unless you get them sooner by ordering them yourself, you had better let me send them, instead of the old "Annual." My reason for having so done, was a supposition that you would get them from Plymouth as regularly as Steel's List, which is, I know, as regular a part of a sailor's pocket furniture, as his pocket-handkerchief.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Oct. 24. 1809.

DEAR SENHORA,

It is saying little that I would pay some deference to your opinion, when Mr. Pratt's would not weigh more with me than the sound of the wind. You

have exactly said of this poor Blacket what I should judge from these extracts, — there is force and rapidity in them, and he is in earnest. As for my knowing him, the time when that could have been of any service is passed; as he has, by your account, found friends, and richer ones, than I could have found for him. If his book were to be bought, I would send for it; and then, were you here to bid me do it, would perhaps write him a letter — for the sake of giving him half-a-day's happiness. Poor fellow! I have little hope of his recovery; that phrase of "very fearful health," hath so consumptive a complexion, and consumption is the disease which doth so easily beset us poets, that I generally account the first symptom of it to be fatal.

When a young poet is cut off, Senhora, it appears to me like the death of a young hero. A new and permanent interest is thrown over all that he has done, and he escapes the chance of disappointing the expectations built upon the promises which he had given. There is plenty of genius in the world. I am sure you will not suspect me of undervaluing it, in any particular instance, for saying so, — there is plenty of it, but God knows it is a melancholy consideration to think how very little comes to maturity. What would have been Henry White's fate, if Heaven had not mercifully taken him? He would either have let his fanaticism extinguish the light that was in him, and have become a mere Evangelical, or that light would have occasioned a struggle which must have overset either his worldly fortunes, if he had followed it, or his moral principles, if he had shut it up within the dark-lanthorn of expediency, and gone on praying and preaching, when it would have been only lip-worship. And death is no veil to the dead. They are at their journey's end — rather to be envied than lamented for having got there. Of all other disagreeable things we say, "I wish it was

over." When you have heard me say, Senhora, that I wished the year 1900 was come, the same feeling was implied. Yet that I am a very happy man you know. That good lady who, as you remember, physiognomised me so luckily for "a man of sorrow, and acquainted with woe," did not happen to know that my acquaintance with woe has been broken off long since. We certainly did keep company once, and I have been in as many situations of real suffering as falls to any man's lot between the years of seventeen and twenty-two. But since that time, no man's life can have passed more smoothly. Sorrows I have had, but only such as came in the ordinary course of nature, and which, resulting from the laws of nature, bring with them their own cure, in a sense of the necessity, as well as duty, of resignation. Sufferings, arising out of the evils of society, are of a different character; they call up resentment, indignation, and a whole host of turbulent feelings.

This has led me from the matter. What I should have said is, that Henry White excites more love and admiration now, than he could have done under any other circumstances. You feel more from his Fragments than you could have done had they been finished; his heart and his hopes have all been laid open to the world, which, had he lived, never would have been the case, and everybody is ready to praise and regret him, because he is no longer an object of envy. His history, poor fellow, shows what death will do for a poet! He published a little volume while he lived, and it was neglected or abused. Nobody noticed it for praise, except a few young poets of kindred aspirations, and a certain poor man who, having written poetry till he could afford it no longer, was engaged in humble prose among the Cumberland mountains. He died: two volumes were published, nine-tenths of which consisted of pieces

which he himself rejected from his own publication, and now it is who can admire him the most?

I incline to think that if poor Blacket dies, as I suppose he will ere long, more laurels will grow about his grave than he could ever have earned for his brow. For look you, Senhora, genius is not all that is required to make a man a poet. The best poets have been always the most learned and the wisest men of their time, — Shakspeare alone excepted, as to learning; but intuition in him, and in his peculiar walk, supplied its place; and as there has been but one Shakspeare since the Creation, it is not altogether absurd to suppose that there may not be another till the Day of Judgment. All that Blacket hitherto has done I conceive to be imitation; produced, indeed, by genuine feeling, but still such close imitation, as to render it doubtful whether he be capable of anything original. He can have no learning, no stores of knowledge of his own; and, I am afraid, with more powers than Robert Bloomfield, and an intellect of higher pitch, he will yet rank below him, because Bloomfield is, after all, a writer of a distinct character, formed by himself. As for the drama which Pratt talks of, Pratt, who hath written tragedy himself, little knows what is required in dramatic composition.

Let us talk of something else. I would *lend* one of my ears to any person who wants such a quick little moveable for the rest of the evening, if I could have you here, and read "Kehama" to you. It is all but finished. I have heroically adhered to my resolution of never writing it except before breakfast, and the child often disturbs me, and prevents me from rising. Soon it will go to press; and you will see that I shall be paid for it with plenty of abuse, and less money than will be got by others for abusing it.

Poor Jackson is gone. In my own mind I always

look on to having you for our next door inhabitant hereafter *, and have a great many dreams upon the improvements which are there to be made.

You wrote to me about the Scudamore Pedigree, of which I know as much as the man in the moon, and care as little as I know. The Duchess of Norfolk is alive and well; the question therefore appertains more to Sir E.'s heir than to himself, and you will not be very anxious about it for him.

You tell me of pictures and drawings. N.B. My chimney-piece will speedily have five of Miss Betham's pictures, whereof one is to be the portrait of George Dyer. Are not you a vile Senhora that there should be nothing of yours there? Send me the crayon-portrait, as you hope to be forgiven for having *assassinated* me. God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Nov. 16. 1809.

My dear Friend,

The Parliamentary Report for which you wish is not to be obtained. When any report is considered curious, every member takes care to claim his copy, and there are none to be disposed of among the profane. This is very seldom the case, and the usual fate of Parliamentary Proceedings is to be condemned for waste paper. I myself used no other paper for packing up all my books. This Historical Report, that upon a new London bridge (containing, by a strange waste of public money, engravings of all the plans which were

* This came to pass. Miss Barker went to Keswick at the time Southey's letters to her terminate.

delivered in), the Population Returns, the Poor Returns, and the evidence upon the Duke of York's affair, were all in request and unobtainable. Of the Population, Rickman secured me a copy, as being his work; he wished to do so with the very book in question, but it was not in his power. In all ordinary cases it is only to ask and to have.

Can you furnish me with any particulars of the conduct of the French at Lisbon, or in any other part of Portugal? I should be glad to state specific instances of their rapacity and excesses. My hopes, or, to speak more accurately, my faith, respecting that peninsula remains unshaken. The people of both countries have much to go through, and may perhaps be for a time overpowered (though never, I think, wholly suppressed), but the event will be their regeneration,—a new birth into freedom, a resurrection of glory. This, however, cannot be under Fernando and Prince D. Joan. The striking parallel between the situation of the former and of the Portuguese Infante D. Joao, the son of Inez de Castro, is very remarkable. Like him, Fernando is a mere rallying word for the present; and as he cannot make his escape, his nominal authority can do no harm. It is otherwise with the Prince of Brazil; he might return, and with him the old abominations. I should wish therefore to see a revolution proclaimed and acted upon in Portugal, though the recall of our army were to be the immediate consequence. I am afraid we do them, and have done them, more harm than good. The salvation of nations (under God) must come from their own right hand. The appointment of the Duke of Wellington to the chief authority would dispirit me more than any other circumstance (being a measure at once so degrading and so disheartening to the Portuguese), if I did not recollect how, during many years of the Dutch war, they looked to other nations

for help, and accepted leaders from them. The history of that war furnishes much important matter of parallel and instruction.

In Paraguay the Spaniards are losing their own language. At Rio Janeiro this will not be the case; but will you inquire of your brother, whether it be not so in other parts less immediately connected with Europe, and especially in the interior; that is to say, whether the Tupi* or Brazilian, as it may perhaps be called, is much spoken by the Brazil-Portuguese, or whether a mixed language, according to the usual process, is growing up. Are there *any* natives about Rio? —*many?*—of what tribes, and in what condition? Do the two races intermix as they used to do, and is there in the mixed breed any of that *mulish* obliquity of nature which has been represented by the Jesuits as characterising the Mamalucos? I think not, except from causes as easily to be removed as explained. The vicious disposition of mules results from the physical imperfection of their nature. I think I can explain why. All animals are vicious when under the influence of lust: materialists, who look no further, may triumph in the fact. Nature has materials to spare; in the mule they have not their natural determination; he is always in a different state of body from that of perfect animals; that which in them is collected and carried off at certain seasons, seems to be diffused at all times through his whole system. Now this cannot be applicable to the mulatto. That the Mamalucos were a bad breed I believe; but it was because they learnt the evil of both races, and the good of neither.

Will you request him to send me any books which may be printed there. Their "Almanack" would be

* See Hist. of Brazil, vol. iii. 372.

curious here. It is not unlikely that a book which my uncle long looked for in vain at Lisbon may turn up in Brazil,—the "Vida de F. Joam. d' Almeida," by P. Siman de Vasconcellos. Almeida was a disciple of Anchieta, and there is no document the want of which I have regretted so much, because it relates to that portion of time of which there are the fewest records.

Harry is going on well, and, to my great joy, is employing his leisure upon a "History of the Crusades," a project which he long since formed, and in which I have always and earnestly encouraged him. I have good hope of his doing credit both to himself and his name. It was not a little gratifying to me, when I talked to him about this, to perceive how gladly his wife listened to me, and with what an affectionate ambition she looked on to his labours. He has the advantage of setting out with that system of *book-keeping* which I did not discover till after much labour; and he will have all the assistance that I can give him. I cannot, indeed, do so much for him as my uncle has done for me, but it is in my power to do more than any other person could do, from the nature and variety of my pursuits.

My uncle is probably in London at this time, and you will have heard news of him from himself.

Will you give me your opinion respecting life insurances? This business of the "Register," or, in its stead, plans which I have in reserve, if the engagement for it should not be continued, will, I think, enable me, without inconvenience, to insure my life for 1000*l.*, if such a step be advisable. Upon this subject I will be guided by your advice. I have long thought of writing to you concerning my worldly affairs; that is to say, as to what measures should be taken, in case of my death, with my copyrights and manuscripts,—the only property which I should at present, or for some years

to come, leave behind me. This will require a separate letter, and shall not be delayed longer. Remember us to Mrs. May. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, December, 1809.

MY DEAR WYNN,

When is the installation to take place? If not till summer, I will try to do something, though with little expectation of either pleasing myself, or anybody else. Except a solitary sonnet to Lord Percy upon the slave trade, I have not written a poem these seven years, never being idle enough to think of one; and for writing upon such an occasion, I should almost as soon think of trying my hand at an Oxford sausage against an Oxford cook, as making Oxford verses in competition with university poets. However, it is so reasonable that you should look to me, that this very morning I was casting about in my own mind to see whether anything would be brought forth. Upon your triumph I can only say I am glad you have had reason to rejoice, though in my conscience I wish it had been any other reason. Perceval himself is not a more determined "No Popery," than I am. This question, however, has now nothing to do with the matter; and there are other points in which I can as sincerely compliment Lord Grenville, as I should condemn him upon this; but upon no point so willingly as the belief that whether in power or out, he will, as far as in him lies, save the country from the danger and worse dishonour of peace with Buonaparte. Is there any objection to touching upon this?

Rogers came to Balliol a few months before I left it. He was a wild Welshman, first caught,—a very honest good fellow, whom we used to call Cadwallader. He lived a good deal with me, and had, I am sure, at that time, a very sincere regard for me. I have never seen him since. They tell me he is become a stiff disciplinarian; nevertheless, for the memory of old times, it would be a great joy to me to give him a shake by the hand once more.

Much joy of your child. The heathen name which you give her is in danger of being shortened into Vic., and that is the diminution of Vixen, — a name proper to French terriers, and therefore unseemly for your daughter.

It will not be long before you receive my first volume. There is but one sheet more to print, besides the supplementary notes. "Kehama" is in Ballantyne's hands, and I expect the first proof this week. Gifford has sent me the "Life of Nelson" to review, and offers twenty guineas per sheet for doing it. It is precisely that subject on which his expectations from me must necessarily be disappointed, let me do what I can. The book is by no means so bad as might have been expected; yet, being almost wholly compilation, it would have been far better if the compiler could have been contented to appear as an editor only, and have printed the documents under the title of "The Nelson Papers," giving the little else which they had to give in the form of notes and headings. If they meant to make a book of reference, this would have been the best form, and it is only as a book of reference that what they have made can be considered; for who will read it? I mean to weigh the book, and calculate its faults (as biography) by the stone. Admiral Sotheby made my brother acting commander to the Lyra, and I have been trying to get him confirmed, which most likely

will not be done. However, if Sir G. Beaumont can do it for me, he will. My best hope for him is that Lord Melville may go back to the Admiralty, when I am sure Scott would get him promoted. Surely, it is not possible that the present set of men can keep their ground; yet I would rather support even them than see the Foxites in power.

My uncle takes the living of Streatham, resigning for it his Christ Church preferment in Herefordshire. This will be likely to bring me more frequently to London. I shall probably visit him there towards the fall of the leaf, if one may look on so far. I hope to get the press of business off my hands in time to be at Durham for the *Long Main*, a thing which it is highly proper that D. Manuel should see. Heaven knows whether I shall ever see the other side of Snowdon. The older I grow the more I have to do at home, the less inclination to leave it, and yet the more calls abroad.

They have made a melo-drama of "Mary the Maid of the Inn," at one of the Strand theatres. Did I ever tell you that the story is in Plott's "Staffordshire?" The scene of it was the Black Meer of Morridge, near Leek; the chief personage a man, and the murder not discovered, but prevented. If you have the book, you will find it at page 291. I verily believe that at least half my reputation is owing to that paltry ballad, which is bad enough to spoil a very fine story. The strolling players recite it here about the country.

Tom has found on ship-board a copy of the American "Madoc," which is on its way to me. It was published in numbers. Longman has unluckily bound it, without directions, and so deprived me of the criticisms upon the covers. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Dec. 31. 1809.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I should be more sorry at having unintentionally occasioned a quarrel between you and ——, if there were anything in his correspondence which either you or any person could possibly regret. That poor unlucky man is strangely wrong-headed; — with the best disposition in the world he is always getting into hot water. He has sent Coleridge a communication for the "Friend," and quarrelled with him because he could not read it; if it could have been read there would have been another ground of quarrel, I will venture to say, in consequence of its non-insertion. As for the passage which has given him offence (God knows how innocently on my part!), do you alter the words "would probably" into "might possibly," in the next edition, and then I think neither he nor any one else can object to them.

Our difference of opinion respecting that part of Dr. Collyer's "Lectures" has nothing to do whatever with any difference of faith, our faith being the same respecting the Crucifixion; and the simple question is, whether it be not a very forced, unlikely, and unnatural interpretation to allegorise a high-wrought fiction of temporal prosperity into a prophecy of that event. If the same latitude be allowed, any conclusion may be drawn from any premises. It has nothing to do with Calvinism nor Arminianism, nor any of the other *isms;* being wholly a matter of opinion — of critical judgment — not a *joint* of faith. That he might have more talents for poetry than for prose, was a mere supposition founded on no other ground than this — that he seemed at all times to trust more to the exertions of fancy than

of any other faculty; and this ground I readily admit to have been insufficient.

It is the printer's fault that my first volume has not already made its appearance. He goes on so slowly that I dare not say when it will be completed. My poem is gone to the press. The first proof has not reached me yet; and the interval between the first and last is so completely at the printer's mercy, that there is no guessing at its length. Young authors are apt to be very impatient upon these occasions. For my part, I wait with as much tranquillity as the public themselves, and no work of mine can possibly occasion less sensation in its appearance than it does on me. I have the satisfaction of composing it, of correcting it, sheet by sheet, from the press, and finally of seeing the finished volume: then my solicitude ends — the brood is fledged, and has left the nest.

You have probably seen "The Friend," and, after Miss Smith's book, would be interested by the account of Klopstock, and the heads of his conversation with Wordsworth. If Coleridge should fulfil his intent of criticising the "Messiah," you will be convinced that Klopstock's merits as a poet have been ridiculously exaggerated.* I, who am no German, have heard enough read, and seen enough translated by his admirers, to be convinced that he is full of buckram and bombast. Not that this, in the slightest degree, lessens the interest one feels in his admirable wife. His reputation has long been on the wane in Germany.

* Southey himself once participated in this exaggeration, for he writes to C. W. W. Wynn in the following terms: — "I was with William Taylor at Norwich, the translator of the "Iphigenia in Tauris." He read me many of Klopstock's Odes: they are very fine. The old man seems to have studied the Prophets till he almost caught their inspired sublimity." — *14th June*, 1798.

Henry's "Christiad" would have been worth fifty "Messiahs." Sacred epics seem likely to be the fashion. Some gentleman gives his plan for "The Deluge" in the last "Monthly Magazine." In 1801 I formed a plan upon the same subject while on my voyage home from Lisbon. It will never be executed; but it was not ill conceived, and had many grand situations. This in the "Magazine" is thoroughly common-place, and nothing good can come of it. In fact, there exists, against all stories connected with the great facts of Scripture history, the objections which I have stated before the "Christiad." You cannot blend fiction with truths which are so universally and definitely known. Every person instantly feels when the truth ends and the fiction begins. "The Deluge" and "The Last Day" are also subjects too vast; no canvas can hold — no imagination conceive them.

I have not seen the two last "Quarterlies." The publisher has been out of town, and they have not been sent me. There ought to be an article of mine upon Holmes' "American Annals" in this fourth, but I do not see it advertised. The great "Life of Nelson" is come down to me for this review. It is a book which never can be read, from its bulk. His life and his letters are so intermixed, that the work is neither the one nor the other; and what is worse, the time is not yet come when either the one or the other could, with propriety, be fully laid before the public. Both, therefore, are not only mingled injudiciously together, but both are unavoidably incomplete.

I hope you saw Coleridge's letters in the "Courier," especially that in which he justifies himself for speaking of Buonaparte in terms of abhorrence. This man is continually giving the surest proof of intellectual weakness in altering his plans. He builds up kingdoms and pulls them down, just as children serve their card

houses: aiming at nothing permanent, and incapable of producing anything that can be so. Many happy new years to you and yours. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Lyra.

Keswick, January 9. 1810.

MY DEAR TOM,

I look daily to hear that you are superseded, and, to say the truth, shall be glad to hear it. These tremendous gales have often made me wish you back in the three-decker. As for such wretched small craft as the Lyra, Government had better cut them up for fire-wood than keep them in commission at the expense of life which they occasion.

My uncle has accepted Streatham, and must resign Staunton in consequence. Now, whether I told you this before or not I cannot recollect, but rather think I did.

Here is the great "Life of Nelson" sent me to review, and I am to have twenty guineas a sheet for doing it. By way of deserving this price I have just invented a new mode of criticism, which is to send the book to Miss Crosthwaite's to be weighed, and then calculate its faults by the pound. It is the largest book I ever saw, being actually five inches thick, and at least one half consisting of matter which had been better away; yet not so bad a book neither as might have been expected from Stanier Clarke. I hope to condense its whole pith into about forty pages of the "Quarterly."

To day I shift off the first six sections of "Kehama" to Ballantyne. It is to be printed in quarto for the

sake of my dignity. I have been correcting this portion over and over again, and so doggedly sometimes as to grow half out of humour with it; but the first proof will brighten me up again. I wished a frontispiece, but was easily dissuaded by Longman, on account of the great probability of getting a bad design. The other day I told Herbert there was a book coming with pictures, and it was about Lord Nelson. "What! Wilsy's cat?" said he; and pretty astonished was he to find there had ever been another *Yord Neyson*, as he calls him, in the world. When a warrior's name finds its way to fishing-smacks, ale-house signs, dogs, cats, and tulips, then, indeed, he may truly be said to be famous.

Longman writes me word that he has bound the American "Madoc," and that it is on the road with the "Cyclopædia" and periodicals. I am rather sorry he has bound it, but he thought he was doing wisely; so you must tell me what was said on the covers. My periodicals are lessened in number by the completion of the "Censura Literaria," and the demise of the "Athenæum" and "Annual." They now consist only of—1., "Pinkerton's Voyages;" 2., "Cobbet's State Trials;" 3., "Beauties of England and Wales;" 4., "Medical Review;" 5., "M. Mirror;" 6., "M. Magazine;" 7., "Missionary Transactions;" ditto "Periodical Account;" 8., "Cyclopædia;" 9., "Hewlett's Bible;" and 10., "Quarterly Review;" to which, as soon as the new year begins, I am about to add the "Evangelical Magazine," and the "Edinburgh Annual Register" will make up thirteen. I wish I could afford a few more. There are about half a dozen magazines which I covet and desire. I am indeed getting a few other books, which come out volume by volume, such as "Phillip's Voyages," the "Somers Tracts," which Scott gives me, and which will be fourteen quartos at

three guineas each, the "History of Printing," in five three guinea quartos, which I subscribe to, and the publications of old Thomas Hearne, which I subscribe to also, and which are to be forty-two octavo volumes at 15*s.* each. Then I have two daily papers (which cost me nothing), and the "Friend" comes once a week; so that you see, Captain Southey, I have always something to look for with joyous expectation, and it falls to my lot to dally with delight, in the shape of a knot upon a parcel, as often as to that of any private gentleman in His Majesty's dominions. By the by, the "Naval Chronicle," of which I have the volumes for 1808 (the "Register" year) is a better work than I expected it to be: there are some good letters there upon the state of the navy, and a great deal of interesting matter. I should think it a book likely to do considerable good.

It would be very agreeable to me if they were to turn you ashore in time for you to come to your old moorings before I finish "Lord Nelson." You would be of great use at my elbow.

I do not think my "Register" work is more than half done, but that is much. They have only sent me four proofs, and I am very glad they do not hurry me. In the last there was a broadside of bitterness against Whitbread for his base apologies for Buonaparte. What other effect this year's history may produce upon my character Heaven knows; but it is pretty plain that it will establish it for honesty and plain speaking.

I believe you are acquainted with my fleet of kissing ships; we have lately launched a new ship, the Aballeboozo-banganoribo's ship, a ten-decker, with which my son is exceedingly well pleased. His feet are quite as they should be, and he is as round as a dumplin — the nicest kissing, and sweetest playfellow! We have now nine kisses for the Nine Muses, three for the

Graces, ten for the Predicaments, another half-score for the Commandments, nine-and-thirty for the Church Articles, and seven for the Deadly Sins.

God bless you. I live in hopes that you will soon be turned out to grass among the mountains. You will find your room carpeted, and with a new bed furniture. Love and the usual kisses.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Jan. 29. 1810.

DEAR SENHORA,

My daughter and I have each to thank you for a letter,—both very good ones in their kind. I have, as you may suppose, had many things said to me concerning the "Friend," but nothing so much to the purpose as what you have remarked. It is not a little extraordinary that Coleridge, who is fond of logic, and who has an actual love and passion for close, hard thinking, should write in so rambling and inconclusive a manner; while I, who am utterly incapable of that toil of thought in which he delights, never fail to express myself perspicuously, and to the point. I owe, perhaps, something of this to the circumstance of having lived with him during that year in my life which was most likely to give my mind its lasting character. Disliking his inordinate love of talking, I was naturally led to avoid the same fault; when we were alone, and he talked his best (which was always at those times), I was pleased to listen; and when we were in company, and I heard the same things repeated,—repeated to every fresh company, seven times in the week if we were in

seven parties,—still I was silent, in great measure from depression of spirits at perceiving those vices in his nature which soon appeared to be incurable. When he provoked me into an argument, I made the most of my time; and, as it was not easy to get in more than a few words, took care to make up in weight for what they wanted in measure. His habits have continued, and so have mine. Coleridge requested me to write him such a letter upon the faults of the "Friend" as he might insert and reply to. I did so; but it was not inserted, and therefore I am sorry I did not copy it. It described the fault you have remarked as existing in Burke, and having prevented him from ever persuading anybody to his opinions, — for Burke made no proselytes except such as wanted an excuse for professing to change their party. You read his book, you saw what his opinions were; but they were given in such a way, evolving the causes of everything, and involving the consequences, that you never knew from whence he set out, nor where he was going. So it is with C.; he goes to work like a hound, nosing his way, turning, and twisting, and winding, and doubling, till you get weary with following the mazy movements. My way is, when I see my object, to dart at it like a greyhound.

Never was anything so grievously mismanaged as the "Friend." Because he would have all the profit (having taken it in his head that I was cheated by my publisher), he would publish for himself; thus has he the whole trouble of collecting his money, the whole responsibility, instead of having a publisher to look to; and the expense of postage will far, very far, exceed any publisher's percentage. Then he writes to the public about all his difficulties and his projects, as if they wanted to know anything about them, — not perceiving that this lowers him in the eyes of the foolish,

and certainly does not raise him in the judgment of the wise. And certainly of all modes of publication that could be devised, nothing could be so ill adapted for such materials as a weekly form. Had he brought out these same papers in a body, either as a system, or as so many essays, they would have commanded more attention, he would have been saved the whole anxiety of periodical exertion, and people would have had no reason to complain because they found something altogether different from what they expected. However, we must be glad to get some part of what is in him out of him in any way. Satyrane is himself, though, if you are versed in Spenser, you will think the name marvellously inappropriate.

Mrs. C. takes on herself poor Jackson's house, in expectation that C. will one day come back; and still more because he will have a place to which he may come whenever he likes, as if it were his own house,—a thing which cannot be with my establishment, ought not, and shall not. Mrs. Wilson lives there, and will do so as long as she lives, and we go on as usual in everything at present, except in the division of rent. But the truth is that in my own mind I look on to your coming here almost as if it were a settled thing, from the great fitness that it should be so settled. My worldly concerns are in an improving way. If this engagement for the "Register" continues three or four years it will set me above the world; that is to say, it will clear off all accounts with Longman, and my income will exceed my expenditure. For, while it lasts, that and my pension will supply all current demands; and everything else of past or present labour forms a sinking fund, which would ere long clear my way, and enable me to lay something by. I am already on the point of insuring my life for 1000*l*. This is securing something; and, in case of my death, I have prepared

directions for a subscription edition of my collected works, which, if only a thousand copies were subscribed for, would produce not less than 3200*l.*, leaving still the contingent profits and the copyrights untouched, as long as the law allows them. This property (if I do not much overrate myself and my good name) is of a good kind, and it is yearly accumulating. I believe more than 1000 names may be procured with little exertion when I am dead,—not improbably twice the number; and I have no fears whatever about the worldly fortunes of those whom I may leave behind.

The printers use me ill, but they do not vex me, because I am not vexable by such things. Send me a story about mad-dogs and goose dung, of which I remember the substance, but forget the particulars. Do you see the "Quarterly Review"? I am likely to do more in it than I have yet done. There are materials before me for another set-to at the Evangelicals. My intention is not to be angry with them, but only to dissect them alive. "Kehama" is at the printer's, and I am every evening disappointed of the first proof sheet. "Pelayo" is begun, though not advanced above the first ninety lines. It promises well. I hoped to have sent you my first volume of "Brazil" long ago; it is the printer who delays it. My uncle has the living of Streatham, and removes to it in the summer.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. First proof of "Kehama" arrived this evening. Huzza!!

To John King, Esq.

Keswick, February 6. 1810.

MY DEAR KING,

I expected to hear that Mrs. Edgworth was to be the biographer of Beddoes, and that if she declined the task, you would undertake it. Davy would have done himself more honour by volunteering upon this service than by waiving it*; for not to show respect in this instance is to manifest a want of it. Peace to the memory of the dead, if —— is to write his history! It will be without feeling, and without philosophy! and the properest frontispiece would be a portrait of the historian, putting an extinguisher upon a sepulchral lamp, which else might burn for ever.

I can and will write an inscription for paper; but one for marble I have no skill to execute. There is a felicity required for the lapidary style which I have not attained, though I have more than once unwillingly attempted it. If Coleridge will do anything, he will do this, for he had the most thorough esteem for Beddoes, and has been very greatly affected by his death, even to a superstitious depression of spirits. I expect to see him in a day or two. . . . . You will, it is to be hoped, write your Essays on Physical Education. From Beddoes I hoped for more good to the human race than any other individual; and if you have not received his mantle, he has taken it with him. This, too, increases my regret that you are not to be his biographer; for no

* In a letter to Charles Wynn, he speaks of "Davy, the pupil of Beddoes." Dec. 16. 1799. The late Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Shrewsbury, whose kindness to me as a schoolboy it is pleasant to remember, had a very high opinion of Beddoes. Following in his steps, he sent all *consumptive children* with their nurses into cow-houses, and made them walk up and down the *Butchers' Row* whilst the meat was fresh.

man living is so competent as yourself to explain his views, and so to develope his principles that they shall be understood and fairly appreciated, and thus continue in some degree their action. ——'s book will answer *his* purpose very well — that of advertising himself as the successor, — but it will not answer any other.

Landor is at Bath, but I fear he will go again to Spain. I have done with the "Athenæum," because Dr. Aikin rejected my articles without either rhyme or reason, to make room for other people's; and supposing they *were* dull, I had a better right to be dull than anybody else. But this thing was too pointed for him; that was too flat; my learning was too old; my speculations too new: so I have retired in dudgeon, and have a drawer full of Omniana ready to despatch for the first Magazine that asks for them. I am in good health. . . . . The children thrive, and promise well. . . In my "History of Brazil," where you will see all sorts of things, I leave nothing to be gleaned after me. The eleventh proof is now lying on the table; it is printed just in the manner of the "Cid." I dare say this book will disappoint most readers, for people will fancy that a fine country must have a fine history belonging to it; and this history has the anomalous character of having scarcely any other thread running through it than that of chronology. However, there will be a great mass of information brought together; a great deal which will be interesting as a book of travels; a greater body of facts respecting savage life than can be found in any other single work; and, what has never yet been given, a perfectly fair account of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Coleridge has been here; he groaned at the mention of ——; talked of writing the life himself, and said he would, that very night, write to offer his services. This, of course, he has not done; nor, if he undertook it, is it likely that he would accomplish that, or any-

thing else. I meant to have asked him about the inscription, but he talked the thought of it out of my head: however, I will write to him on the next carrier's day. There will be an article of mine in this new "Quarterly Review," of which the secret history is, that Walter Scott is the proprietor, and Gifford the editor. For this year's "Annual" I have done little, and shall do little or nothing for the next. The day is scarcely long enough for its work, and it is time for me to consider what things of importance I earnestly wish to complete, and how many of them there will be time for, according to the common chances of life. This consideration comes upon me, and begins to make me a miser of my hours, for it will take more years than can be reckoned on to get out of my head all that I have put into it: and alas! every day's study serves to show me how much I have yet to learn upon those subjects of which it is my duty to know everything. Remember me to Mrs. King. I shall write speedily to Danvers.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, Bristol.

Keswick, Feb. 11. 1810.

My dear Tom,

Your *Balliol* story differs from most lies in this respect — that it has not the slightest foundation in truth. It not only *is* not true, but could not, by possibility, be so, the American plan not having been formed till after I left Oxford, so that it was communicated to Robert Allen — poor fellow! — by letter from Bristol. They must be much at a loss for recollections of me, to invent so clumsy a tale. As for beating people, it has never been my habit on any occasion.

The only approximation to a quarrel which I ever had at Oxford, is, I dare say, remembered at Balliol by one of the present fellows, Cooke Rogers, the only person who witnessed it. There was one Freke, who, from not understanding a metaphysical conversation which he heard me carry on with somebody else, reported it about that I talked blasphemy, and avowed myself an Atheist. Rogers, who had a great regard for me, came to tell me this, his Welch blood boiling with indignation, and, luckily, we met Freke almost directly. After a lecture, which my gentleman most probably will remember as long as he lives, upon the fitness of understanding another person's opinions before he ventured to represent them, I concluded by first requiring him to go and contradict what he had said, and then, "Sir," said I, "I have to desire that, in future, you will not blaspheme *me* by mentioning my name at all." You never saw a black-looking fellow's face bleached more effectually.

Coleridge will doubtless offend the Unitarians; for it is upon that point that his opinions, or, more accurately speaking, his professions, are altered. As for his political notions, the main difference is not in the end and aim of them, but in the way of coming to those conclusions. In the conclusions themselves he will be found to differ very little from Wordsworth and myself, both of us, as you know, tolerable plain-spoken men upon such matters.

That C. writes worse than he did ten years ago is certain. He rambles now as much in his writings as in his conversation — beginning at Dan, and wandering on to Beersheba. Still there are in those numbers of the "Friend" some passages of first-rate excellence, and the principles of morality are placed in them upon their only firm foundation. There his philosophy is firm as a rock; all other systems of ethics are built upon sand.

You write from Taunton, and yet make no mention of Aunt Mary. I wrote to her about two months ago, having learnt where she was by a chance letter from Standast.

We shall not paint the boat till you come—a reason why you should come soon. I look already with great satisfaction at the parchmentarians that have lain so long in humble expectation of your glorifying hand.

James and Edward Lloyd, with one of the Boddingtons, have had a most providential deliverance. The ice broke under them, and had not a chance passer seen them sink, and given the alarm by her shrieks, they must have been drowned. We talk of going to Brathay for a few days next week.

My uncle, I suppose, will be making ready for his removal. You will probably see three of the printed sheets of "Kehama" at Staunton. There are a good many material alterations in the six first sections. I have yet some insertions to make in the concluding section, and in the twelfth. The first section of "Pelayo" is nearly finished: slow and sure,—lighter mornings will give me more time. Your better route from Hereford will be by Shrewsbury and Chester, for the sake of a new road. From Chester there is a canal navigation to the Mersey, and then a passage of about ten miles to Liverpool. We, that is to say, myself and the two Ediths, go to Durham in April, your visit had best be at the same time. Sir Domine can board us together, and bed you in my former quarters there, opposite his own, and one chaise will carry us. Come speedily, for I have not had a walk these two months, and only one since the beginning of winter.

Remember me to all friends at Bristol. I hope my books are on the road. Tell Danvers that if Larramendi's "Basque Dictionary," in Gutch's catalogue, had been two guineas instead of four, I would have had it.

Perhaps some time hence, finding he cannot get more, he may be willing to let it go at this price, which I take to be about its value. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, June 29. 1810.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Your parcel arrived this afternoon, and about an hour afterwards the two boxes from Nottingham. Edith's astonishment at the sight of the largest doll she has ever seen is hardly yet subsided; it is resolved that she is carefully to preserve it for her children's children, to be an heir-loom and family doll for evermore; and the conceit of the value which all the caps and coifs will acquire when they come to be fashions of the generations that are gone, has contributed to reconcile me to the profusion with which their wardrobe has been fitted up. The screens are to ornament my library,—being the drawing or full-dress room of the house. I hope they will give Edith an inclination for drawing flowers. It has always been my wish that she should acquire this particular branch of the art, as one which may be applied to scientific purposes, and for which, in whatever part of the world her lot may be cast, subjects will always be to be found. A collection of accurate drawings is far more valuable than the plants themselves, however well preserved in a *hortus siccus*. Our lichens, mosses, fungi, and ferns afford exquisite subjects for painting; and few things would be more interesting than to have a series of drawings representing the complete history of all our English trees, in their various appearances from the time that the seed pushed out its first leaflets, to its full-grown beauty, and its

final decay,—the bud in all its stages till the foliage is fully developed, and the flowers and fructification in like manner. This would in itself be a delightful work, and it could not be executed without leading to a considerable experimental knowledge in natural history, which, when pursued as it was by your namesake, White, of Selborne, is one of the most innocent as well as of the most pleasing of human pursuits.

The writing-desk is very pretty; it is a style of drawing which is quite new to me, for I have never seen any specimen of it before. Herbert is still amusing himself over his portion of the treasures; if punning can run in the blood, he is entitled by birth to be a punster, and some of these cards may quicken the propensity. They are very comical, and have made the elder branches of the family laugh. For each and all of these things, Neville, you must express our several and united thanks to your good mother and your sisters. Before the year closes I hope to thank them myself; for when next I visit London it is my full intention to return by way of Nottingham. Clifton Grove, Wilford church-yard, and the Trent are places of which I wish to have more vivid images in my mind than prints can give me. There are thousands and tens of thousands to whom Henry has made these places classic ground, and it will be a real gratification to me to become personally known at the same time to more of the living objects of his love. Your sister, Smith, speaks in her letter of severe illnesses in the family. I hope they have all passed away, and left no ill consequences behind.

Your friend Conder's book, has not disappointed me. He is assuredly a man of genius, and his good feelings and principles keep his imagination pure and undefiled. I shall write to him immediately, though the letter cannot be in time for this post. He has given me no address, but I guess from his title page that he is re-

lated to the publisher of the volume—not improbably his son,—at any rate a letter directed there must reach him.

Ever since my return home I have been incommoded by my obstinate summer cold, which returns every year as regularly as the warm weather. It has attacked me so violently as for some days to incapacitate me for anything; but I believe it is now about to leave me.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, August 17. 1810.

CAPTAIN DAVY, who is just returned with the Foudroyant from Rio Janeiro, has been with me this morning. He was a shipmate of Tom's in the Royal George. He tells me that one main reason why the Prince wishes himself again in Portugal is his dread of thunder and lightning. Scarcely a night in summer passes without it, and when it is peculiarly violent he hides himself. Once he was found in an oven, his feet hanging out. Sir Sidney Smith advised him to fix his capital at St. Paul's, thinking it safer than a maritime situation; for though the entrance of the Rio is admirably fortified, an enemy might easily land behind the town, and in that case Captain Davy thinks it would fall with little or no resistance. The Prince has made himself unpopular, and the people are very disaffected. On his arrival people were turned out of their houses to make room for the emigrants, and obliged to accept a fixed rent for them,—something like the price of beasts, &c. during an embargo, both in the justice of the valuation and the exactness of payment. Gambier called upon a person whose house he wished to

obtain, and asked him if he was disposed to let it. "No, Sir," the Brazilian replied, "and I call upon you, as an Englishman, who know the nature of property, not to apply to Government for it." Of course Gambier assured him that no such intention was in his thoughts.

The nights at Rio are not hotter than the days, Captain Davy says. Lord S—— he speaks very ill of; thinking, indeed, of his talents, his veracity, and his fitness for his situation just as you. While he was making the treaty, Kantzon was his adviser; of course, Swedish interests were considered in it, and timely intelligence communicated to France. The Prince was so pleased with S. Salvador when he stopped there on his way, and with the reception which he found, that he would willingly have fixed his Court there if his own inclinations had not been overruled. He is said to be under, not merely the absolute government, but even the tyranny, of his wife; and, indeed, if half the stories current at St. Sebastian's are true, she seems disposed to play the part of Princess Regent, and threatens to set him aside as incapable of managing public affairs. Sir Sidney is much regretted there; the Prince was cajoled or frightened into signing a letter to request that he might be recalled, as being personally disagreeable to him. These expressions were repeated to Sir Sidney by Canning at the time he was recalled; he took the letter to the Prince, who burst into tears, and declared that he had signed he knew not what, certainly had never intended to convey so false an assertion to the English Court, and bitterly repented of his signature. Certain, however, it is, that he was in a situation where he might have been essentially useful, and which was just suited for him. He had a great ascendancy over the Prince, opened a correspondence with the neighbouring Spanish Cabildos, and would have rendered great services both to England and Brazil if he had

been invested with the double character of ambassador and commander-in-chief.

St. Sebastian is as filthy as Lisbon. The shambles are just to windward of the city, and send a pestilential odour through it. Sir Sidney advised the removal of this nuisance, and probably would have succeeded in his application but for his enemies. I have asked Captain Davy to dinner, and shall get from him all the information I can. He repeats with great glee a saying of Chamberlaine's, that Lord S. has just talent enough for a country attorney. Your friend, Colonel Burke, is there as an accredited spy.

Among other articles sent out to the Rio on speculation was a large venture of skaits; they went with a cargo of warm cloths.

The native merchants cannot be very well pleased with their new competitors. A system of credit to which they had been unaccustomed was introduced by the English, which gave them so greatly the preference, that many of the Brazilians gave over their business and retired into the country. I hear a deplorable account of the lower classes, who are eaten out with all the diseases appointed in the wise order of things to punish the laziness and vices of men. They attribute some of them to the water, or to the wind,—to anything rather than to themselves. Yet, how much is owing to themselves is plain from this circumstance, that numbers are crippled by the *jiggers*, which scarcely ever in our colonies affect any but the negroes. The strangest thing which I have heard from Captain Davy is, that he says a wild woman is kept in a cage, like a wild beast, in the palace. She was one of a tribe whom he calls Botocudos*, whom he describes as incorrigible cannibals, and untameable. He could give no other account than this, and that she was caught on the frontiers,

* See Hist. of Brazil, vol. iii. 600. 692. 807.

and carried to the capital as a curiosity. Something is wanting in the story, or he has mistaken an ape for a savage; for if the Portuguese had supposed this creature capable of salvation they would have been for christening instead of caging her. The Prince is said to be less under the influence of the priests than formerly. He has ever been fond of asking some of the English officers, whom he liked best, whether they thought there was any use in his confessing. If this be true, there will be no difficulty in finding an excuse for setting him aside whenever it is wished.

The beef, he says, is execrable, and comes from such a distance that it is fourteen months on the road. This is hardly credible. The number of English at the Rio he heard estimated at 300, the whole population at 80,000. He was at St. Catarina;—the town is a wretched place, about the size of Keswick. Burke went to Buenos Ayres, but was ordered by Liniers to leave it within a quarter of an hour.

The number of mulattos is not so great as in an English colony. I suppose the Tupi mixture scarcely produces any perceptible change of complexion, and that the pure Portuguese breed darkens there as in Africa; for certainly a much greater mixture must have taken place there than in our islands. You have here as much as I can recollect of the day's conversation. I thought it better thus to minute it down, than to forget it, and then fancy it had been of more value than it is.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 27. 1810.

My dear Landor,

The last proof of "Kehama," which is, as you know, in due order of printing, has arrived this evening. It will probably be six weeks before it is published,—

a journey, or a voyage, from Leith to London, with the ordinary delays of hotpressers, folders, stitchers, &c. will occasion this delay. Meantime, let me know where I shall have a copy directed to you. I have dedicated the poem to you,—believing that but for you it would never have been finished; and in that case I should never have had resolution to begin another while this remained incomplete. The preface, *more meo*, is short and explicit, giving the reader all necessary information, and entering into nothing farther. The notes are copious, and sufficiently dull; I give them as specimens of the ore, that the skill of the refiner may be understood.

My uncle has resigned Staunton, and removed to Streatham, in Surrey, which the Duke of Bedford has given him. It is six miles from London; and there I purpose visiting him as early as possible in the ensuing spring. Perhaps we may meet in town, or somewhere on the road; for many widely distant parts of England may be made in the way from Keswick to London.

I am at work upon the history of 1809 for the "Edinburgh Annual Register." This occupation, as long as I continue it, places me in comparative affluence. If you see the first volume, you will be pleased with the freedom with which it is written. This is a pleasant employment; there is some satisfaction in keeping up the heart of the country, in acquitting oneself of any participation in national guilt or national folly, in writing of existing powers as faithfully as if they were not my contemporaries, above all, in speaking of Bonaparte as befits a republican. The Spanish history I have given as fully as all the documents within my reach enabled me;—Spain will prove Bonaparte's ruin. He never can subdue the Spaniards. Even though he should make himself master of every city in the Peninsula, the country and the people would still be unsubdued; the result, sooner or later, will be a

force government in Spain, and a military nation, who will revenge the cause of Europe upon France.

Your conception of Count Julian is very fine and original. My plan imparts no grandeur of mind to him, but a great deal to his daughter, who bears him, mortally wounded, into Roderick's cell, to be by him reconciled to the Church. The hermit, having done this, makes himself known, and in his turn entreats forgiveness. The hour of repentance and death, however, has not sufficiently subdued Julian to say that he forgives; he only at last repeats "Forgive us our trespasses," &c. —unable to address Roderick, or to pronounce his name. I dispose of Roderick thus: after having been the first in reclaiming Pelayo, in the last battle he bears a part, carrying in one hand the crucifix, in the other the sword; in the heat of the battle he charges the Moorish leader, hurried away by the feeling of the moment, sets up his own war-cry, decides the fate of the day, and disappears in the pursuit. His horse and arms are to be found at a distance from the field—as after the battle Guadalete; but he himself is heard of no more till, three centuries afterwards, his tomb is discovered at Visco. I have finished the second section, which you shall see ere long. It is good in its way.

Had it not been for that execrable affair of Copenhagen, we should at this time find allies in the North; Denmark would make common cause with Sweden. Even as it is, I do not think the Swedes will quietly submit to King Bernadotte; the peasantry are the best of the Scandinavians,—a fine, brave, uncorrupted people. It is the privilege of the Dalecarlians that every man may shake hands with the king. Russia is now of no other importance in Europe than as it keeps down the spirit of independence in Sweden,—which will break out as soon as Alexander shifts his colours.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 5. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

There is an "*Arte da Grammatica da Lingua da Brazil,*" *composta pelo P. Luig Figueira,* the fourth edition of which was printed at Lisbon, in 1795. The whole impression was most probably shipped off for Brazil; for it was printed at the *Officina Patriarcal,* probably at the expense of the Church, as a missionary concern. I never saw it mentioned in any bookseller's list; and had it been on sale in Portugal, my uncle must have met with it while inquiring for Anchietas' "Grammar." I have borrowed a copy of this book, which came from B. Ayres, and I am working at it; but I wish to possess one as a fit part of my collection, and to have at hand for the purpose of correcting the press, when my summary of it shall be printed. Your brother William I have no doubt can obtain one for me at the Rio; perhaps also he could meet with a Guarani grammar, and with it the "Vida de Padre Joam de Almeida," by P. Siman de Vasconcellos; a book for which I have long been particularly anxious. Almeida earned his beatitude in that part of the country, and therefore it is very likely that his history may be found there.

There are some questions which your brother can answer for me. Are there any of the native race near the Rio? If any, in what state of freedom, servitude, or slavery, and of what tribes? What does he conceive the proportions to be in the city of the mixed race and of the negroes to those of European blood? Is the Portuguese language in any degree mingled there with the Brazilians? for in many parts of Spanish America a mixed language has been found, and in some the

native tongue predominates. At Asçumpcion, for instance, many of the creole women speak nothing but Guarani. This is a curious process going on in the world. Just as the Latin grew out of the Greek, and our southern tongues out of the wreck of the Latin, just so are there new languages rapidly forming from the amalgamation of European, negro, and American dialects. The *talkee talkee* of the slaves in the sugar islands, as it is called, will prevail at Surinam, and become the language of Guiana. They have a printed Bible in it already. From Sierra Leone an African Lingua Inglesa will spread, of which English will be one part, Susoo the other, and a sprinkling of Arabic. In Polynesia, again, the different Malay dialects will make new mixtures, and in New Zealand there will be another speech. The old dough of the world has never had so much leaven put into it at any one time, as at the present, within the reach of history. Look where you will, you perceive the principle of change is at work.

The "Register" for 1809 occupies me very closely. I have made every possible exertion to obtain documents for the affair of the Peninsula — compared with which everything else in Europe is insignificant — and my efforts have not been unsuccessful. A way has been opened for me to convey some questions to Colonel Carol, and Don Manuel Abella, the Duke de Albuquerque's secretary, will lend me all the documents in his possession, and has written to some of his friends in the Cortes for more. He is a Zaragozan by birth, a member of the Royal Academy of History, and edited, either in whole or in part, the "Partidas." Do not omit to send me, from time to time, any information which you receive from Lisbon or Brazil; a little circumstance, in itself altogether unimportant, may become of consequence, from it bearing upon some

other facts of which I may be in possession. I have not taken up the business of writing the annals of our own times as a mere matter of money work, though it supplies two thirds of my income, and is the first occupation that ever paid me well, and made me at ease in my circumstances. I like the employment, and am very anxious to obtain the fullest possible information, that it may be as little imperfect as the nature of contemporary history admits.

I look daily to see "Kehama" advertised; it may not improbably find its way to you as soon as this letter. You will have seen what use I made of the "Observador Portuguez." It was a well-timed article, but before it was written I had said something of our friends the Portuguese in this second "Register," which, for personal appropriateness, I could wish had been in the "Quarterly Review." An article upon Methodism is gone up to the "Review," and I suppose will appear in it. My hands are very full, yet I expect to get the concluding volume of the "Brazilian History" to press in the course of next winter; for after clearing off all that lies immediately before me, and allowing for a two months' progress in the south, I shall have three whole months to devote to it exclusively before the "Register" for this current year is taken in hand. However the bookseller may ask to hurry the publication, I will never begin the annals of one year till the autumn of the next, in order to allow time for the publication of better documents than gazettes and newspapers.

We are going on well. Your god-daughter, Edith May, is grown a great girl, and even Herbert is almost too big for a play-fellow. Bertha is the live doll of the family at present; the infant is as yet only a woman's plaything, not old enough to be kissed, and too tender to be handled by any but female hands. I hope to see you very early

in the spring, and it is our present intention that Edith should accompany me. Remember us to Mrs. May, and believe me

Yours very affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.

The Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Jan. 30. 1811.

Is it certain that the "*Papel Forte*" is Vieyra's? I am a good deal perplexed about it. The collection of the letters is very defective for this period of his history. There is indeed but one which relates directly to the war of Pernambuco, and in this, which is dated from the Hague, December 30, 1647, he says "*Concertemos a armada, estorvemos os mentimentos ao inmigo, e en seguro o 'Cunctando restituit rem.'*" This is altogether at variance with the "*Papel Forte,*" which yet cannot have been written much later. Vieyra's wretched biographer gives not a gleam of information upon his political life. He says that he had seen several spurious works attributed to him, some of which were in direct opposition to his known sentiments. These I suppose to be the "*Arte de Furtar,*" the "*Noticias*" concerning the Inquisition, and (perhaps) the "*Papel Forte.*" Now it is very easy to understand, if he did write the two former works, why he should not acknowledge them, or why the author (if they were not his) should have brought them out under his name; but I cannot perceive why any person should have forgot the "*Papel Forte.*" It seems to be discordant with his character and his opinions. Of the style I do not pretend to judge. The writer certainly does not appear to be

"*el mesmissimo Vieyra en su mesma mesmedad,*" as Isla says, in "Fr. Gerundio;" but his style, like that of every man of genius, differs very materially according to the subject. His sermons might be sworn to, and I have little doubt the "*Arte de Furtar*" is his; but in state papers his peculiarities are not to be expected, and if you do not detect him in the matter, it is in vain for a foreigner to seek any clue in the manner.

I hear nothing of the "Valeroso Lucideno" from Mr. Stewart, but I find there is a hope of obtaining some of my desiderata from the Rio through William May. I have sent him over some queries, and will send a general commission for MS. He may possibly meet with the "*Annaes do Rio Janeiro,*" of which you began to form an abstract. My friend Abella is returning to Cadiz, and I have requested him to look for Montoya, Lozano, and Xarque, which he may very likely procure. He has been of great service to me, and promises to write to me as often as his avocations will permit, and to send me all the papers that can assist me. The post which he returns to fill is that of *Oficial de la Primera Secretana de Estado de Negocios Extrangeros.*

The prose "Argentina" is a work of no great value, and contained, I think, less original matter than was to be raked out of the *octavas* of my friend D. Martin Barco. Something, however, I found there, and have inserted in the first volume. The author was Yrala's grandson; some allowance was therefore to be made for family feelings, and not a little for want of judgment. This reminds me of the reviewal of my book in the "Quarterly." I guess Reginal Heber to have been the writer. He wonders what can have caused the wise policy of the Portuguese in their colonies, in making no distinction of breeds. The solution is very easy;—not so much because they were more enlightened than the

Spaniards, as because they were less populous, and no other system was possible.

Scott reviews "Kehama" for the next number. I have nothing ready for it, but am about to take Captain Pasley's book for a text, and preach a crusade against Bonaparte. Frere, I understand, thinks of vindicating himself against James Morris's book; — this Gifford tells me as a secret. He will find a *vindication* to his heart's desire in my second "Register."

I have been again looking at that letter of Vieyra's to the Count da Ericeyra, which, fragment as it unfortunately is, throws more light than anything else on his political life. I cannot think that a man of so much more decision than the King's Ministers, and whose political views were all distinguished by their boldness, could be the author of the "*Papel Forte*," the character of which is to deduce cowardly conclusions from petty statistical premises, like a Scotch Whig of the present day, or a white-livered —— &c. I am strengthened in my disbelief by perceiving that when Vieyra sailed for Marahao, a notion prevailed that all his missionary zeal was affected, and that the object of his voyage was politics, — nothing less than a design upon Potosi. This never could have been surmised of a man who was afraid of prosecuting the recovery of Pernambuco. There seems to have been a Latin Life of Vieyra, written before that provoking book of Andre de Barros.* I wish I could discover it, though, like that blockhead's, it would probably prove a Jesuitical legend! Few characters have ever interested me so much as this extraordinary man. His genius is not over-rated by his countrymen. That he was a profound statesman is apparent, and his liberality is shown by his conduct about the Jews; and how this genius, this wisdom, and

* The volume alluded to is "*Barros (And. de) Vida do Apostolico Padre Ant. Vieyra.*" *Lisboa*, 1746. Folio.

this liberality should have coexisted with his false taste, his Catholic superstitions, and his own individual madness, is indeed most curious. He was not indeed quite as mad as Joanna Southcote, but he was just in the state of one of her four-and-twenty elders. I want the *Provas* to "*Seabra's Ded. Chron.*" He hates Vieyra as a Jesuit, and has raked up the old calumnies against him.

I have been stealing a march to Brazil for these few days past. It is long since I have heard how you are going on at Streatham.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Feb. 5. 1811.

An examination of the "*Arte de Furtar*"*, which I had not read since I was last at Lisbon, convinces me that it is not Vieyra's. He speaks as an eyewitness of things in Algarve and in Castille: now it does not appear, either from his life or letters, that he had been in either country. It has nothing of his character or manner. I think, too, that I perceive a mode of expression which never occurs in any of his undisputed works. The defence of the Inquisition would not have come from Vieyra. On the whole, I have not a doubt upon the subject.

Ballantyne watches, with all the anxiety of a printer and publisher, over the "Register," and serves me as

* "The Arte de Furtar is manifestly written by an Alontego man, probably by an inhabitant of Villa Vicoza. There is such plain proof of this that I cannot conceive how it should ever have been given to Vieyra." — *MS. Letter to the Rev. H. Hill*, Feb. 11. 1811.

a safety-valve. Not that there can be any political danger; the opinions of the book are a sufficient security against that; but he keeps a keen eye upon anything which might by possibility injure the sale. My second volume makes vigorous war upon the Burdettites. I do not apprehend any possible inconvenience to myself from the freedom with which it is written; that which so strenuously supports the Government, both Church and State, may be allowed to censure the Administration; and as for any personal offence which might be taken, if any man were fool enough to challenge me, I should turn over the correspondence to a lawyer;—first taking the opportunity of delivering, in a summary manner, my opinions respecting duelling.

I urged Coleridge to double the intended number of "Omniana" volumes, merely for the sake of making him do something for his family; this requiring, literally, no other trouble than either cutting out of his common-place books what has for years been accumulating there, or marking the passage off for a transcriber. He promised to add two volumes, and has contributed about one sheet, which, I dare say, unless he soon returns to Cumberland, will be all.

Robinson is the man who introduced me to Abella and Gen. Carcll, who writes to say that he will obtain for me an account of Romana's operations from R. himself. This portion of the year's annals, I hope, will be far less imperfect than in the former volume. I have also satisfied myself in the Walcheren affair. Rickman is my right hand in supplying all Parliamentary Documents, and much private information beside. Some, also, I obtain from Wynn, and I have access to the Admiralty through Bedford's brother, though what I wanted was not to be found.

With regard to "Kehama," I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns while my contemporaries

were setting Turkey beans. The oak will grow, and though I may never sit under its shade, my children will. Of the "Lady of the Lake," 25,000 copies have been printed — of "Kehama," 500; and if they sell in seven years I shall be surprised. It is of no consequence. My annual and quarterly labours now support me, and enable me to lessen a debt to J. May, which I expect to pay off entirely in another year. Meantime, my property in Longman's hands is clearing off its mortgages, and the sale of the current editions will leave a balance in my favour. So, as I feel no want of any profit from those works, which are for futurity, I am completely indifferent concerning their immediate success. The only effect the total non-sale of "Kehama" could have, would be to make me take measures against the iniquitous laws of literary property, and convert the other poems which I hope to write into so many post-obits. The fault which you point out in "Kehama" arose in the way such faults are most likely to arise, — in correction. I had written —

> "Whereon the Wood Nymphs lie
> Their languid limbs dispread
> In summer's sultry hours!"

And, having occasion to use the word *dispread* elsewhere in the same paragraph, I struck it out, without perceiving that this omission made the use of the preceding verb improper.

I go on slowly with "Pelayo," — only a few lines before breakfast. Other subjects are floating in my head — particularly that upon Philip's war, which was pointed out in the reviewal of "Holmes's American Annals." It has almost matured into a complete fable, and you will smile to hear that the principal personage is to be a primitive Quaker — certainly a character new to heroic poetry. I am undetermined upon the metre;

it has long been a favourite project of mine to write one poem in hexameters, written, of course, by accent, and formed upon the model of the Greek or German. The thing is practicable, *Experto crede Roberto.* I can write them with as much facility as any other metre; but they will not suit a subject which requires to have some of its parts pitched in a high key: for rapidity, they are unequalled; they fail in solemnity; they are unfit for the dramatic parts of poetry, and yet will not, I think, allow well of any transition to another mode of verse. God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, Durham.

Keswick, March 6. 1811.

MY DEAR TOM,

Of Burdett and his party I think as ill as you can do. It is now just a year since I began to waver in my good opinion of him. His language respecting the House of Commons, calling it *this room,* first staggered me; and I thought that whenever he spoke upon army matters there was an ardent tendency, whether designed or not, to inflame the soldiery,—a game at which Cobbett has long been driving. Then came the mischievous business of blockading his house. These things, with the manner in which he has of late flattered the Crown while he vilified the Parliament, leave no doubt whatever on my mind that his conduct is exceedingly dangerous, whatever his motives may be. You will see in the "Register" that I have declared war upon this party, and you will see upon what grounds I am convinced of the impracticability of Parliamentary Reform;

or, in other words, that what is so called would produce the immediate and inevitable dissolution of Government.

Harry must give me Gooch's direction. Streatham is half way to Croydon from town, and I will walk over and breakfast with him, and show him the way to my uncle's, who will be much pleased with him. I have seen very few men of whom I thought so highly after a short intercourse.

To-morrow I write the "Capture of Martinique," the W. India affair follows the Sainto St. Domingo, then Cayenne. From thence I pass to the progress of our dispute with Nathan, relating it as summarily as it deserves. This is one chapter. Sweden, Russia, and Turkey another. Then the Austrian war,—the introduction to this is written. I am in high condition, to use a fancy phrase, and shall go galloping on, though, perhaps, I may stop short to-morrow; for to-morrow is a day of grand possibility for a parcel,—a thumping, thumping parcel,—"yea, a breeding parcel; a parcel promising parcels hereafter;" for it contains two catalogues from which more books are to be sent for.

It would have saved this country 100,000*l.* if any one of the Lords of the Admiralty, six years ago, had read "Monstrellet"; for in 1436 the Duke of Burgundy sunk six store-ships in Calais harbour, and at low-water the men and women of the town came out, pulled them to pieces, and hauled away the wood for fuel, "to the great astonishment," says the historian, "of the Duke and his comrades," who saw the pleasant conclusion of the scheme, and who, like our wise-acres, had forgot to take the rise and fall of the tide into their calculations. Is not this a fair instance of the utility of leaving out all the circumstances of history, and simply telling us that "Calais was besieged without effect,"—a system which renders it impossible to learn anything

from the numberless examples of which real history is full.

I thank you for the "Nootka Roc." I remember the passage, and do not remember recognising the claw. It will make a good article in the "Omniana;" and perhaps "Major Pike's Travels" (which are coming in the parcel, a present from Longman), may say something more about the tradition. I shall examine also the "Historia de California," and which is rather too big for the bird to fly away with. I should be satisfied to see him carry away a porpoise. Nootka is certainly not too far from the place where the claw was found. You need not starve for books while Purchas's great collection of voyages is in my friend, Mr. Viner's, keeping. One volume contains plenty for three months, and variety also; so that you may have two or three travels in reading at once.

I am very much grieved at Albuquerque's death. Almost the last words I used to Abella before his departure was a hope that this excellent man would soon be at the head of an army once more. Romana, too, is a severe loss. We shall have good news from Lisbon, and then, I think, it will set in against the French. I hope and think Bonaparte himself will come against Lord Wellington.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, March 12. 1811.

My dear Landor,

I was reading "Count Julian" when your letter arrived. His son's names are not, to my knowledge,

mentioned anywhere. Ippolito is not of that age or country. Athanagild, or Ermenegild, or Theodomir, are of the same measure, and the other may return to his original station, which I am glad to hear of. This is a grand passage which you have sent me,— a mixture of the pathetic and the lofty and the profound, which is not to be found in any other living writer, and in very few of those who are immortal.

There is nothing in the play so obscure as the last line and half will be.

The chance it would have for representation lies in Kemble's vanity. If he should fancy that Count Julian's is a character just calculated to display his talents, no doubt he would bring it out. This I can try for you when I go to town with perfect secrecy. Longman has some property in Covent Garden: through him I can ensure the piece a reading, which is something with such great men as managers; and by accompanying it with a note to Kemble I may possibly at least excite his attention to it. As for his understanding the power and might and majesty that the tragedy manifests, it is not to be expected from a man who can act in such trash as "Cato" and the "Revenge,"—after Shakspeare! This last play so turned my stomach nine years ago, that I verily believe that I shall never set foot in a theatre again.

This "Cato" has only been endured because, having originally escaped the damnation which it deserved, it would have been against all precedent to have damned it now. I very much doubt the success of "Count Julian," less from its want of pageantry, than because of its excellencies. Long experience has made me think as meanly of the public taste as you did when you wrote the preface to "Gebir." The effect of this settled opinion is that I write without remorse, because a

printed book finds its way to the few who can rightly appreciate it; but I do not think I would submit a production which has cost me thought and passion, flushes of cheek, and throbs of head, and quiet tears, to be decided upon by such a crew as the dramatic critics of London. God help me, what a crew they are! Fellows whose habitual profligacy absolutely incapacitates them from understanding anything which refers to the principles of goodness in human nature!

However, if you wish it, I will consign your play to Kemble, and manage all the correspondence between him and you as to alterations,—if the business should proceed so far. And should this attempt fail, I can submit it to the Edinburgh theatre, through Walter Scott.

I fill up the sheet with an epitaph:—

This to a Mother's sacred memory
Her care hath hallowed. Absent many a year,
Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were still
Of that dear voice which soothed his infancy:
And after many a fight against the Moor
And Malabar,—or that fierce cavalry
Which he had seen covering the boundless plain,
Even to the utmost limits when the eye
Could pierce the far horizon,—his first thought
In safety was of her, who, when she heard
The tale of that day's danger, would retire
And pour her pious gratitude to Heaven
In prayers and tears of joy. The lingering hour
Of his return, long looked for, came at length,
And full of hope he reached his native shore.
Vain hope that puts its trust in human life!
For, ere he came, the number of her days
Were full, and never more on earth he met
Her form revered! O Reader, what a world
Were this,—how unendurable its weight

Of woe, and guilt, and mystery, if they
Whom Death hath sundered did not meet again! *

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, May 8. 1811.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

I give you joy very sincerely. No man can be thoroughly happy till he has a home (a mere house is not one) and a family, whether it be his parents or his children, with whom he feels at rest, and in his proper place. To be at rest, without either hope, wish, or desire beyond what the passing history of the human race ought to inspire, is my *summum bonum*, and this, which, by God's blessing, I have enjoyed for many years, I never could have attained while unmarried. There is a passage in the "Confessions of St. Augustine," the truth of which any man, who has a heart neither of the pumpkin nor the pippin class, will recognise in the recollections of his own youth: "*Nondum amabam, et amare amabam: quærebam quid amarem amans amare.*" The very Welshmen will become more endurable, if you take a wife to Llanthony!

Early in July I shall be at Bath. One of the best-hearted and cleverest women whom I have ever known is there at present with Sir Edward Littleton, to whom she has been as a daughter for many years. She is a very old friend of ours, and we must stay a few days with her on our progress through the south. I hope

* I leave this epitaph here, for its touching beauty; and because it differs slightly from that printed on p. 172. of the "Poems in One Volume."

you will be at Bath at that time, and if not, why, you cannot be very far out of the road from Bristol to Keswick; it is an advantage of having so long a road to travel, that almost any part of England may be made in the way. I thought to have been at this time on my journey, and yet seem no nearer my departure than I was a month ago, so unmercifully does the business of 1809 grow under my hands. If it prove not a good volume, then will there have been a great deal of precious time misemployed, and a great deal of zealous labour thrown away.

You shall hear, soon after I reach town, some tidings of "Count Julian;" for I think it needless that you should prepare a more correct copy for Kemble's perusal than that which I possess. It is best to treat such men with something like haughtiness; that is, to make them understand no favour is solicited, and that the obligation is quite as much on their part as on ours. I will tell him that the copy is incorrect; and more than this, that if he chooses to bring it forth, there will be a readiness on the author's part to adapt it for representation in such a way as he may advise. If Kemble knows what is really excellent in dramatic composition (which I doubt), or if he knows what suits his own powers (which he most likely does), he ought to jump at this play, and the first hundred lines, or any single scene of the whole, will determine him at once. I do not expect him to understand its excellence: a man who can take as much pleasure in acting "Zanga" as "King John," cannot possibly have any real knowledge of Shakspeare!

It vexed me that in your letter to R—— you should have spoken as you did of my poor friends the Portuguese. See how manfully they have acquitted themselves, as soon as they had men at their head on whom they could rely, and a possibility appeared that their

exertions might be successful. Surely all men are brave by nature, and when nations are cowardly the vice is wholly in the Government. There will always be individual instances of cowardice; whenever it happens it is a physical infirmity, not always separable by moral exertion. But, I maintain that, as an animal, man is naturally brave, and that the men of all countries will make good soldiers if only they are well trained. Specific natural qualities will still remain. The Frenchman will march with most gaiety to the attack; the Spaniard will endure the greatest privations; the Prussian will stand the most quietly to have his skull hammered in with the butt end of a musket; and the Englishman will behave best in the field. My life for it, we shall beat Bonaparte out of the Peninsula, and it will be our fault if we do not dictate, under the walls of Paris, a peace of which the first article shall be, that the French are never to have a ship of war. We must get them down, and down we must keep them.

Longman writes me word that he has 109 copies of "Kehama" in his warehouse, and that he hopes these will sell by the time a small edition is ready. Accordingly I have written to Ballantyne to reprint, and to take his leisure about it, for there is no hurry. "Madoc," also, is just gone again to press. In the VIIIth. "Quarterly" there is an article of mine upon Methodism, which, if I had been in the Church, would have been worth a rich benefice, so completely has it righted Percival. Have you seen Jeffrey's criticism upon "Kehama"? It is quite as original as the poem, and, above other, matchless for impertinence. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, May 17. 1811.

My dear Wynn,

I thought to have seen you before this time, but my journey has been so long delayed, that I suppose you will have left London ere I reach it. The cause of this has been the enormous length of the "Register" for 1809, whereby I lose three months close labour, and have the additional recompense of losing the greater part, if not the whole profits, of my twelfth share in the work; for the booksellers are afraid to raise the price, and it will be well if the increased bulk does not make it a losing concern. However, this has not made me out of heart, neither have I slighted it in any manner for the sake of shortening so unprofitable a task.

If you have seen Grosvenor, he will have told you that my father's last brother is dead, and has left his property between his man Tom and a person at Bristol, with whose family he was intimate, his last boast being (like that of John Southey before him), that no one of his own name should ever be a shilling the better for him. I feel with respect to him just as I did to his brother—neither angry nor surprised. It has been, beyond all doubt, a species of madness, but one which the law does not reach. We had been upon good terms for many years, and I had never given him the slightest cause of offence. If this news should give you a momentary feeling of disappointment, it will be more than it did me. As long as I have health, old Withers' motto may be mine—*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo.* The last two years have brought with them a material improvement in my worldly affairs, by means of the "Quarterly" and the "Register." "Kehama" has sold better than my former poems. Longman tells me

he has 109 copies left, and that he thinks it time to put a smaller edition to press. "Madoc" is in the press also. It was a very ugly book, and I will now take care that its appearance shall not discredit it again.

Poor Mr. Banbury was buried in the church here on Tuesday. This of course brought his son here. He is the first person I ever met after nineteen years' absence; and the total difference between the boy which I left him, and the man which he is now, produces a strange and confused feeling when I think of it. I have his image as vividly in my mind as if it were but yesterday that we were in Dean's Yard together, and there is now no trace of resemblance. I have been exceedingly pleased with him. His situation gives him, of course, great opportunities of information; but in addition to this, I have seldom met with so sensible a man.

Shall you be in town three weeks hence? I hope to reach London in that time. My stay there will be about a month; most part of it at Streatham. From thence we go to Bristol; and if I do not meet Landor there or at Bath, we shall most likely make Llanthony in our way home, and so from thence to Ludlow and Liverpool, halting a day or two at both places in our progress. I shall probably never see you for more than a morning call, till I make a journey into Wales on purpose, and God knows when it will be in my power to do that! This additional length in the year's "Register" having occupied full three months, I am thrown just so much behindhand with other engagements, and it will be a long time before I shall be able to recover my lee-way.

The last "Quarterly" had nothing of mine, neither is there likely to be anything in the next. I had written a long reviewal of Pasley's book, which is now under correction, that it may not give offence to Castel-

cicali. Our Ministry will not believe anything against that infamous Court of Palermo. I thought this was likely enough, but was determined at least to make the trial. The "Register" I have to myself, and will open a battery there which nobody can silence. In other points of view the delay of the article was fortunate, some of it having been superseded by Massena's retreat.

What part have you taken upon the bullion question? Koster has shown that the consumption of gold has of late increased at least fifty fold, while the supply has almost wholly failed; and he has, I think, established a principle of which Locke had a glimpse, and at which the ministerial pamphlet hints without appearing to perceive its importance,—that gold is as incapable of being kept at a *maximum* as any other commodity. Political economy is much talked of as one of the things to be learnt at Edinburgh; but I suspect it is almost in as imperfect a state as metaphysics, and that the Scotch are in reality no better versed in one than in the other. When the bullion report was first made public, Coleridge and I talked a great deal upon the subject; and the more I have considered it since, the more I am confirmed in the opinion which is there formed of its errors and its danger. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. I had almost forgot to tell you that Brougham applied to my uncle to know if I could translate Lucien Bonaparte's poem.*

* "Brougham has applied to my uncle to say that he has been commissioned to propose to me — what think you? Lay your curiosity still on the stretch till you have turned this paper upside down, for it is too good a thing to be told in the plain straightforward course of writing —

"To translate Lucien Bonaparte's Poem, while he is finishing it!"

— *MS. Letter to Dr. H. Southey*, April 20. 1811.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, June 5. 1811.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Print your tragedy in a volume,—that is, in whatever size it be, whether octavo or the more convenient pocket form, let it have boarded covers, that it may stand upon a shelf, and not be dog-leaved among pamphlets. That passage which describes Egilona is perfectly Landorean: it has a character of sublimity wholly your own, and of that kind which has set the seal of immortality upon "Gebir."

The concluding lines of the tragedy are not yet what they should be; if they had been, you would not have asked my judgment of them. All bad poets admire all that they write,—a true one never suspects a passage of his own to be imperfect without cause; his suspicions are of the nature of conscience.

Scott, you see, is writing upon Rodrigo. If the old Goth ever gets any literary news from this world, it must surprise him to hear what work he has made for the poets of the nineteenth century. I am curious to see his poem: there will be a good deal of splendour in it, no doubt, but Visions are difficult things to handle.

Have you seen Miss Seward's Letters? She had been "assured" that the author of "Gebir" reviewed it himself in the "Critical Review," and that I was the editor of that review,—facts of which the one is just as true as the other. That review, or rather that analysis, of "Gebir," I wrote. After I knew Miss Seward, I made her read the poem again, but she never could get more than glimpses of its merits. Glimpses, however, she did get, and this would have appeared if she had not been (in my opinion) ill used by the man to whom she left her letters for publication. By not printing the whole

which she designed for publication, he has given some of her hastiest and most violent expressions, which pass now for her settled judgment, because the letters in which they were qualified or retracted do not appear. In another point she has been ill used. It was her design that they should be published in portions, at intervals of two years between each: the reason of this certainly was that by the time the latter portions were published, some persons there spoken of would in the natural course of years have dropped off. It is very evident to me that that strange part of her own history relating to Colonel T. and his wife were never meant to be made public while they lived, and they being of her own age would, in all likelihood, have been dead before that portion of the correspondence was publishable, according to her will. But she left the letters to a Scotch bookseller, who is man midwife to Jeffrey, bringing into light all that that fellow spawns in the "Edinburgh Review," and he, as might have been foreseen, had no other thought than how to make the most immediate profit by the bequest, in utter contempt of the conditions which accompanied it; because they were stated as the wish of the testatrix, and therefore were not binding in law.

Fellowes, who speaks so cavalierly of "Gebir" in those letters, published some poems himself, which were upon a level with Godwin's "Antonio" for versification, and for silliness below anything which I can call to mind for a comparison. And yet Fellowes, who judges so vilely of the poetry of others, and writes such execrable verses himself, is in other points a sensible man, as far as I could judge from dining once in company with him.

We set out for the south on Monday next, and shall be a week on the road. Direct to me at the Rev. Herbert Hill's, Streatham, Surrey, any time for the next month. Sir Edward Littleton I find has left Bath.

Shall I find you there or at Llanthony about the end of July? or will any wind blow you to London? God bless you.

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

London, Tuesday, July 8. 1811.

MY DEAR SHEDAW,

If I had time I would write you a long letter, but I am always so busy in London that I can never do half what I wish.

I send two books, one for Dog-Lunus, and the other for Bruin.* You are to have a large book, full of stories, and fit for a great girl; so I cannot put yours in a letter; but it will come to Keswick in a great box, with a great many other books which I have bought for myself.

Your mamma is very well, and wants very much to see you, and Herbert, and Bertha, and Katharine. Give them each a kiss for her and for me. Your cousins are very nice children, and very nice kissing; but I want to kiss Bruin and Puss-cat. You know you are too big to be kissed. God bless you.

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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* Dog-Lunus was the gifted Herbert; Bruin was Bertha. This is written in large paternal text-hand!

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

London, July 19. 1811.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your letter followed me from Keswick, from which place we have been nearly six weeks absent. In another week we leave town, and after halting at Richmond, Bristol, Llanthony, Ludlow, perhaps, and, probably, Teddesley, we will find our way to you about this day month. Elmsley is to call on me this morning. I have not yet seen him.

The reviewal of "Pasley" I do not own, because by the great omissions and alterations which have been made in it, it has been made directly to contradict some of the opinions which I had laboured with most earnestness to impress. My remedy must be found in the third year's "Register," wherein I shall pour out the whole vial of my wrath upon the Sicilian Government.

My brother is gone to sea upon a promise of promotion, procured by Herries's means. Perceval wrote to Yorke recommending him, and Croker has been very civil to me upon the occasion. I dined with him the other day at the Admiralty. I am not much afraid of a change; and if there should be one, it is most likely that Tom would be included in the last batch.

The "Register" will be out in a few days. It will displease all parties in turn. I have spoken fairly and fully upon the D. of York and the Walcheren expedition; but in spite of both these wretched affairs the ministry have not a more zealous advocate; less, it must be confessed, in love to them than in abomination of their opponents.

"Kehama" succeeds better than any of my former books. I have cleared 76*l.* by it for my half. As soon as my accounts with Longman are even I shall be able

to make better terms; that is, to print on my own account, and take the whole profits instead of giving him half. Flaxman, I am told, is making designs for "Kehama." Nobody can be so much surprised at the comparative success of the poem as I am myself.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, Bishop's Auckland, St. Helen's.

Keswick, Sept. 8. 1811.

MY DEAR TOM,

* * * * *

We spent three nights and two days with Landor, sleeping in one of the towers of the ruin, where he has three habitable rooms while his house is building. The house will be a good one, very much resembling the front of that at St. Helen's, from the form of its roof. When we left them, they took us as far as Hereford, and from thence we reached the Browns' at Ludlow to supper. There we passed four days very pleasantly, in the course of which I saw Ludlow itself, and the castle, which is, of its kind, the finest thing I ever saw, and Croft Castle, with its beautiful grounds. The present proprietor, a Mr. Davis, showed them to us himself with the greatest politeness. I saw this place with the more interest, because our mother's grandmother, or her father (I am not certain which), was born there. Another day I walked to the Bony Well, which is enumerated in Guthrie's Grammar among the wonders of England. The account there given is much exaggerated, and very fallacious. Instead of a well, which you suppose it literally to be, because he speaks

of cleaning it, it is a beautiful shallow spring. The bones are found only in the early spring, as the old woman who acted as Naiad upon the occasion told me, and it would not surprise me if a person who went at that season should be told that the right time was autumn. Another day we gave to the grounds at Downton,—Knight's place. I heard a great deal of Lucien Bonaparte, who had unluckily removed to the neighbourhood of Worcester; everything was in his favour, except that his poem is in French. Sir Charles Knowles resides there; a very gentlemanly man, though somewhat wearying in his discourse. He gave me some books of his own writing, about naval affairs, which you shall overhaul when next you visit Keswick.

Three days we feasted upon the venison and pine apples at Teddesley, where the Wolseleys met us. From Teddesley we struck again into Wales, and halted with Wynn at Llangedwin; dined on our way, after we left him, with the ladies of Llangollen; stopped two days and a half at Liverpool with Koster; then took the mail to Kendal, and found all well at home.

Mrs. Rathbone and Mr. Holbrooke desired particularly to be remembered to you. So did the Martins also. Roscoe I did not see. He asked me to breakfast to meet a marquis from Mexico, to whom John R. introduced me at the exhibition, but I was previously engaged.

James White comes to us on Tuesday. Humphrey Senhouse comes at the same time to the Colonel. I have left myself room for nothing more than our love to Sarah, and a kiss to Margaret. God bless you.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 10. 1811.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

We concluded our long journey with remarkable good fortune, having, in the course of twelve weeks and nearly nine hundred miles, met with only two days of wet weather, and neither let, hindrance, accident, or inconvenience of any kind. I was much pleased with Ludlow Castle: the only ruin of the kind I ever saw which bears evident marks that it has formerly been the seat of comfort. One of my walks was to the Bony Well, near Richard's Castle; it is one of the wonders of Guthrie's Grammar, and had wonderfully impressed my imagination when a boy. The description made me suppose a deep well, and I was well enough read in legends even then to dream of caverns and pigmy people. When I came to the spot I found a beautiful spring, no where a foot in depth; and for all I could hear about the bones, the wonder seemed to be that there should ever have been any wonder about them. The old Naiad of the spring told me that March was the time they were to be found, and I vehemently suspect that if I were to go in March, she would then recommend October.

Crossing from Teddesley to Shrewsbury, we passed through the iron country, near Wellington. There is something very striking in that sort of hell above ground,—hills of scoria, an atmosphere of smoke, and huge black piles, consisting chiefly of chimneys and furnaces, grouped together in the finest style of the damnable picturesque. The things are too mean in themselves ever to acquire a sublimity, to whatever magnitude they may attain; but they have a hideousness which almost produces the same effect. They are

more hideous than horrid: there should be an obscurity about horrid; whatever is hideous is definite.

We saw a prodigious work of art of very different character,—the aqueduct over the Dee, near Llangollen. It is not more than two thirds the height of the aqueduct at Lisbon, but the effect is far more dizzying. At Lisbon you walk between the covered gallery, where the *water runs*, and a parapet wall breast high, so that you feel your security. The iron rails of the Welsh bridge, by giving sight of the depth immediately under your feet, make it an effort of reason to imagine yourself safe, and the effect of looking across a narrow canal upon a precipice, from which nothing but two-inch plank seems to separate it, gave truth to the "toys of desperation" in a greater degree than I had ever before felt them. My knees were loosened, though I did not stop to allow them to shake; and I felt an absolute longing for wings that I might have launched myself into the air. This sort of feeling explains how animals are fascinated by the eye of a snake or a beast of prey.

I have written to Durham, and hope it may prove to some effect. The Taylors must so frequently know persons who are in want of farms, and gratified to inform them, that it will be unlucky if this is not the case now.

I have been home a few days, but hardly long enough for me to have fairly settled to my regular employment. I have, however, resumed "Pelayo," and it will not be long before I shall have another portion to send you. A heavy part, which, perhaps, ought to have been hurried over, is at length completed; and, as I bring more action upon the stage and the interest increases, I shall get on with more alacrity.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. L.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Sept. 27. 1811.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

James left us this morning. I went with him a few miles, for the sake of showing him the Lake of Thirlmere, in a way seldom seen by travellers. He was exceedingly delighted with it; and, as he had three waterfalls, all very fine ones, to see in the course of the morning, this day; notwithstanding it is that of his departure, will not be the least agreeable that he has passed in this country. He was very fortunate in the weather, and saw nearly as much as the shortness of the time permitted; but enough has been left unseen to supply a proper motive for another journey and a longer stay. Remember your sisters are to visit us next midsummer, and I hope your excellent mother will accompany them. When shall we see you?

Thank you for the Buenos Ayres papers, which are to me very interesting and very valuable, but except by your means would have been inaccessible. I am not yet at work upon the third year's "Register," which is rather owing to the Edinburgh publishers than to myself. The success of the book, as a bookselling concern, seems to me rather doubtful; its failure would make more difference in my emolument than in my occupation, for I am now so sensible of the utility of the book, and so much interested by it, that if this concern were broken up I should continue my labours, and go on with this contemporary history, as one of the most important works which I could possibly bequeath to after times.

What has been the event of that painful business which you communicated to me when last we met? It would give me very great pleasure to hear that it had

been settled as you hoped it might be, and as, indeed, it must be if one of the parties has any right sense either of honour or duty.

Make my respects to Mr. Park, and tell him I *did* receive the book he mentions, and that if I did not write to acknowledge it, as certainly was my intention, I take shame to myself for the neglect. Lovell's few other pieces which I could not find in time for his purpose, have since turned up, and shall be sent to him the first opportunity that occurs of conveying them.

We had a long and weary round before we reached home. I left Mrs. S. at Bristol, and went to Taunton; returned to her, and went successively to Llanthony in Monmouthshire, to Ludlow, to Teddesley in Staffordshire, to Llangedwin in Montgomeryshire, and to Liverpool, halting a few days with our frienda at each of these places. We dined also at Llangollen with the celebrated ladies of the place, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. The singularity of their history, the highly ornamented state of their grounds, and the elegance of everything about their cottage, made this a very interesting visit.

James will tell you that we are all well, God be thanked. He will tell you also, perhaps, something of my new poem. I am going on with it in a manner which satisfies me; and very probably the bearing which it has upon the present state of things, and the possibility that if it were published it might tend to excite in others the same ardent sympathy with the Spaniards which I feel myself, may induce me to devote more time to its completion than I otherwise should do. Remember us when you write to Nottingham, and remember me also to Josiah Condor.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Captain Southey, St. Helen's, Bishop's Auckland.

Keswick, Oct. 11. 1811.

MY DEAR TOM,

I wish when Harry comes to Keswick you could contrive to send those gaiters of mine by him, which were left behind us at St. Helen's, inasmuch as the pantaloons to which they belong are destined for this winter's wear, and without those gaiters I know not how my poor *hormangorys* are to be kept warm. This for a beginning, as being matter of business. I will now tell you as matter of *he*pistolary communication, that it would rejoice you to see how I am getting on with my Dutch. I have attacked the two folios of Peter Kolben, and as I can make it out with the dictionary so as to read on, and get fairly at the contents, I expect to be a good Mynheer by the time I get to the end. It is a great and important step gained. "Pelayo" also is progressing very much to my satisfaction. You will be impressed with the manner in which a widow is introduced among the ruins of Orense — a sort of Judith, who makes a vow of revenge. The poem will soon reach 1000 lines; and to attain to four figures is as great an epoch in the progress of a poem, as being breeched is in the life of a man.

We have had two good lakers. Mr. Lowe, of Ludlow, a *ci-devant* merchant at Middleburg, in Walcheren. Stuart sent him here. He gave me a lesson in Dutch, as to the pronunciation. Wakefield, a son of Priscilla Wakefield, was the other. He has published a statistical account of Ireland. His letter was from Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, besides being a man of very considerable genius, seems to have a right honest heart.

Poor Graham! You give me the first news of his

death. I fear straitened circumstances and disappointed hopes may have brought on this catastrophe. His understanding was not equal to his genius, and it required the sunshine of a brighter fortune than ever fell to his lot to counteract a natural melancholy — the constitutional mental disease of men whose feelings are stronger than their intellect. At Teddesley I read his poem on the "Abolition of the Slave Trade," not without sorrow at finding how poor a thing it was — almost utterly worthless. But his "Sabbath" will always remain; and from all his other pieces a few rare passages may be culled which the best of us might have been proud to have written. It was but the other day that I was talking with Gooch about the living poets, little thinking that one to whom I assigned so honourable a place among them was no longer of the number!

Gooch is very probably drinking tea with you at this time. One or two books of yours were overlooked, I perceive, when that parcel was tied up; some other opportunity will offer of conveying them. I have been taking part in the controversy about "Bell and the Dragon," as you will see in the "Quarterly," where I have *fibbed* the "Edinburgh" (as the "fancy" say) most completely, showing it as little mercy as it deserves at my hands. For the next number I am going to enter upon the "Inquisition;" a subject upon which I have a great deal of curious matter to bring forth.

It will require as much interest to get a ship as it did to get made commander. I have no correspondence with Croker; and if the thing can be done, it must be through the same channel as before — Herries and Bedford — upon the latter of whom, by the by, you should have called, that he might have shaken hands with you upon your promotion, for it originated with him, and without him would not have been obtained.

To-day I resumed the long-suspended "Life of Nelson," with which I shall hurry on, that Murray may not lose the spring sale. Copy of the "Omniana" was sent off last week, and more is in hand, so that I shall carry that also through the press in the course of the season. I suppose "Kehama" must be nearly ready. Longman wrote the other day to hurry Ballantyne, saying he had only two copies left. . . . .

We shall see Harry, of course, before he leaves the North. I was much disappointed that Gooch could not stay with us longer. When we shall see you, God knows! All I can say is, here is room for you all whenever you can come. Edith's love, with mine, to Sarah and the young one. All well. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 1811.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I am afraid that my resolution concerning the Museum would not seem to you as prudent as it does to myself. Disappoint you I think it would not; for though it was the strongest temptation which possibly could have been presented, you knew my rooted and constitutional dislike to a London life. That the thing was within my reach there can be no doubt; in you I had the best interest there could be, and it so happened at the moment that I could have made sure of the Archbishop through Dr. Bell. See how difficult it is to serve a man who likes to go his own way in the world; to breathe fresh air, and to be at perfect freedom,—master of his own actions at all times!

You remember the odd fashion of my friends the Tupinambas, — that when the wife lies in, the husband goes to bed. I had found out the same unaccountable custom in France, and in other parts of the world, but I think the following passage will surprise you as much as it did me. It is from a work by an old English physician, Cui nomen James sive Jacob Primerose. "*De Vulgi Erroribus in Medicinâ.*" 1658. It has a chapter with this title: "*Maritum loco Uxoris gravidæ non ægrotare,*" and the chapter sayeth: —

"Inter errores quamplurimos maximê ridendos hic esse videtur, quod vir credatur ægrotare, iisque affici symptomatis, quibus ipsa mulier prægnans solet, illudque experientiâ confirmatum plurimi esse volunt. Habebam ægrum febre laborantem, cum urinâ valde accensâ et turbidâ, qui ægrotationis suæ nullam causam agnoscebat, quam uxoris suæ graviditatem. Nullibi terrarum quàm in Angliâ, id observatum memini me audivisse, aut legisse unquam."

This you will think odd enough; but odder still to tell, upon mentioning this, I was told directly of a gentleman who, at this very time, insists upon it that he is always affected in this way when his wife is breeding! Who would have supposed that such a fancy as this was afloat in England at this time? *

Some week or two or three hence, some papers will

* The passage referred to is in lib. ii. c. xiii. p. 148. I should not have thought it worth while to make the reference, but for the opportunity of adding that since I have resided in Sussex, I recollect an *old coachman* who was always so affected *as he maintained*, and very often declined to drive his master. Once, indeed, he had to take the reins himself many miles from home— Nimshi declaring that he was too ill to drive, and assigning this as the cause.

This proof came to me whilst I was stopping with my younger brother in Shropshire. He told me a similar case of a gamekeeper in Cambridgeshire, which came under his own knowledge.

be sent to you *ad frankandum*. They ought to come in two packets, one directed to my brother Tom. This is a MS. of frankable size, which I design to employ him in transcribing for me; do you, therefore, have the goodness to get it franked to him at St. Helen's, Auckland, Durham. The other part must come here; it is the journal of a clever man, kept during his late abode at Buenos Ayres, and designed to give me a view of the transactions and politics of that part of the world.

You will be glad to hear that I regularly read two folio pages of Dutch every morning. I have got good footing in the language, and feel that whatever knowledge it contains is now within my reach. So you see if I had done nothing else since my return, the time would not have been ill spent. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. I want you to know Dr. Gooch (to whom I have given a letter introductory to Turner). He is a very able man; more likely than any other man of my acquaintance to become highly useful in his profession. My uncle knows him, and likes him much, and so I am sure will you.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Nov. 16. 1811.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Thank you for the Buenos Ayres papers. You ask my opinion respecting the affairs of that part of the world. I shall be better acquainted with the immediate *occasion* of the civil war there, and the characters of the leading individuals, when I receive a journal which Mr.

Kinder has promised to lend me,—kept by himself in that country. But upon the general question no additional knowledge is required to make me form my judgment. All parties are greatly to be blamed, and, from the conduct which both have pursued, nothing but immediate evil can result. The colonies had long been most grievously misgoverned. In that misgovernment, however, they only shared the misfortune of the mother country; and if they did not receive the immediate concessions which they justly expected and required when the revolution took place, they ought to have remembered that this was entirely owing to the undue influence which the city of Cadiz had obtained,—an influence arising wholly out of the circumstances of the war, which could not be permanent by any possible contingency; for whether Spain were won or lost, Cadiz would not remain the seat of government, and when it ceased to be so the influence of her commercial junta would be at an end. The duty of the colonies, therefore, should have been to have stated to the mother country what the grievances were from which they expected to be relieved; then they should have said, "We require claiming our part in your deliverance; but we will not discuss this at present,—we will not appear to bargain with you in your hour of need, as if we were endeavouring to force that from your distress which it ought to be your pride and truest policy to grant us in your prosperity. If you succeed in this dreadful struggle, you will grant it. If you fail, the Spaniards will have no other country than these colonies. We will, therefore, stand by you to the last, and assist you to the utmost of our resources."

The *fact* is, Neville, that there is a French party in these colonies. To my knowledge, the deputies from the Caraccas have expressed their sorrow that England does not recall her troops from Portugal, because they

say, then the contest would be over; the mother country must fall, and there would no longer be any obstacle to a free trade between this country and Venezuela. Thus would these men barter away the birthright of a whole nation, and the independence of the country of their fathers, for a mess of pottage. I have no patience for such sordid selfishness. It is better (supposing the two things incompatible) that Spain should be free, than that the Caraccans should have a free trade; for this is the alternation upon which these men, who call themselves patriots, and talk of liberty and of rights, have thus decided.

It is evident to me that the Anglo-Americans separated from the parent state at least a century too soon. They became independent before they had a race of scholars or of gentlemen among them. Their independence is not yet thirty years old, and see what a national character they have obtained and deserved. But the Spanish Americans are even less fitted to form a new state, for they are far more ignorant; and the morals of the worst part of the United States (Virginia and the other southern states) are less depraved than those of the best parts of Spanish America; but the one main cause of inevitable depravity exists in both—the practice of slavery. The idleness of the Spaniards leads them still more to sensuality, and the Roman Catholic religion demoralises every people among whom it takes root.

This is a subject which would lead me on to a great length were I to pursue it; you will, however see it treated (if I live) in the third year's "Register." Have you read my second year's volume?

I was sorry to learn how ill that unpleasant affair, in which you took so manly and honourable a part, has terminated. Yet, if the man be thus utterly unprin-

cipled, it is better for the poor girl to be thus rid of him than yoked for life to a villain.

When the new edition of "Kehama" is ready, Longman will send you a copy for James. I wrote him a letter of good advice, some time ago, and look daily to hear from him. Remember me at Nottingham when you write. Remember me also to Josiah Condor; thank him for his letter, and tell him that in consequence of it I *am* reviewing Montgomery's volume. Do you attend Coleridge's lectures? God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Nov. 18. 1811.

VON TROIL does not enumerate consumption among the diseases of Iceland; which is remarkable, because Horrebow (who wrote before him) does. He says: "It is usual with the men about the age of fifty to fall into a decay, by reason of the various disorders that come upon them, and at last put an end to their lives. Consumptions and asthmas, *the reigning disorders among them*, are occasioned chiefly by the many hardships they endure at sea in fishing, and their carelessness of preserving their health. They do not mind jumping into the sea to save their boat from running aground, or receiving damage against the rocks; and frequently keep on their wet clothes, even in frost and snow, without changing anything. Coughs and consumptions so affect them, that none hardly ever wear as well, or have such florid complexions, as the people of Denmark."

Olafsen and Povelsen give the same account. About

the age of fifty, they say, the Icelanders begin to lose their strength. Catarrhal fevers are very prevalent, but more so in the interior than along the shore,—probably, from the circumstance that the inhabitants throw off their clothes during and after the hay-season, and thereby expose themselves to cold. The fevers are accompanied with a cough and expectoration, and it has been observed that this expectoration is not the same with young as with old people; "the former only throw up phlegm, while the latter expectorate a more viscid substance."

I have just stumbled upon a passage which shows how strongly the Spaniards are impressed with a belief that consumption is contagious. It appears that when a mother died of consumption, leaving a child at the breast, other women were afraid to suckle it: "*Una caritativa muger,*" is spoken of, "*que sa encargó de criar un nino de pecho, cuya madre murió Etica, y por tanto no se atrevian à darle de mamar otras mugeres.*" — *Espana Sagrada*, t. xvii. p. 214.

There is a fact entirely to your purpose. Lord Molesworth (p. 91.) says: "Few or none of the Danes are troubled with coughs, catarrhs, consumptions, or such like diseases of the lungs. I am persuaded," he adds, "their warm stoves, with the plenty and pureness of their firing (which is beech wood), contributes as much to their freedom from these kinds of maladies, as the grossness and unwholesomeness of our coals in London doth to our being so universally troubled with them."

Lapland.—"Coughs are of very rare occurrence, notwithstanding the constant practice of drinking snow and ice-water, — even after swallowing pure grease and fat, which, perhaps, may prevent its bad consequences. However this may be, the Laplanders seldom die from catching cold. Cases of phthisis, or consumption, do,

indeed, now and then occur among them, and pleurisies are very common, especially in spring and autumn. Some elderly people are affected with asthma, and hoarsenesses now and then occur in the winter and spring."— *Linnæus's Tour in Lapland*, i. 34.

Consumption is very prevalent in North America, among the Indians as well as the Anglo-Americans. If you want chapter and verse for this, I can send you abundant authorities.

You are acquainted with Mr. Wharton's sister. Is she not related to the Dr. Wharton who was Gray's correspondent? I wish you could ascertain for me whether Gray's Letters, after Mason had made his selections from them, were returned to Dr. Wharton, as I suppose they were; if they are still in being; and if they would be communicated to a gentleman and a scholar, who desires to publish an edition of the poet's works, with such a commentary as his own classical attainments will qualify him to produce. It is believed that Mason suppressed almost everything in the letters which related to Gray's individual concerns; there exists no motive of delicacy now for such suppression. The person for whom I make these inquiries is a clergyman, a young man, who distinguished himself very much at Oxford, and who seems to me very likely to make a distinguished figure in literature. His name is Mitford.

Of course we shall see you before you go to London. Arrange your plans so as to give yourself a holiday here upon the way. Gooch did not stay here long enough. I am glad he has set you to work, but do not give up the "Crusades." God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 24. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You know that I would write anything for you as readily and with as much pleasure, and with as great a desire to do it, as for any person living. You will therefore give due weight to my reasons for not attempting what you now desire of me. First, the inscription ought to be in Latin, decidedly;—so it appears to me. Now I have not written a Latin sentence these seventeen years, and, moreover, have read so much of the middle-age Latin, that classical Latinity is one of those things which I have forgotten. This I am by no means ashamed of confessing: on the contrary, it is to my credit that I can afford to forget it.

But you will say it may be in English verse—which alone I could do,—having never attempted the lapidary style of composition. This I could do had there been time for it. It is true, little time is required for composing ten or fifteen lines, when the matter is once ready; but it might be weeks or months before I could conceive in what form it ought to be cast. There is no sitting down to these things doggedly. Fifteen years ago I could have answered any of these calls on demand, because I was more easily satisfied with myself. Two instances of later occurrence will show you the state of my ability now. I was requested to write two epitaphs by different persons, and very desirous in both cases of doing it: in the one because I knew and loved the dead almost as if she had been my sister; in the other, because the letter containing the request was written in a manner that very much impressed and affected me. Both were fine subjects for monumental

inscriptions, and this I immediately felt, and neither of them employed me an hour, but I was six weeks before I could perceive in what manner to shape the one inscription, and three months on the other; and I can safely affirm that no day passed without the subject recurring to my mind, and in some degree harassing me. Heaven knows how long it might be before I could do anything, and when it were done it might very probably be worth very little! You see, therefore, that I have no chance of having verse of mine engraved on silver. If I could do it to my own satisfaction I would most cheerfully, though there are two poets in the family, by either of whom an inscription might be supplied. I certainly think, considering the relation in which the donors stand to G. Coleridge, that the inscription should be in Latin. The thing should be classical.

I have not the "Privilegios Ingleses," and shall be much obliged to you to send me the book. Longman will convey it to me.

The "Treaties" I have in the "Correio Braziliense." Do you see that work? The editor's parallel between the English and Portuguese constitutions is exceedingly able, and I would wish nothing better for Portugal or Brazil than to see its ministers acting upon such principles as this writer holds out. But they go on ill in Brazil. If things can be kept quiet there, the tendency of society now is to mend itself. The English will act upon the people there as they did at Lisbon and Porto,—soften down their intolerance, and teach them commercial industry. What is to be feared is, that the abuses of the Government will increase the disaffection of the subjects, and that the principles of their neighbours on the Plata will spread among them. The provocations which the Spanish Americans have received are very great, I fully admit, but not such as to

justify them. I have a good many B. Ayres "Gazettes" of late date, and the feeling with which the affairs of the mother country are mentioned is precisely like that which the Caraccas deputies make no attempt to conceal, — sorrow at any event which seems likely to retard the total subjugation of the Peninsula, because that subjugation would seem to justify them, and would remove all obstacles to a free commerce with Great Britain. The more I think of Spanish America, the worse the prospect appears. For the mother country I do not regard the separation as eventually an evil, except that, as in our case with North America, the cause of the separation will always remain a blot upon her history.

The best edition of Shakspeare is Isaac Reid's, in twenty-one volumes.

I am very anxious that Coleridge should complete this course of lectures, because whatever comes from him now will not be lost as it was at the Royal Institution. I have taken care that they shall be taken down in shorthand. Remember us to Mrs. May.

God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Dec. 27. 1811.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

It is needless to say that I will, with great pleasure, peruse the tales you mention, and give you my real opinion as to their fitness for the press. That they would obtain an immediate sale is certain; every-

thing beyond this must depend upon their merit; and I confess I am a little apprehensive upon this score, merely becauso of Henry's youth. It is one thing to write poems, and another to write a tale. The former requires feeling, fancy, imagination — things to be found *within* — and a command of language which memory is very soon able to supply; the latter a knowledge of human character and of the human mind, for which experience is necessary. Of course, this fear of mine only applies to Henry — to him only on account of his age at which he wrote it.

We in the country here are thinking and talking of nothing but these dreadful murders, which seem to bring a stigma, not merely on the police, but on the land we live in, and even our human nature. No circumstances which did not concern myself ever disturbed me so much. I have been more affected, more agitated, but never had so mingled a feeling of horror, and indignation, and astonishment, with a sense of insecurity too, which no man in this state of society ever felt before, and a feeling that the national character is disgraced. I have very long felt the necessity of an improved police, and these dreadful events, I hope and trust will lead to the establishment of one as vigilant as that of Paris used to be. The police laws cannot be too rigorous; and the usual objection that a rigorous police is inconsistent with English liberty might easily be shown to be absurd.

I am at present reprinting, in a separate and enlarged form, the essay upon the "New System of Education," which appeared in the last "Quarterly." The subject, as connected with the well-being of society, is a very important one, and the dispute in both parts, personal and political, must, I think, be decided by it, in every fair and well-judging mind. A few days ago I received a curious proof of the effect which is produced by

writing in the "Quarterly." A circular letter was sent me from Bristol, containing the resolutions of the Bristol Church of England Tract Society, newly established, as it evidently appears, in consequence of the suggestions with which my essay upon the "Evangelical Poets" concluded, and the letter itself consisting in great part of my own words.

A merry Christmas to you, and a happy new year, and as many happy returns as you deserve, which are as many as you can desire. I am very busy, and very well; and having no drawback of disquietude, this is being very happy. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, February 4. 1812.

My dear Wynn,

I have too long delayed to thank you for your letter of 3rd November, and the manner in which you comment upon the intolerance of my last "Annals." I readily admit that anything written in a spirit of asperity is, generally speaking, imprudent, and am by no means disposed to think that my own language towards Whitbread can be deemed an exception to the rule. All I can say is, that if the Spanish war had been as long past as the American one (when you say I should disapprove of such a manner of narration), or as the Siege of Troy, I should have written with just the same feeling. But the fact is, that in speaking of things which are long gone by this liberty is allowed to the historian; whereas if the contemporary annalist ar-

rogates it, it is at his peril. To the charge of want of compression I can better reply: the volume is upon the same scale as its predecessor, and its bulk is owing to the greater quantity of the matter which the year afforded. Jeffrey has censured it upon this ground, in a manner worthy of himself, especially after what passed about the former volume. Not dreaming that I was the author, he called upon Ballantyne a few days after its publication (being the first time he had ever entered his shop), expressly to state his approbation of the manner in which the work was written; though he said he differed in many, indeed in most points, from the writer. I believe the censure is one which implies a compliment to the work; for it means that people wish to read the book, and yet do not wish to give so much time to it as the length requires. Now "Annual Registers" have hitherto not been read; they are professedly works rather for reference than for reading; and therefore the more minute they are, the better they answer the purpose for which they are designed. If, therefore, he who reads the book now thinks it too long, he who consults it ten years hence will not be disposed to censure it upon that score. I am close at work upon 1810, and have this morning dispatched your honour's speech upon the Bribery Bills.

I shall soon send you the Bell and Lancaster reviewal in a separate form, so altered and enlarged as to make it a complete view of the history and nature of the new system. You speak of the controversy exactly as I thought of it before I understood in what the new system consists. What we are obliged to Lancaster for is, for having been the means of frightening the bishops, who (except the Bishop of Durham, indeed), would never have exerted themselves if they had not been compelled to it. Of Lancaster himself, all that I have heard inclines me to think very ill; the objection against

him as a Quaker is absurd, but the argument against conducting the national schools on the no-principles, which are manifestly equivalent to dissent, is unanswerable. I cannot but think that the Church Establishment is, from many concurrent causes, in danger; and though I differ from it in some weighty and essential points, I nevertheless regard its destruction as one of the greatest evils which could befall us. It is the fashion to ridicule the alliance between Church and State: but if the one falls, the nature of the alliance will speedily be seen in the fate of the other.

You have convinced me about the matter of privilege, concerning which I differed from you at the time. Are we as wide as ever respecting Spain, or do you begin to think that Bonaparte has provoked a contest in that country, which, mighty as he is, and wretched as the councils of the Spaniards are, it is yet beyond his power to terminate? I censure the conduct of the war on our part as strongly as you can do, in keeping that army in Italy which might have saved Valencia now, and any place in Catalonia formerly, — which might, in fact, have turned the scale. We want enterprise, a little more of the navy money spent in the army; I hope General Hill's successes will teach it.

So Batavia has cost us John Leyden's life, which was worth more than ten Batavias!

Have you any tidings of George Strachey? What a heavy price does that man pay for fortune, who submits to so long a punishment for the sake of it!

The new "Quarterly" has two articles of mine, the "Inquisition," and "Montgomery's Poems:" the latter ought to have some bitter remarks upon Jeffrey, but I know not whether they have past the censor's office. I am about Sir G. Mackenzie's "Travels," and the "French Biography," which Walsh reviewed for the "Edinburgh." God bless you.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 9. 1812.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Last night I received "Count Julian,"—a work *sui generis*. No drama to which it can be compared has ever yet been written, and none ever will be, except it be by the same hand. You are the only poet whom it seems to me impossible to imitate. The structure and language of Milton, and the phraseology of Shakespere, though attempted by men immeasurably inferior, may yet be so resembled as infallibly to remind us of the prototype; but in "Gebir," and still more in this tragedy, you can no more separate the manner from the matter, than you can colour from the rainbow. The form seems incapable of subsisting without the spirit.

Some of the finest passages were new to me. After that exquisite picture of the Spaniards (p. 4.), there come two lines which I have not yet comprehended—

"And scatter to the broad bleak blasts of day
The ruins and the phantoms that replied!" *

Julian's speech, "All men with human feelings," &c., is above all praise. So, too, is that burst, "Mountains and seas! ye are not separation." In that scene, which is full of beauty throughout, I feel now of what importance it is for a poet to have seen his own scenery. But I must not go through the volume in this way . . . I will only mention the description of Julian by Hernando, and the image of the Eagle, which is to my feeling in the highest degree of sublimity. The concluding scenes are greatly improved.

* I had written between these lines,—
"Spectres of bliss and avenues of hope."
W. S. LANDOR, MS. note.

What will be the reception of this drama? I could tell you if the Athenians were to decide. Being what we are, and living in an age when public criticism is upon works of fine literature at the very point of *pessimism*, I can only guess that it will pass silently: that a few persons will admire it with all their heart, and all their soul, and all their strength; but that envy and her companions in the Litany will not hear enough of it to induce them to blow their trumpets and abuse it into notoriety.

Except the last books of the "Fairy Queen," I never regretted anything so much as the play which you destroyed, and for them I never grieved so much, because the evil was too long past to be a vexation as well as a loss.

I sent you a book of "Pelayo" some ten days ago. It is well that my conception of all the historical personages of the poem is so entirely unlike yours, or I should inevitably be deterred from proceeding. This last book, though a necessary scene, is a heavy one, and ought, perhaps, to be compressed — the next will be busier.

Your tenant, C. B., is of an excellent stock. I have a great respect for one of his sisters,—for her genius and her goodness,— both of which are soon discoverable through a most unprepossessing exterior, and a nervousness of manner which gives at first an appearance of silliness. She happened to say, in writing to me, that her brother wanted a farm, as little expecting that I should direct him where to find one, as I was of such an inquiry from her. He has probably to learn farming, and in this respect is not so desirable a tenant as Mr. H. would have been; in others, he is more so.

Our army is acquiring a spirit of enterprise at last, which if it be but cherished by the Government, and rewarded by the nation, will prepare the way for a more

splendid career of triumph than that of Marlborough. Keep up the heart of England, and let the Spaniards submit to have their armies trained by English officers, and Bonaparte's lease will not last seven years longer. I verily believe that if the new Regency consent to this, which it has been absolute infatuation to refuse so long, we shall live to see a peace dictated under the walls of Paris. Blake was the greatest obstacle to this. He seems to have been a man upon whom advice was thrown away*; and his capitulation, which never could have been considered honourable, becomes more especially disgraceful when we remember what Palafox and Alvarez have done, and what, all at the same time, was doing at Tarifa. Zayas is a great loss to Spain; he was one of their best regular bred soldiers. It is a good thing that the D. del Infantado has been in England and acquired a personal knowledge of the views and dispositions of this Government. After all, is it not humiliating to remember that two centuries ago Spain should produce half a dozen men resolute enough in a mistaken cause, to sacrifice their own lives in an attempt upon the Prince of Orange, and that she has not now found one to aim a dagger at the heart of Bonaparte! Remember us to Mrs. L. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Feb. 28, 1812.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

It will not be long before I hope to send you my "Origin, &c., of the New System of Education," which I think will convince you that Lancaster is a

* See Southey's Hist. of the Peninsular War, vol. iii. 359—361.

vulgar-minded plagiarist, and a liar of the foulest kind. The good which he has done is very great, but it is pretty much in the way that the devil has been the cause of Redemption. His cause was taken up by the insidious enemies of the Church; the beauty of the principle which he had stolen was so manifest, and its power so great, in spite of all that he has done to adulterate and disguise it, that it enables them to attach a very general interest to the subject; and the manner in which this was made an engine against the Church has at last frightened the clergy into doing their duty, which I verily believe no other means would have effected. The Bishop of Durham is a noble exception to the abominable indifference which they displayed for more than ten years. As for Dr. Bell, he has been, and is, as much an enthusiast in this pursuit, as Clarkson has been respecting the slave trade, and is to me, who know both the men, not less an object of respect and reverence. Herbert Marsh's sermon very ably and clearly shows in what manner the new system upon the Lancastrian scheme must needs operate to undermine the Church Establishment. It is, in reality, a self-evident absurdity to affirm that it is not the duty of the State to see that national education be conducted upon the principle of the national religion. Do not misunderstand me; my meaning is, that in parochial schools, which I want to see established at the public expense over all England, the Church Catechism ought to be taught, and no substitute for it; because this is known and approved, and what may be substituted we know not, and we do know that *nothing* can be devised more conformable to the doctrines of the Church of England.*

* Pity it is that those who malign the Church to which they belong, whilst they eat her bread and trample upon their Ordination vows, had not honesty enough to give up at once, and retire

This would exclude none of the orthodox dissenters, except the Baptists; and those whom it would exclude may have schools of their own. The dissenters who are not orthodox (Quakers, Arians, and Socinians) have no poor to stand in need of gratuitous education. Neither have the Baptists many. But if for these few it be thought right and liberal to abstain from making any portion of the established creed a part of primary education, it must of necessity be much more so to exclude Christianity altogether. It then makes room for the Jews, who have many poor. To say that religious instruction may be left to the parents is absurd; the poor have not the leisure for this, even if they had the requisite knowledge and ability. Neither ought it to be left to the clergyman: he has duties enough without it. But if it be made a part of education, it is impossible not to draw the line of exclusion somewhere.

I wish Herbert Marsh had let the Bible Society alone. He is right in his feeling; but the way to have done what he proposes should have been to have set on foot a Prayer Book Society also. Clarke's reply to him is below contempt; but even the scurrility of such an opponent as this will not prevent the controversy from doing mischief. God bless you.

R. S.

into honest and upright dissent, which, at least, commands respect. But, says a *nominal* clergyman of the Church of England, —

"I. The Catechism of the Church of England is *obsolete*.

"II. The Prayer Book is not an *authentic* or *trustworthy* expositor of the doctrines contained in the Bible."

Such is the result of laying on hands hastily on an unfit person, and of putting one not educated for the position, into one of the priest's offices to eat a piece of bread!

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, March 18. 1812.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

There is not a man in England whose opinion upon any matter of business is worth less than mine; but I think I can see a difficulty in transferring the "Remains" from Vernon's house wholly to Longman's which is not to be overcome; and that is, that the two houses being partners in this concern, the one will not choose to do anything detrimental to the other. Your interest or inclination is nothing to them: they will consider nothing but themselves; and it will be more Longman's interest to remain with a fourth share of the profits and the goodwill of Vernon's house, than to take a third, and, by so doing, offend them.

I did not tell you in my last that I hope to produce a few lines, in the form of an inscription, for a tablet in Wilford churchyard, because in cases of this kind the deed does not always follow the will; and if I could have succeeded I should have sent you the poem, if I had failed the disappointment would have been confined to myself. This is the only reply which I can make to you on my own part. I can engage to produce a great poem which shall be the work of years, and is to be drawn from accumulate stores — the work of long meditation and labour; but for those smaller pieces, which, if they come, must come unsought, I never can bind myself. From Coleridge I could, without difficulty, procure you a promise, but am very certain that such a promise would end in nothing. His good nature would render it impossible for him to refuse, and his habits would render it still more impossible for him to perform what he had thus incautiously pledged himself to do. I would not have the book assume the appearance of a

formal collection of verses; there must be, as in all these "Illustrations," some short descriptive accounts of the places represented in the prints, and such poems as you may obtain had better appear interspersed in their respective places.

I congratulate you on your good resolutions, and shall be truly glad to congratulate you when they are carried into effect. A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are far greater on the woman's side; women have so little the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinion of their sex. Now if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should reply that it was only another mode of saying there were more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife.

I would answer Josiah Condor's note if I were more at leisure, and thank him for it. Tell him I believe the "Edinburgh Annual Register" will be obliged to him for any pieces, and that I will gladly transmit them for him. Tell him also that I have unfortunately mislaid those lines of Montgomery's which he gave me for that purpose. This has given me a good deal of trouble in hunting for them, and still more vexation; and I shall be very much obliged to him if he will have the goodness to favour me with another copy. I have searched so thoroughly for them, that I despair of ever finding them till they shall turn up unexpectedly.

Remember me to James. I suppose you will receive my little book upon the "Madras System" in the course of the week. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Thursday, April 2. 1812.

MY DEAR HARRY,

I have a letter from *mi buen amigo*, D. Manuel Abella, who wants to send his son, a boy of fourteen, to England for education. The lad has been in this country, and speaks good English well; but I believe his classical education has been greatly neglected. Abella, though Under Secretary of State, is, as you may suppose, not very well paid at this time, and cannot support an expense of more than forty or fifty guineas per annum. Now, will you, with as little delay as possible, learn for me what the terms are at your great Babylonish nursery, whose name I do not remember. I should think this a likely place to suit him, and I wish it may, because it will put the lad within my reach, and I shall be glad to show him some kindnesses for his father's sake.

Young Abella is destined for the political line; the first object, of course, is to make him a sound classic; and any direct professional studies may well be left till he is seventeen or eighteen. You can learn for me whether he is likely to be made a good scholar at this new Douay,—what the terms are,—when the vacations,—and what the additional charge if they be spent at the college. If the boy should prove what I wish,

and what his father represents him, he should spend his holidays with me.

D. Manuel Abella is a Zaragozan, a man of letters, and well versed in the history and antiquities of his country. Before the Revolution he was one of the persons appointed to prepare the edition of the "Partidas," a work of equal labour and importance; and afterwards was consulted concerning the manner of holding the Cortès. He is continually sending me documents, written as well as printed, for the history of the war in Spain, and I should be very much pleased if it were in my power to settle his son to his satisfaction. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, April 12. 1812.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I lose no time in replying to your letter, though the point upon which you consult me is one upon which your own opinion is sufficient. In matters of business nothing is so desirable as to deal with persons of whom we think well. I, myself, have full confidence in Longmans' house, as is, indeed, apparent by my long connection with them.

We were, indeed, improvident in ever adding to the "Remains," but it was a very excusable error, arising from a desire to make the work as complete as possible. However, something no doubt may yet be gleaned, and this letter of which you speak is an earnest one. There is no danger of incurring the charge of book-making; "Illustrations" being the title, the purchaser knows

that he is buying embellishments for the "Remains," and the additional pieces which he may find there are so much clear gain. It would be needless to send me the "Illustrations of Scott," of which you speak. I have seen some, and perhaps the one which you may mean, and I know the nature of such publications. Nothing need be done to the new edition. The fortune of the book is made, and I am not surprised at the price for which the share sold. No doubt the value will rise, and become equal to any of our standard books.

I have no time to reply to the other parts of your letter, save only to congratulate you on James's progress. I never doubted that he would do well, if he only hoped *enough*, and did not work too *much*. Two hours a day to mathematics is as much as he ever ought to give it. My advice to a young collegian would always be, "Do not be too ambitious of University honours;" they are like provincial tokens, which pass current only upon the spot, and have only a temporary value there. Even there a man makes his way by the weight of his general character for conduct, ability, and acquirements. But this would lead me further than I have leisure to follow it.

I am disappointed at your change of resolution. But it depends wholly upon circumstances, and no doubt will change again as they brighten upon you.

God bless you,

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

P.S. Thank Josiah Condor for me. Will he not send some communication of his own as he gave me reason to hope?

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, April 16. 1812.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Heaven forbid that you should draw upon yourself the vexations of a printing establishment, which would involve you in trouble without end, and for no adequate purpose,—scarcely, indeed, for any purpose! It will be perfectly easy for you to tell the public all which you wish to tell them, with perfect security for yourself, your printer, and publisher, provided only that you bear in mind what the laws of libel are. With regard to individuals, they give sufficient scope: all may be said of them that ought to be said. With regard to the State, anything may be said, which does not bear evident intention of a wish to overthrow it. Above all that you have to beware of is, that the vehemence of your manner do not belie your intentions.

There is no difference in the end at which you and I are aiming, but a good deal in the means. Earl Wellington is in his place. He is what nature meant him to be—a soldier, likely to do greater things than Marlborough. If he be not prevented by a cowardly faction in this country, he will beat down the power of France, and England and Spain will give the law to Europe. But as for establishing him on the throne of Portugal, Heaven forefend! not that the thing should be done, which is impossible, but that you should wish it to be done. In the first place, the Portuguese would not submit to a heretic, and in the second, there are better things in store for Portugal. By one of two possible events, Portugal has at this time the prospect of being united with Spain by the death of Ferdinand and his brother, or their contracting any alliance with France (both sufficiently probable), in which case the

succession devolves upon the Princess of Brazil; or if the tide of opinion should take a Republican direction, and the whole Peninsula form itself into a great federal commonwealth,—the form of polity which seems to be the best attainable in our present state. This is far less likely than the former means: either of them would effect the union of, without any sacrifice of pride or privilege on the part of, the weaker state.

For the mother country I feel nothing but hope, and for the colonies I see nothing but a series of evils. My notions of colonial policy may be summarily stated. It is as necessary for a flourishing country to send out colonies, as it is for a hive to send out swarms; but the modern Government has ever proceeded wisely in the business. With the Cape and New Holland, for instance, I would proceed thus: "Govern yourselves, and we will protect you as long as you need protection; when that is no longer necessary, remember that though we be different countries, each independent, we are one people. Every Briton who sets foot among you shall instantly be entitled to all the privileges of a nation: every person born among you becomes as an Englishman when he lands in Great Britain. Every country in which English is the mother-tongue shall be open to every member of the great English race." In fifty years America would petition to be received back into the family.

You rate the American Spaniards too highly. I have just gone through Humboldt's "Mexico," and I had before perused the "Mercurio Peruano." They have all the superstitions, all the immorality of the European Spaniards, and some vices of their own to boot, which necessarily arises wherever there is a distinction of castes. In the most flourishing of the Spanish colonies there are three high parties—the Europeans and Creoles, who hate each other; the Indians, who hate

both, and outnumber both. In Buenos Ayres, the Europeans and the Indians are both weak to what they are in all the other kingdoms, and yet we see what barbarous bloodshed has taken place. Peru may be unbarbarized — made worse than it was under the Incas by the victory of the Indians; Mexico may become the theatre of long and obstinate wars; Miranda may introduce the French into Venezuela; — each of these things is but too likely to take place. My language to the colonies would be: "Ask little from the mother country at such a season as this;" to the mother country, "Grant everything to the colonies." In fact, a reform at home insures a reform abroad, and it is as cruel as it is unjust in the Americans, to visit upon regenerate Spain the sins committed by the old Adam of her Government.

Did you ever see Cotton Mathew's "History of New England?" one of the oddest books I ever perused, but deeply interesting. A history of a country given in the succession of *preachers*, instead of princes. It was, indeed, a genuine Priest-archy — a word which, for the very uncouthness of its mongrel shape, fits the subject the better. Half the Anglo-Americans went over red-hot from the conventicle, the other half flagrant from Bridewell — the *tertium quid*, was the roguery of the one side, superinduced upon the hard vulgarity of the other.

Once more, do not involve yourself with a press. Its cold lead is more perilous than cold iron. I am slow in my progress with "Pelayo," — only 200 lines since the last portion. However, I look to the end of another book ere long.

Remember us to Mrs. Landor. God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, May 3. 1812.

MY DEAR SENHORA,

Heaven knows how long it is since I have written to you; or rather it is known in Heaven if there be that angel there who, according to Sterne, serves in the capacity of book-keeper; otherwise I should presume it is likely to be known nowhere but at Teddesley, where the date of my last letter is, perhaps, in existence to rise up in judgment against me.

Your story of the "Forger's Fortress" is an admirable one. I wish I could send you anything half as amusing in return; but except riots at Carlisle, and a contest between the colliers and the pit owners, with Lord Lonsdale and Curwen at their head, with some little squabbling about the price of potatoes in our own market, all goes on smoothly in the Land of Lakes.

By the Almanac and the length of the days it is to be presumed that summer is near at hand, though there be no symptoms thereof in the fields or gardens. Mrs. Wilson, however, has heard the cuckoo this morning. Senhora, we used to look for you in the summer, and though several years have elapsed since we have ceased to expect you, we have not ceased to let out an occasional sort of semi-grumble when we think of it; for as for seeing Sir Edward here, however much I could wish it, it seems too great a risk to be advised. If Bonaparte, which God forbid, should live to Sir Edward's years, what would he not give for a nurse like you to watch over him, and keep the Devil out of possession.

You know, I suppose, that the imperial Colonel is married again. What kind of woman she may be I know not; but you may readily suppose that I do not look on with any great pleasure to her arrival at the

Island. I like the Imperial well: "Take him for all in all, We ne'er shall look upon his like again;" especially, Senhora, when you remember the cymbals! But I should not think him a likely sort of man for a woman to fall in love with, if it were only for that hand of his, the palm of which is like a rhinoceros's hide, and the touch, I should think, must be as powerful an anti-philtre as that fountain in the Forest of Arden which produced so many cross purposes between Angelica and her suitors. Now, I can very well understand how the Imperial got such a prize in the lottery as that sweet woman, whom we all knew so well, and in the same manner he might have had another prize, though it would not have been easy to have found such a one; but good wives are by no means so rare as good husbands. There are but too many interesting and amiable women who would willingly accept any man as a husband, to whom there was no other objection than that he was not the man they would have chosen. But this widow, I have heard, was in good circumstances. Has she married him for the love of show, — of making an appearance in the world, or is she *bonâ fide* smitten with that persuasive tongue, and worthy to be the imperial consort?

You need make no secret of my little book. I have no secrets of that kind. It went into the world without a name because an author, like a *prima donna*, has a sort of dignity from appearing sometimes *incog.*, when, in reality, everybody knows him. The book, as I clearly foresaw, has been a day after the fair, and it will be well if the bookseller does not find it a losing concern. However, I am very glad that there it is, for it seems to me that no person can peruse it without perceiving that it sets the question at rest. I am only ashamed of the wretched company in which it seems to place me.

God bless you. We are well, save that Piggarel grumbles a little, as you may have known her do formerly, for a reason which it would not please for me to hint at; though I think it, like the Court of Austria, a blessed circumstance. Make my respects to Sir Edward, and let me have a *shepistle* as soon as you please.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Charles Danvers, Esq., Bristol.

Keswick, May 9. 1812.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

The warm season began with us yesterday: the leaves are now showing themselves, and in the month of May, it is time for those who travel in June to think of their plan of operations. You we fully expect to see; shall we see Hort also? I have informed two visitors from London that they may come to me at any time except during the Midsummer holidays, — hoping that he may come with you. Tell him there is a bed reserved for his use, and that we shall be very glad if he will come and occupy it.

In case he should not come, I think you would like perhaps to make a march eastward, and see two or three persons who would be highly gratified by seeing you; and it so happens that there are a number of interesting objects upon the road. I would make a march with you to Durham, by way of Newcastle, passing a day with Losh. We would visit the Doctor and the Captain, whose wife you will be much pleased with, and who is desirous of seeing you, above all other persons, and then, taking a different road back through the finest part of Yorkshire, I would leave you either at Kendal

or Lancaster on your way to Liverpool. If Hort comes with you, we cannot compass this; he will have no time to spare from the lakes and mountains.

I received a very gratifying communication a few days ago — a letter from the consul at Bahia, telling me that the directors of the Public Library there had commissioned him to forward me some manuscripts relating to Brazil, in the hope that they might be found serviceable in my pursuits; — a very unexpected and remarkable instance of liberality. I know but one person at Bahia,—Harry's late brother-in-law; and as he, I believe, never looks at any other books than those in his counting-house, there is no reason to attribute this to him. Such a thought is very unlikely ever to have entered his head; and indeed if it had, in all probability he would have told me of it himself; or the consul would have mentioned his name had he been in any way concerned. The papers are at the Foreign Office. I have desired them to be sent to Rickman's, that my uncle may inspect them before they travel to Keswick; for it will be two months before I shall be at leisure to examine them.

You will find that three years have done much toward improving the garden; the shrubs are getting up, and, in full summer, shut us in sufficiently. The house has got a great coat of rough cast, and a new hat of slates, the latter of which does not much improve its appearance, but it keeps me dry from above as far as it extends. I am sorry to say that, in other respects, the damp gets worse one year than another, and I very much fear will ultimately *rot* me out of the house.

Of my goings on I have little to say but what you may already have guessed. I am still at work upon the "Register" for 1810, and should complain of the labour if I were not so much interested in the subject. Other interests I think nothing of when employed in

it, though I have a good deal dependent upon the success of the work. As long as it continues it makes my income sufficient, and enables me to rub off some old scores. This is now the third volume, and it is an uphill business to get the work into an adequate sale, because the old "Registers" have got possession, and it is difficult to supersede them, though they are literally below contempt, and as worthless as it is possible for such works to be; but many booksellers are concerned in them, and they, of course, impede our progress as much as they can. However, I think it will go on. There was an article of mine in the last "Quarterly" upon the Inquisition, containing a good deal of knowledge which probably no other person in this country possessed, collected in great part from Portuguese manuscripts. The next number will contain a reviewal of the "Iceland Travels." I am going, as soon as possible, to review "Humboldt," and also to write upon the state of the poor. The truth of what Espriella says of a manufacturing populace, and of what he saw in the last year's "Register" upon the *sinking* of Jacobinism from the middle and reasoning classes, down to the mob, is exemplified at this time in the state of the manufacturing countries. It is well for us that we have not a Pitt and Grenville Administration, or, with this system of *United Englishmen*, so undeniably existing, there would soon be an end of all liberty in England. I do not think the country in danger, but it is very certain that the tendency and object of these proceedings is to bring about a second reign of Jack Cade. The end will be to strengthen the Government by alarming all men who are not wilfully blind, and God be thanked that the Government are not likely to abuse their strength!

Here we are in want of potatoes. They tell us there are plenty about Penrith. The backwardness of the

season is unfortunate; the worst effect that I apprehend from the universal scarcity is, that it may impede Lord Wellington's movements. Nothing else, I think, can prevent him from driving the French out of Andalusia. The state of things in Sweden is very curious, but my hope is in Spain: there is the vantage ground,— there we have baffled the utmost effort which Bonaparte could make against us, and there, if we persevere, we shall give him his mortal wound.

Remember me to Rex. We are looking daily for Miss Fricker, and wondering at her long delay. Will you bring with you some citric acid; and if Martha be not set out, and you could send by her some of the dry tamarinds which are sometimes to be had in Bristol, they would prove very grateful to her sister at this time. The young ones are well, and like your choice of playfellows. How is Dr. Estlin? Remember me there, and to all who inquire for me. Coleridge is in London, about to recommence lecturing. Tell Rex he must get Landor's tragedy. "Count Julian" is the title, and his name is not affixed. "Pelayo" comes on slowly. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

P.S. My Taunton affairs end in paying for counsel's advice, which tells me I can claim nothing now, but have good ground for a Chancery suit in case of Lord Somerville's death without issue. A pleasant sort of inheritance!

To Captain Southey, R. N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, May 12. 1812.

MY DEAR TOM,

You will see me, if no unforeseen cause should frustrate the intention, about the first week in July, with Danvers. We shall make a march of it, seeing all the *seeables* on the way, to Newcastle, cross the Tyne at Shields, that I may make a pilgrimage to Jarrow in honour of the venerable Bede, and thence to Sunderland; but we will arrange all this so that you may meet us at Durham. I shall leave Danvers either at Kendal or Lancaster, on his way back to Liverpool, thus taking the caves in my homeward route. Danvers asks if there be any objection to David Gardiner's joining us in this expedition. Three upon a walk are better than two, and at Durham there are inns to sleep at; but how can we be lodged at St. Helen's? If you can answer this question favourably, save time by replying to Charles himself without delay.

My hopes were highly raised by a letter from the consul at Bahia, telling me the directors of the public library had commissioned him to send me some manuscripts. I consigned the parcel to my uncle, and they proved to be no manuscripts at all. The obligation on my part is the same, and the consul's blunder the only cause of disappointment. The contents were Anchieta's "Tupi Grammar," a book which I had despaired of ever obtaining, from its exceeding rarity, and "Valeroso Lucideno," the same work which our envoy, Mr. Stewart, contrived so ingeniously to forward me by the post; a very interesting work it is. The parcel came over with the despatches, and was announced to me from the Secretary of State's office in a letter "On His Majesty's service," which might have frightened

Sarah if she had been here. I have had another very interesting communication since my last, — a letter from the Countess of Bureta, the Zaragozan, inclosing the copy of the last intelligence which she had received from that city, and offering me, as the warm friend and historian of the Spaniards in their struggle, any services in her power. I shall endeavour to collect materials for a full and separate account of the two sieges through this channel.

I should perhaps have told you all this sooner, but my mind has been oppressed by Perceval's death, and the dreadful state of the mob which it has disclosed; you know I am no aguish politician, but I fear the happiest days of England are over. The abuse of liberty has uniformly been punished with the loss of liberty. Now the crime has been committed, and if we escape the penalty, it will be contrary to the whole experience of history. In the rejoicings at Nottingham and in Cornwall, and in the attempt to rescue Bellingham, we see the effect which Cobbett, and Hunt, and Burdett, and the Common Council, &c.. have produced upon the feelings of the English mob. The speeches of the Burdettites, and the leading paragraphs of the demagogue newspapers are printed like dying speeches, and sold in the manufacturing districts. Every pot-house also is supplied with the Sunday papers, — doses of weekly poison; one reader serves for a tap-room full of open-mouthed listeners, and the consequence is, that at this moment the army is the single plank between us and destruction. We are on the brink of the most dreadful of all imaginable evils, — a war of the poor against the rich, of brute ignorance against everything above its own degraded level. How long the army may be depended upon, is a question which the Royal Dukes and the Sloggers may tremble to ask themselves.

Herries has at this time a letter of mine in his hands, urging the necessity of winning the hearts of the soldiers, and recommending honorary distinction as one means, and, as another, that a certain number of the oldest soldiers in every company employed in storming Cuidad Rodrigo and Badajoz should have their discharge upon full pay, or an increase if they choose to continue in the service. I learn that my letter made an impression upon poor Perceval's secretary, to whom it was shown, and Herries has taken it in the hope that it may do its work in higher quarters. But this is a distant good; alteratives are poor things to trust to in diseases which require the knife and the cautery.

This I feel assured of, that unless the licentiousness of the press is stopped there will soon be an end of its liberty. Were I in the House of Commons I would clear the gallery whenever Burdett rose; if his speeches were published I would punish the publication as a breach of privilege, and if he spoke elsewhere I would teach him that this privilege of exciting rebellion was confined to the walls of St. Stephens. It is absurd to talk of his virtues or of his motives now. By the fruit we must judge of the tree; and the mob who attempted to rescue an assassin, when all that was known at that moment was that he had committed a most atrocious assassination, cried "Burdett for ever!" As for Bellingham, I do not class him with those wretches who applauded him: the man had that in him which would have been greatness if he had not been insane. It was an insanity, however, which ought not to have exempted him from punishment.

In the manufacturing districts there is clearly a system as well laid as that of the United Irish, and carried on more dangerously, because it is carried on by Englishmen. Ryder is in infirm health, a nervous man, and very unfit for his office in such times. I am told

that the shock of Perceval's death will be fatal to him; —poor Perceval breathed his last upon the green table in Rickman's House of Commons room!

But to return to the Luddites. The danger is of the most imminent kind. I would hang about a score in a county, and send off ship loads to Botany Bay; and if there were no other means of checking the treasonable practices which are carried on in the Sunday newspapers, I would suspend the Habeas Corpus. Shut up these bellows-blowers, and the fire may, perhaps, go out.

Here another danger stares us in the face. Perceval might have been trusted with that dictatorial power which is necessary to save the commonwealth; he held his power as much by his virtues as his ability. Alas! he has left no successor. Lord Liverpool wants his reputation; Lord Sidmouth and Vansittart (all good men) want his talents. * * * is a vicious man, and a tyrant at heart. My fears are, that let what will happen, the liberties of England are in greater peril than they have ever been before; and that the alternative is, whether we shall have a despotism before a civil war, or after it. The proudest days of England are to come, but her happiest days, in my inmost heart I fear, are over. Even if this thunder-storm should pass away, with an atmosphere charged like that of Padalon itself, I do not see how it can pass without an explosion. Still I see great good in store. We shall have a glorious and triumphant war. But * * * will not hesitate at national bankruptcy, and Catholic concession will draw on the sale of tithes; that is, in other words, the plunder of Church property, to relieve the necessities of the State. A revolution in the religion of a country produces more evil than a century is sufficient to allay. The sale of the tithes leads immediately to putting up the Establishment for the lowest bidder,—a measure of course, when it is to be

paid by the Government. The Methodists then come in, and the reign of the saints led to the reign of the sinners, in days when there was more virtue and more wisdom in England than can be found among us now. What is the end of all this? The best I can hope for myself is, that Portugal may be a freer country when I shall find it necessary to shake off the dust of my own.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, May 30. 1812.

DUTENS is dead. The first intelligence of this was sent me by Wynn, who had already desired Croker to apply to the Lord Chamberlain, in whose gift the office is. Wynn's report is, that Croker's application had been favourably received; but that Lord Hertford is so mean and so greedy, that it would not surprise him if he gave the office either to one of his own family or to the newspaper-writer who announced Lady Hertford in the corner, as the guardian angel of Britain, guiding and directing the Regent.

M. Dutens could never have made his exit at a more unlucky time. I was sure of Mr. Perceval's goodwill, and had the best and readiest access to him. Canning has repeatedly sent me the fairest professions, but he has something else to think of at this moment, supposing those professions to be as sincere as they were gratuitous. I have written to him; but forwarded the letter to Gifford, leaving it at his discretion to deliver it or throw it into the fire, according as he may think a letter at such a time may operate. I have written to

Lord Lonsdale, and depend upon his influence, if it can be of any use; and I have also written to Sir George Beaumont, who may very likely be acquainted with Lord Hertford, and who, I am sure, would spare no trouble to serve me. The letters all went off last night. Here the business rests at present, and whether I shall be appointed to that good ship, the Historiographer, or not, Heaven knows! The salary is a nominal 400*l.*; that is, 280*l.*, after all deductions. And now, having told you all this, the less I think of the matter from this time forth, the better.

The murder of Mr. Perceval is likely to lead to more evil than any other single event could possibly have done. There is now every reason to think the Catholic question will be carried. Its effect in Ireland I take to be this — that the Catholics would rise in rebellion against the Protestants, if the Emancipation (as it is called) were withheld; and that, if it is granted, the Protestants will soon be driven, in self-preservation, to take arms against the Catholics: for a man must be completely ignorant of the spirit of the Romish Church, and of its history also, if he supposes that it will be content with anything short of supremacy, and of exclusive supremacy. As for the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, it is so truly an *Irish* Protestant Establishment, that I could be very well content to see *Requiescat* written upon its monument. But our own would not long survive it.

If Ireland were only to send a dozen or a score of Catholics to Parliament, even their votes might turn the scale upon great questions; hence, they will have great weight with any Minister. But the next Duke of Norfolk will return Catholics for all his boroughs, and you and I know that if it be supposed possible to bring about the downfall of the heretical Church, by increasing the number of Catholic votes in Parliament,

money will never be wanting to purchase as many seats as come fairly into the market. With these the dissenting members will all co-operate, the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Scotch dabblers in philosophy. A needy Minister (especially such a man as * * *) will see an immediate reserve in the tithes, which were looked at by Pitt with a greedy eye. They will be sold like the land-tax*, the money funded, and the clergy made directly stipendiary of the Crown, and dependent upon the Crown for any addition to their stipends, when the shifting value of money may render it absolutely necessary. The country gentlemen would joyfully support such a measure, and there can be no doubt that it would at this time be as popular as it would be unjust and pernicious in its consequences.

One immediate consequence would be, that the new Establishment would be put up to sale, as it were, to the lowest bidders; and in another generation, the Methodists would obtain complete possession.

I am perfectly convinced that this country owes more of its peculiar advantages to its Church than to its Government, and when the one falls the other will not long survive it. The whole prospect is at this time a most gloomy one. We may possibly escape the worst of all horrors by which we are immediately threatened — a war of the poor against the rich; but the prevention requires and renders necessary far greater powers in the hand of Government than I should willingly see trusted to * * *. The abuse of liberty has always been punished with the loss of liberty. God grant that we may not find it so in our own case. For my own part, I believe that the proudest days of England are to come, but that her best and happiest days are over; that we shall beat down France in the field,

* See Macaulay's History of England, vol. iv. 316.

become a mighty military power, and lose our civil and religious freedom.

R.S.

P.S. Let Turner have Anchieta's "Grammar," when you have an opportunity.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, June 9. 1812.

MY DEAR SENHORA,

The first frank is carefully deposited in my desk till you come for it. I am sincerely glad of the young knight's election, and had I been a Staffordshire freeholder would have given him a vote, in spite of his youth, — an objection, weighty as it is, of less amount than the political principles of his opponent.

Sir Edward's will seems to have been, in all its provisions, perfectly conformable to his life, — that is, all that it ought to have been.

My wicked summer cold has taken up its quarters with me, and will, no doubt, torment me for many weeks. It brings with it much discomfort, but, thank God, does not disable me, and is less accompanied by any general indisposition than one would suppose possible from so violent a local affection. Last year I escaped it by setting out on a long journey just as it was beginning.

I have my eye upon that ugly house opposite, which, ugly as it is without, would become a pleasant object if it can ever be got for you. Lord Sunderlin (a brother of Malone) has it for three years, one of which is expired. He took it for the sole purpose of resting

a few weeks every year on his way from Ireland: but he is a very old man, and may very likely drop his lease —or drop himself. He left it in August last year, and lent it to the Bishop of Meath: very likely he may be disposed to let it this autumn. It would suit you well; it has land belonging to it, which may probably be had, and the communication by land would be easy, and better still by lake.

Do not send off anything but what is wanted for your own use, for this house, though rather of larger dimensions than a nutshell, is almost as full as one. Martha is coming next week, and Danvers; and, what is worse, the boys' holidays begin. I shall march off with Danvers early in July for Durham; the holidays luckily have an end as well as a beginning. Hartley is grown a great fellow, all beard and eyes, — as odd and as extraordinary as ever he was, with very good disposition, but with ways and tendencies which will neither be to his own happiness nor to the comfort of anybody connected with him. Derwent, contrary to all former appearances, is much weaker in body; he is very tractable, and may be made anything; whereas Hartley is of such unmalleable materials that what he may make of himself God knows, but I suspect nobody will be able to mould or manage him. You will be much pleased with Herbert.* He may best be characterised by calling him a sweet boy. You can hardly conceive anything more gentle and more loving. He has just learnt his Greek alphabet, and is so desirous of learning, so attentive and so quick of apprehension, that if it please God he should live, there is little doubt but that something will come out of him.

* "Herbert! — That sweetest and most perfect of all children on this earth, who died in my arms at nine years of age, whose death I announced to his father and mother in their bed, where I

I have long had many day-dreams of what was to be done when you came to reside among us. One has been of a poem or series of poems about this country, for which you were to make drawings, so as to make a splendid book.

If you get off as soon as you expect, we may look for you early next week. I had nearly forgotten what you say about the Island; it does not seem to me the kind of thing that could be asked. God bless you. Come speedily and cure me of my cold, for you know you have undertaken to cure everybody. I must go to work upon this endless "Register," hoping and trusting to finish the third volume this week; after which the first letter from Edinburgh will be to press me to lose as little time as possible in beginning the fourth. There is the difference between my labour and that of a miller's horse,—that he goes round and round, and that I go straight forward; but both of us are likely to be kept working as long as our strength lasts. Well! and if the horse likes it as well as I do, he has no reason to complain.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

had prayed and persuaded them to go. When Southey *could speak*, his first words were, — '*The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord!*' Never can I forget that MOMENT.

"Present ever—ever! until I rejoin that heavenly child, and his heavenly Father,

"MARY SLADE, *neé* BARKER."

To Captain Southey, R.N.

Keswick, June 17. 1812.

HUZZA! Givez vous me joy, my Lord Thomas Sir Admiral. Huzza! I have finished my third volume. Huzza! hay-go, jumpetum-down-derry-down, radderer-to, tadderer-tee, radderer-tadderer-tandoree! Huzza! Aballeboozobanganorribo! By the Lord I have a right to talk nonsense after getting through such a job! Huzza! Aballeboozo! Shake hands with the letter, though you cannot shake hands with me, and give me joy, for I am come to the "End," the "Finis" of my third year's "Register;" yea. verily, this very evening have I *Amen'd* the volume. And never was I more glad after a long sermon on a cold day to come to those dear words—"Now to God the Father," and "The Peace of God;"—words which were for so many years the sweetest to me in the whole Church service, and which I shall love as long as I live. Sarah! don't look grave! 'Tis not a very sinful confession; and in my conscience I believe that you must very often have had a sneaking kindness for the words yourself. Well, *Esta feita!* to-morrow with fresh spirits to something new, and thus the world goes with me. You may have seen by the newspapers that the old Frenchman is dead, and that he might as well have lived till Doomsday, for any good that has fallen to me by his departure. I had plenty of friends upon the occasion, and plenty of applications were made; but the appointment lay with the chamberlain, and the Prince chose to recommend one of his chaplains; so that good ship the Historiographer, is given to Stanier Clarke, a painstaking man, and so far fit for it, but a most extraordinary blockhead, and so far unfit. My comfort is that it is only worth half as much as I was led to expect. Lord Lonsdale

applied for me, so did Croker, without my knowledge, and in the most handsome manner he wrote to Lord Liverpool, to Ryder, and to the chamberlain; Scott wrote to Lord Melville. See what a nibble I had, though Stanier Clarke caught the fish. The office will do him more good than he will do the office. Much good may it do him! He is the better for it, and I nothing the worse. I had almost forgotten to say that it produced me a very friendly letter from Canning. Had it been in the power of Ministers I should have had it; but it seems the Prince can choose an historian for himself, and if he never does more ill by choosing amiss, it will be well for him and for old England.

To-morrow I go, tooth and nail, to the "Quarterly," for the purpose, if possible, of making our men in power see the imminent danger in which our throats are at this moment from the Luddites,— the genuine offspring of the dragon's teeth, which Burdett and the Opposition have so long been sowing. Call this a fortnight's work. I know not when Danvers comes; whether with Martha from Liverpool on Saturday next, or a fortnight after her.

Friday.—Most likely Danvers will not be here till he has passed a fortnight at Liverpool, where he was to arrive last Wednesday. Here he will probably stay a week or ten days, and we shall be something less than a week reaching you. One day to Carlisle, one to Gilsland, one to Newcastle; we shall dine with Losh the next day, if we find him, and perhaps walk on to sleep at Shields, see Tynemouth, cross the Tyne, see Jarrow, and get to Sunderland the fifth day. Perhaps you will meet us at Durham. Of course I shall apprise you of our movements as soon as they are fixed. I hope to leave my cold somewhere upon the road. It is at this time about a month old!

"Nelson" will now soon go to press. I send off a third

part next week, and will make an arrangement for franking the proofs to you.

How comes on the "Argentina?" I must set you to work upon something more to your taste — a volume of Letters upon the West Indies. You must put together all your recollections and memoranda, I will put together my gleanings and thinkings, and so we will make a joint concern.

Love to Sarah, and a kiss to my niece. Kate is arrived at months of discretion enough to enjoy the story of what she calls "Naughty Green,"— being the memorable history of that Johnny Green who threw poor Pussey Cat into the well. It is a great pleasure to me to think that Tommy Stout, who saved the cat upon that occasion, proved a pious and good man, as was to be expected from such an act; for that he was so, I conclude from the nature of the present which he made to Sarah. I never sing the song without thinking of that present (sometimes, indeed, mentioning it in the song); but Sarah, when she looks at the present must not always think of "Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bom bell."

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. I suppose I shall reach Durham in the second week of July.

To Mrs. Southey.

St. Helens, Auckland, July 18. 1812.

My dear Edith,

We had a delightful walk, after leaving Keswick, as far as Lyulph's Tower, were we parted with S. Reid,

and then went on to Pooley Bridge, had a comfortable cup of tea, and reached Penrith about eight o'clock. Called on A. Harrison and found he was at Carlisle, but that we were expected to supper; excused ourselves on the necessity of eating at the inn; supped there upon trout and roast fowl, drank some most admirable cyder, and a new manufactory of a nectar, between soda-water and ginger-beer, and called pop, because "pop goes the cork" when it is drawn, and pop you would go off too, if you drank too much of it. Wednesday we left Penrith at five o'clock, bound for the house of Mr. Salkeld, of Naubeck, near Kirkland, from whence we were to receive directions for our march over Crossfell, and trusting to find a place to breakfast at upon the way. The road was now new to us. Past this a newly inclosed country covered with fine corn. In Penrith parish there are, this year, 400 acres of wheat more than were ever sown there before. Four miles to Eden Hall, the seat of the Musgraves; a fine old mansion, deserted by the family, but inhabited by servants. Crossed the Eden, about three quarters of a mile farther, by a fine bridge,—a beautiful stream flowing under a wooded bank by a fine meadow on the other side. Langwathby the next village. Then crossing a great common we came to Skerwith, a village pleasantly bowered in trees, seven miles from Penrith. Here, we learnt, was the only public-house which we should find, and a miserable one it was, when all we could get was a basin of milk and a piece of dry bread, served us by a girl, whose hands went out of the washing-tub into the milk-vessel. This breakfast cost us threepence a piece. About nine we reached Mr. Salkeld's, at the foot of Crossfell; he proved to be a brother of Colonel Salkeld, and a very good natured man, but living quiet, as his fathers had done before him. Though only nine o'clock, nothing was said of

breakfast; we had beer set before us, hung beef, and an uneatable cold gooseberry pie. The beef and beer, however, stood us in good stead, as you will presently perceive.

"How far to Middleton Tees-dale, over the fells?" "About ten miles," he said; "and he would go with us to the top of the mountain, which was three miles." Accordingly he guided us up a very easy ascent, to the highest point of Crossfell, where a heap of stones, with a plank placed upright at the top of them, had been raised by Colonel ——, when he took the height of the mountain, which, it seems, is now ascertained to be inferior to Skiddaw, as, indeed, it evidently appears to be. About two years ago a remarkable accident occured here. Three men from Alstons Moor were crossing the mountain, and were on the descent, walking over a mass of frozen snow; when, as they were near the edge of the snow, it slid from beneath them, the under part being dissolved. Two of the men attempted to run, but were of course overtaken by the current of waters and half dissolved snow. The third, as he afterwards said, thought it better to face the enemy; he turned round when he felt his feet failing him, sprang up, and threw himself with his face on the crust of snow, and fixed his hands into it. In this manner he was floated down about two hundred yards with tremendous rapidity, faster, he said, than ever mail-coach went; but he reached the bottom with no other injury than a few scratches from the masses of hard snow, and found his way to Mr. Salkeld's, which was the nearest house. Salkeld, immediately mustering all the men about his house, set out with his sheep-dog in quest of the other two. The dog, who had been accustomed to scratch for sheep under the snow, soon found their bodies; they had been drowned and crushed at once; thus their death must have been instantaneous, and they were

dashed against the stones as the incumbent torrent swept them away.

A very little below the summit is the head of the Tyne. You hear water flowing under the stones beneath you for several yards before you reach the place where it is visible. The spring which appears is but a small stream: Kate could step over it — the water intensely cold. Close beside are the remains of some stone tables, where the Duke of Norfolk and a party of Cumberland gentlemen used annually to dine. The meeting was at length given up, because they used to get drunk and break their bones in riding down the mountain. No person was so glad of its discontinuance as Salkeld's father, who used to have to nurse the drunkards in his house while they were under the surgeon's hands. At one of the last meetings a quarrel arose between two of the party, one of whom, on his escape, ordered the fiddler to play "Over the water to Charley," and a battle took place upon the Jacobite provocation, some forty years after Jacobitism was at an end everywhere else.

Within a mile of the Tyne head, and on the same summit, is the head of the Tees, so small a spring that just below its rise I spanned it. Mr. Salkeld told us to follow this, and it would bring us to the Weel, the Cauldron Snout, and the High Tor.

We had from seven to ten miles, he said, to Middleton, and the day was before us, for it was not twelve when he left us. From thence till eight at night we were on our feet; and except one mine, at which we inquired, and a party of three miners, afterwards saw nothing which bore any marks of humanity or cultivation till seven in the evening, when we came to the first house, about three miles below Cauldron Snout. Luckily, about a mile and a half farther, we came to a public-house at Moor Bridge, near the falls, where we

got one bed, heartily glad to get this, after the most fatiguing day's work (except one day's water-work at Cambridge) that I ever went through. We were fifteen hours on foot with only half an hour's rest,—*a most bad* breakfast, and no dinner.

Next morning saw the Tor and Wynch Bridge, which I have no time to speak of, farther than to say that they well repaid us for our march. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, July 29. 1812.

My dear Neville,

I returned home on Saturday after an absence of twelve days, and a round of 300 miles, more than two of which were performed on foot,—a seasonable change of air and occupation to freshen me up for resuming my wonted employments, which, it seems, must commence again with shorter intermission than I had proposed. Letters were awaiting me to urge the necessity of expediting the "Register," so that the volumes for the future may be published in March instead of July, which is said to be essential to the interest, and almost necessary to the continuance of the work. This will interfere no farther with my plans than that my journey to London must be postponed till the next volume is done; that is, till March. In March, then, I must hope to see you, and to make some arrangements for seeing your excellent mother and one of your sisters here, at the ensuing summer holidays, if we are all living and well-doing at that time.

I had a letter from James a little while before my departure: just such a one in matter and manner, as

his best friends would wish to receive from him. I was particularly pleased with what he said respecting the controversy which Dr. Marsh has raised; for James, with a proper mixture of feeling and judgment, perceives at the same time the strength of the Professor's argument, and the unfitness of exciting any controversy upon such a subject; when, however right in his main view, upon the first broad statement of the case he must necessarily appear wrong, and that in the most obnoxious way. I do not doubt that James will prove a highly valuable member of the profession which he has chosen.

In a few days, as soon as I have cleared off the arrears of letters which have accumulated upon my hands, I will transcribe the pieces from Henry's manuscript volume.

During my journey I saw many of the finest things in the north of England,—the falls of the Tees, Mr. Moritt's grounds at Rokeby, Richmond, in Yorkshire, one of the most striking towns which I have ever seen —Wensley Dale, the Yorkshire Caves, and Gordall Scar,—a most impressive and extraordinary place. A mountain stream, forcing its way through the rocks, appears issuing from under an arch of stones, and falls from a height down a cleft in brown and naked rocks, that hang over you, like the cliff under which Evangelist met Christian when he had been persuaded to leave the right way. The rocks resemble the scoria of some furnace more than anything else, both in colour and texture, being full of cavities." Whenever you can find time to come and see me by my own fireside, you should allot a day to this place and the caves, which may easily be seen in that time. The Leeds coach passes through Settle on its way to Kendal every Friday and Saturday. It reaches Settle at three in the afternoon, and in summer, with a guide and a pony, you may see the

Scar that evening. To Ingleton from Settle is ten miles; get there to breakfast. The caves form a round of twelve miles, and at five the coach which you left on the preceding day will take you up and convey you on to Kendal.

My hopes are not very sanguine respecting the war in the North; in Alexander we may calculate upon any degree of folly and of madness, and in his counsellors upon any baseness. Yet if he would continue to act as he seems to have begun, Bonaparte would rue the day in which he ever invaded Russia. Let what will happen I trust some good will accrue to Poland; and, unless things are most miserably mismanaged, a great deal will be done toward the deliverance of Spain, — the point upon which my hopes have always rested. Of the political resurrection of that country I have never doubted. Would that it were possible for me to look on with equal hope to its moral regeneration, and a reformation of its abominable religion; but how this is to begin I cannot see. Even if a reformation were to begin in the very head of the Church, — in Rome itself,—which it might easily be supposed to do, whenever Bonaparte makes his uncle Pope, its immediate effect would be to produce a schism in Spain, when the old Catholic Church would anathematise the new heresy.

Dr. Bell's system is likely to be introduced at Westminster and the Charter-House, as far as it is applicable; that is, in its two fundamental laws of teaching everything thoroughly, and making every boy find his own level. This will have the effect of abridging the term of classical education at least one half, for all of quick capacities; and of making those learn well, who now learn imperfectly, and come away almost as ignorant as they went.

Edith desires to be remembered to you. Believe me, my dear Neville,

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Sept. 1. 1812.

MR. BARLOW is mistaken in imputing the article in the "Quarterly" upon the Madras disturbances to me. I do not know who wrote it. But you have probably seen by this time that the opinion which I have formed upon the subject is by no means favourable to Sir George. I perused several pamphlets, and went through the Parliamentary Documents with great patience; and certainly, if there was any bias in my mind, it was towards him: the conduct of the army having been so perilous, and so utterly indefensible, that I could have wished to have found his conduct as proper in all its parts, as it was when things came to extremities. The opinion which I was led to form was in no little degree strengthened by a long memorial among the Parliamentary Proceedings written by an old schoolfellow, with whom I was once upon terms of the closest intimacy, and who is one of the best-hearted men I ever knew,—George Strachey. I know his heart, and his temper, and his good sense, and his quickness of intellect so well, as to be assured that no man living could be more capable of forming a correct judgment. General Malcolm's pamphlet was put into my hand by Wordsworth the other day, merely to show me the very able manner in which he had traced the progress of discontent among the officers,—in the true spirit of philosophical history:

I have seen nothing more of it. But Malcolm's other book, that upon the political state of India, is here; and I should be very sorry to see the "Quarterly" engage in controversy with so able and clear-sighted a man. There is little danger of this, for the subject is out of date, and Gifford will be very imprudent if he fills his pages with matter which can now interest none but those whom it concerns.

Longman was to send you the new editions of "Madoc" and "Joan of Arc;" the first miserably printed, the latter materially improved by innumerable minor alterations. The "Omniana, or Horæ Otiosiores," as I mean to entitle it, is not published; the account of Busaco, which you see referred to in the "Register," goes this night to press. There are about three sheets more to print. You will have it as soon as it makes its appearance.

The Church is miserably off for bishops; never was she more in need of sturdy defenders, and never so helpless. Lord Stanhope, who has turned buffoon in his old age, insults the whole bench with perfect impunity, and treats them in a manner which, however they may despise it, produces a very unfavourable effect when detailed in weekly newspapers, and read aloud in pot-houses and tap-rooms. The more I consider the signs of the times, and endeavour by the light of what has been, to see into what is to come, the more reason do I find for apprehending the downfall of the Establishment. The only hope there is rests upon Bell's system; if that were formed into an outwork for the Church, you would breed up the great mass of the people in attachment to its institutions. Perceval would have done this: but between indifference and bigotry the system at present has little chance. Something will be done while Lancaster continues to frighten the higher clergy; take away that stimulus, and they will relapse

into their former supineness, and the schools will fall to decay for want of permanent national endowment. Your old acquaintance at Fulham is a sad successor to Porteus: he and that *aide-de-camp* of his whom we saw at Mr. Legge's, would cram the children with the Catechism*, and be very glad, if they could, to teach them nothing else. But this will never do; if the understanding and the hearts of the people are not with the Church, their hands will very soon be against it.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Sept. 27, 1812.

My dear Neville,

I remember with some shame that you asked me a question, which, because it was not answered at the time (our letters having crossed each other upon the road), was jostled out of remembrance, by the dissipation in which summer guests and summer visitors involve me, when I am not occupied by my too numerous and pressing engagements. Let me now endeavour to make amends. The best grammar of any language is the shortest. There is a Spanish one which professes to be of this description just advertised for the use of the army, published by Davies, who publishes the "Military Chronicle." Procure a grammar, a dictionary, and a Spanish Testament (the Bible Society have printed one, so it may easily be got), and begin to read, without the irksome labour of *learning* a grammar. Commit to memory some of the dialogues in the gram-

* This at once shows in what way Southey wished the Catechism taught; that is to say, not parrot-wise, but Christianwise.

mar, and you will soon be fitted for mercantile conversation; translate some of the sentences which you will find in your grammar into Spanish, and compare them with the Spanish; do the same with some verses in the Testament: you will acquire practice enough to write it. The language is very easy; perhaps of all languages the easiest. Of course, I except its works of satire and low humour, which, in *all* languages, are exceedingly difficult to *all* foreigners.

I am very thankful to you for the two letters from Sicily; they are exceedingly interesting, and will be of great service to me. In the course of a month I shall have an opportunity of returning them by a private hand (Mr. Dawe, the painter), and with them the poem, which I have not yet been able to read.

Tell Josiah Conder that I have no control whatever over any part of the "Register" except my own department; and that the editors have not even shown me the due respect of informing me why they have not inserted his poem and some others which I solicited and procured for them. I am hurt at the omission; it is an act of incivility to me, and of injustice to him. Of all the verses in the volume there are none by any means so original as that piece of his which has been rejected. That sweet fragment by one of his minstrel friends is exquisite in itself, but has not the originality of his poem; for it is in Crabbe's manner, though Crabbe has written nothing so free from faults. The "Inchcape Rock" is mine. Some unknown person found it in a newspaper, tinkered it to his own taste, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse, but to the destruction of the metre, and then inserted it in the "Register."

Of the remaining gleanings from my manuscript, the longest poem is one entitled the "Hermit of the Pacific," and of this I rather think you have a copy in

another of Henry's books. If this be the case I need not transcribe it; if it be not, let me know. Sooner or later I shall produce an *inscription* for the "Illustrations." Ballantyne will do justice to the "Remains." We had better make our alterations, and reserve all additional matter for the "Illustrations."

I will soon write to James, and wish I had done it sooner: but I am behindhand with all my engagements. The bulk of the "Register" will account for this; and my yearly task is no sooner completed than I am called upon to begin it again, to the lamentable delay of my own greater historical works. The "Omniana" will soon be published, and my "Life of Nelson" is in the press; and I have made some progress this summer in my poem, much to my own satisfaction. It must be called "Roderick, the last of the Goths," not "Pelayo," as was originally intended. It is very unlike anything attempted yet in prose or rhyme. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Nov. 2. 1812.

I HAVE another daughter, and all's well.

You would be amused with a letter which I received yesterday from an Evangelical parson, to thank me for the benefit which he had derived from reading "Thalaba." It has strengthened his faith, he says, and he requests permission to send me "a sketch of the instruction to be drawn from it." I dare say this "moral" will be as good as a sermon. "Kehama" also is in great odour with him upon the same grounds. Did I ever tell you of a clergyman at Hull who sent me some

papers showing the resemblance between Kehama and Nebuchadnezzar?

I had a visit from Lord Somerville about a fortnight ago. He was obliged to introduce himself, for I had forgotten his person, and an odd but easy blunder had occurred about his name. While I was at breakfast, he sent to say he would wait on me in half an hour if I was disengaged, and the maid brought in Lord Sunderlin's compliments instead, who happens to be our neighbour.

A large cargo of Buenos Ayres "Gazettes" are arrived to-day from Neville White, who is a very trusty purveyor of materials for me. He has sent me some very curious letters from Sicily, by means of which, and of Henry Wynn's *, which I saw at Llangedwin, I shall be able to give much original matter upon that subject.

This year's "Register" or rather last year's, will give me room, I hope, for a chapter upon the negroes in Hispaniola, whom we ought to take every possible means of civilising. Those islands were not meant for white men; if they had, white men would have been there, or, certes, white men would be able to work there. Ultimately, they must belong to that race whose constitution is suited to the climate. Wise measures may make them an easy, as it is an unavoidable, transition; but if things are left as they are, a scene of massacres will lead to the establishment of negro states like the Algerines and the other Barbary pirates.

Do you see the "Investigador Portuguez?" D. Domingos has succeeded in getting up a better journal than Hippolyte da Costin's; and it is curious to see the effect of the spirit of the times in this publication, which is avowedly favoured by the Portuguese Court. There are a few curious notices about Brazil in it.

* My friend Sir Henry W. W. Wynn, for so many years in the diplomatic service of his country.

Lisbon, it seems, swarms with newspapers, and there is a Coimbra journal, which seems to be in the manner of a review. What a fortunate country will Portugal be, if it obtains all the good of a revolution, without any other suffering than that of the war which has led to it. I am hardly in time for the post.

Love to my aunt.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Nov. 4. 1812.

SENHORA!

I am going to abuse you. As for the sin of keeping my pantaloons till I was almost reduced, for want of them, to a state not to be mentioned, let that be forgiven; but why send the box by coach, making it thereby cost eight shillings for carriage, when by waggon it would have come for half-a-crown? And, moreover, instead of the North Wiltshire cheese which we brought from Ludlow, and which should have been in the box, lo and behold! you have sent salts enough to last Og, the King of Basan, for his life, even if he were as big as the rabbis tell us, and took physic every Sabbath-day, like old Sir Edward Williams. O my cheese, my cheese! Senhora. It was a present from Mr. Browne, and no doubt it was an excellent cheese, Senhora, and such cheeses are not to be had here for love nor for money. Make inquiry for it, I pray you, — it was tied up and had my name on the paper, — and send it *by waggon*, to be forwarded *by waggon* from Manchester. A good cheese is too good a thing to be lost, especially by a man who lives in the very worst cheese country in England.

Nov. 6.—I have laughed, Senhora, or rather chuckled

heartily, while I was reading your hypothesis concerning "Clarissa." It is many years (two or three and twenty, I believe), since I read that book, but my remembrance of it is distinct and strong;—good proof of the power with which it is written. My own opinion of Richardson is, that for a man of decorous life he had a most impure imagination *, and that the immorality of our old drama is far less mischievous than his moral stories of Pamela and Squire Booby (how I like Fielding for making out that name), and of Clarissa.

What I would have said to Mr. Lister is this:—Miss Seward designed that her letters should be published at intervals, till the whole collection should be before the public. Her evident intention was, that *all* which she bequeathed to him should be printed, and that twelve years should elapse before the last portion appeared. Her evident reason for the latter request was, that some persons whose feelings will now be hurt (Col. T. and his wife, for instance), would by that time, in the ordinary course of nature, have followed her to the grave. By publishing only such as he thought proper, Mr. Constable makes Miss Seward deliver opinions to the public which she modified or retracted in her after letters.

Constable was afraid of Jeffrey about these letters, and for that reason put them into the hands of Mr. Morehead, Jeffrey's brother-in-law, that the selection might be made as agreeable to Gog as possible. Hence, every mention of Jeffrey is left out, and hence, no doubt, the omission of all her best letters to me. Indeed, special care has been taken to keep in all that could injure me, and omit as much as possible of what might serve me. This, however, is for you, not for Mr. Lister.

* See a very able article in the "Quarterly" for January,—'Henry Fielding." I think it is not difficult to trace the author.

I wish you could have made for *me* of that marvellous *tree* a little cabinet to hold my manuscripts, about three feet high and proportionably wide, with shelves to hold three tier of MSS., that is to say, two shelves. It may stand at the bottom of the room against the great bookcase.

Dr. Bell is here,—the best of all good men. I read him only one sentence of your letter, and he is half in love with you for it. You must know that I am about to reprint my article from the "Quarterly" concerning the new system of education, and to enlarge it. It will put the question at rest for ever, and remain a clear history of the most important invention for the diffusion of knowledge that has ever been made since printing was discovered.

I get on with "Pelayo," and long to read you a passage from it which not altogether satisfies me. Almost I could resolve upon setting-to some evening, and transcribing the 250 lines, but I am grievously afflicted with business, and have literally more upon my hands than any other three men who ever pursued the trade of the grey goose quill. Whether I shall ever have more leisure, God knows.

Remember that the cheese comes *by waggon — by waggon — by waggon;* and if you have in your shop a brass contrivance to hold a lamp, send it with the other brasses. Make my respects to Sir Edward. Write a little more frequently yourself, Senhora, and then you may have better reason to complain of me.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Next week you will have the Imperial Colonel at Teddesley.

If you were to guess these hundred years, you would never guess what I am about to do to-morrow! Nothing

less than to draw up instructions with Dr. Bell for a system of education to be introduced into every regiment throughout the army.

To Wade Browne, Esq., Ludlow.

Keswick, November 5. 1812.

My dear Sir,

Guy Faux is receiving his usual honours of bonfire and uproar in the market-place: the two girls are exhibiting themselves at the dancing-master's ball, as happy as innocent hearts and apple-green kid shoes can make them; good old nurse is twirling the spinning-wheel in the room where Mrs. Southey is in bed with her new-born daughter Isabel; and I, who, like the last Duke of Cumberland, am all alone by myself, take pen and paper to inform you of this daughter's safe arrival.

I have desired Longman to send you a book of shreds and patches, the work of many hours of that sort of laborious idleness which is to me the most delightful of all dissipation. You will find some things to smile at, and some curious facts, affording matter for speculation, from which it is not impossible that scientific men may draw conclusions of some importance. I inserted some articles of Coleridge's in the book, merely in the hope of getting something from him in this way; he had literally only to cut them out of his common place books. It was my intention to make four volumes instead of two, in this manner; but he kept the press waiting fifteen months for an unfinished article, so that at last I ordered the sheet in which it was begun to

be cancelled, in despair. I have marked whatever is his, and you will wish that it were more.

My intended journey to London is postponed till spring, because it is expedient that the "Register for 1811" should be published in April; and this, therefore, allows me no time to stir from home. I am busily employed upon it, and have this day got over, in as summary a manner as possible, the Bullion business; — a part to which I looked on with as much horror as ever Christian did to the Slough of Despond or to the Hill of Difficulty. This is a very laborious work; it does not weary me, nevertheless: as it commenced with the usurpation of Spain, the first instance in which Bonaparte unequivocally displayed himself in his true character of pure devil, I should be well pleased to bring my part in it to a conclusion with his fall; — an event which I verily hope is not far distant. This wondrous war with Russia, since it has become not a political game at war for territory, but a national cause, in which men fight to save their wives and children, or to revenge them, — promises to become as fatal to France as the Spanish contest has been: and a daybreak of hope has appeared even in Paris itself. Should he leave his army to prevent the danger of another insurrection, I hardly suppose, composed as it is, of so many different people, all forced to serve, and hating him for whom they are sacrificed, that it can be kept together; and should he continue with it, there is good hope that a winter at Moscow may involve him and his army in the same destruction; or that a more successful attempt at deliverance may be made in France, and that she may refuse any longer to supply so wicked and so wanton a waste of life. Oh, that there were but energy enough in our Government to publish the terms upon which it is ready to make peace with France, at the same time pledging itself never to make peace with this frantic tyrant! What

an instrument would such a declaration have been in the hands of these generals at Paris!

My dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Nov. 16. 1812.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Thank you for the Buenos Ayres "Gazettes." The fourth volume of the "Register," when it appears, will show you that you have not procured these materials for me in vain. I expect to be enabled to draw up a very satisfactory chapter upon Spanish America.

Since this packet of yours arrived my family have been increased by the birth of a daughter, who, with her mother, thank God, is doing well. My sum total now consists of five,—four daughters and one boy. The latter has begun Greek under my tuition, and to his great amusement. I am amusing myself occasionally with putting the Greek accidence into rhyme for his use. It lays such hold on his memory that I shall probably go through with this curious undertaking.

Has Longman sent you the "Omniana"? These volumes are the fruits of many hours of that laborious idleness which is to me the most delightful of all dissipation. I who methodise upon so many subjects, and upon so extensive a scale, may certainly be allowed to smile, if upon this occasion I should be censured for throwing crude materials together without any method at all. My only reply would be, that the person who can find nothing there but what he knew before, is

entitled to abuse the book. I have materials, or rather memoranda, marked in the course of many years' almost incessant reading, which are enough to fill half-a-dozen more such volumes; and if these should sell, I shall certainly put two more to the press. But the sale of books depends upon such adventitious circumstances, that I can form a better guess about to-morrow's weather, than upon so uncertain a chance. The articles which are not my own, are Coleridge's: they would not have been there (being so few) if I had not hoped to obtain from him enough to have doubled the extent of the collection; and for this I waited so long, as not to leave me time for doing it myself.

I am reading Dr. Clarke's "Travels." They give me a very poor opinion of the author's judgment or powers of mind; but I am thankful for his facts, and find the book on that score exceedingly valuable. His prejudices against the Russians are both ridiculous and mischievous; and an Englishman travelling in Russia hereafter may feel their effects, as English travellers in Sicily have heretofore felt the effects of Brydone's rascally exposure of private intercourse. There is a species of falsehood which consists in telling nothing but truth, but, by telling only a part of the truth, produces all the effects of falsehood, and this is what Dr. Clarke has done. He tells you all the faults of the Russians, and keeps out of sight the good qualities which co-exist with those faults. I know persons who have lived in Russia; they uniformly speak of the nobles as a corrupted and vicious class, but of the people as possessing those good qualities which in a certain stage of civilisation are natural to humanity. In savage life they are like the seed which fell upon stones, and cannot shoot forth: in such a state as that of the Russian nobles, or the English journeymen manufacturers, they are stifled or poisoned; but neither

the beard of the common Russian, nor the dust of his house, nor his creepers and crawlers, have any necessary effect upon the natural charities of life. One of his virtues has now been sufficiently proved; he loves his country, and will fight for it.*

"We may look for a battle in Spain, and expect a victory. I feared from the beginning that Lord Wellington was wasting precious time at Burgos: the evil will be counterbalanced if he brings Soult to action, but there will always remain the expense of lives, and some loss of reputation. It is intolerable to see the obstinacy of the Spanish Government with regard to their enemies; their conduct must seem unpardonable and unaccountable to those who do not know that it proceeds from the national character. *El remedio de Espana* is a Spanish proverb for the remedy that is taken too late. Have you commenced your Spanish studies? Remember me to your excellent mother, whom I hope to see next summer, and believe me, my dear Neville,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY

To Captain Southey, R.N., St. Helen's, Bishop's Auckland.

Keswick, Nov. 18. 1812.

MY DEAR TOM,

I give you joy of your daughter; but have no joy to give her of her names, which, though both good

* It is hardly necessary to say that this is true in 1855. Mr. Danby Seymour's book speaks in the same terms of the poor peasant.

in themselves, made an abominable compound. If my advice were to be taken, it would be to toss up for one, and reserve the other for next time.

We are going on well upon the whole. The Imperial departed yesterday; to-day I took to my leathern jerkin, and am now fairly set-to for keeping house and hard work during the winter. My hair has escaped cutting for this last month or six weeks; and, if I have power enough to save it, shall be reserved for a *glib* till the spring. We never shear sheep in cold weather, and why should we shear ourselves?

I am writing upon the state of the poor, or rather the populace, for the "Quarterly"; and the first thing to be done is, to make an exposure of Malthus. Through this part I shall probably get to-night, if the post (which is unusually late) does not bring anything to prevent me. The main object of this article is, to probe the wounds of the body politic. We shall soon hear of scarcity again; the Luddite system will then be renewed; and these things will become more and more dangerous, till some means are adopted for curing the evil, not merely for palliating it. I have a good deal to say upon this subject, and could not have a better place to say it in. Associations for soup-shops are mere palliations, and, though they have their good, have their evil also. The immediate desideratum is, to supply employment to those who want it,—national education is the alterative medicine, slow in its operation, but sure if time can be gained for it. Schemes of extension and liberal colonisation are of the same character, but will not be adopted so soon: an extended military establishment might be connected with these, and so connected as to render the country equally secure from within and from without. But there will be no time for anything unless that license of the newspaper press is checked, which in its consequences is inevitably destructive to the liberty

of the press, and to everything else that is valuable in society. Spring will be a trying season. It is now plain that the harvest is rather below the average of ordinary years. There will be no supplies from America; none from the Baltic; Barbary and the Black Sea remain. From the latter I think we ought to expect little or nothing, for Russia will want all its produce for herself.

There seems, indeed, ground of hope in the state of the war. If Russia continue to hold out, and preserve her armies unbroken, she must necessarily triumph at last: and of this event I should have no doubt if Russia were not, like the statue in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, made up of such heterogeneous and easily divisible materials. I know not what principle the Cossacks have which should make them fight on one side rather than on the other. They love fighting; but if travellers may be trusted, they hate the Russians. However, though I am not so easily elated with Lord Cathcart's wretched despatches as the "Courier" is, and as Government appears to be, I certainly do think there is blue sky enough in the North to make a pair of trousers, and there is blue sky in the West; and there is a tempest brooding in France which is also a cause of hope, because till there has been a tempest in that quarter there can be no fine weather.

In the "Register" I am writing the chapter about Ireland, of which the Catholic Committee forms the main business.

The post is just arrived. Two thumping double letters, very properly post-paid, and containing the Evangelical application of "Thalaba"— they may rest quietly with the seal unbroken till I have finished my letter. I like the last bulletin, and infer from it that Bonaparte means to retreat from Poland, — a movement which must be attended with certain loss of reputation, and

probable loss of half his army. Fine sport for the Cossacks. The Hetman Platoff's daughter seems to have a fair chance of a husband. The "Times" (in Wellesley pay) underrates most grossly the Portuguese force, and lays as much blame as possible to Government—(blameable enough, no doubt, as to the state of the engineer department); taking especial care to impute no blame to M. Wellington, whom I, and Wordsworth, and Rickman all severely blamed (before the event was known) for losing precious time at Burgos. His business should have been to drive the enemy out of the field wherever they were to be found. A battle, if he can bring one on, will set all to rights.

Love to Sarah and my niece, and God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R.N., Durham.

Keswick, Dec. 5. 1812.

My dear Tom,

I am sorry George Taylor should have read "Kehama" in its imperfect state, for there are a good many parts in the manuscript in which the versification is defective; not to mention the many insertions in the printed copy. It never will surprise me to find that the poem is not relished; it is just as impossible to give a taste for works of imagination, as it is to give a taste for music; and I, who am without one, shall never quarrel with anybody for being without the other. The sort of praise which I wish "Kehama" to obtain, and the real value of such works, is expressed in what Turner tells me his wife said of the poem when he made her leave it off at midnight. "She could have read it all night," she said; "she felt it elevate her conceptions, and occasion an excitement of mind

that made her feel superior to herself." This is their use;—to take us out of ourselves, to carry us into the world of unrealities, to busy us with something which is not immediately connected with flesh and blood, to elevate rather than to affect, and to make us perceive our own imaginative power, instead of constantly referring us to ordinary feelings.

Bedford has seen the review which Scott has written of it, and which, from his account, though a very friendly one, is, like that of the "Cid," very superficial. He sees nothing but the naked story; the moral feeling which pervades it has escaped him. I do not know whether Bedford will be able to get a paragraph interpolated touching upon this, and showing that there is some difference between a work of high imagination and a story of mere amusement.

Since this was written, I have had a letter from Scott himself, telling me of his reviewal, and how hastily he wrote it, while the first impression of the poem was fresh upon him, that he might be beforehand with the "Edinburgh" in fixing its character with the public, as far as it is to be fixed by public criticism. I do not know who reviewed the "Brazil," but I guess it was Reginald Heber. He is wrong in complaining of the want of general and retrospective views; or, rather, this is an imputation to which the work is subjected only because it has been published by halves. In their fit time and place they will come in. A coronal is not a coronet, for this last word is appropriate to rank and heraldry. A portral is a *horse's* breast-plate; a tambour is an outlandish drum, not such as the soldiers use. Napery implies napkins and table-cloths, either or both, therefore properly used where a comprehensive term was required. Harry will tell you that a *broad* is the spread of a river into a sheet of water, which is certainly neither lake nor lagoon. The mistake about

Lutheranism the reviewer has well accounted for by the constant use of the word Luteranos in the Portuguese writers. Araboutan, he might have seen in one of the notes *, is the indigenous name, not of Brazil itself, but of the Brazil-tree. On the whole, I could not have desired a more favourable reviewal, nor one in which the temper of the reviewer should, in the main, agree better with my own. As for what he says concerning a change in my way of thinking, he does not perceive that it is the times that have changed most.

My Evangelical article has been hurt by mutilation. They have marred the whole sarcasm against Sidney Smith by leaving out (I cannot conceive why) the fleabites. They have also left out what I said about changing the condition of the clerk, and restoring the old race of catechists. This does not much surprise me, and I shall find a place for it elsewhere, together with a proposal for abolishing the indiscriminate use of sermons, which, of course, was too bold to be proposed to the "Quarterly."

Rickman writes me a very high account indeed of Paley's book, and urges me to review it; in consequence of which I have written to Gifford about it.

Thursday last I received the box from Bristol, with twenty volumes from Gutch's catalogue. Oh, there was joy in Greta Hall at the arrival! and that same evening there arrived two parcels. I was too happy! It was happiness enough for three days! One was from Edinburgh: a volume of the Somers "Tracts," a volume of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's, "Poems," for which I subscribed long since, with a presentation copy, and a letter from poor Hogg himself. The other from Murray, containing the "Quarterly," and a present from him of three volumes of "Metrical Romances," just published

* History of Brazil, vol. i. 626., 2nd edit.. Supplemental Notes.

by Weber; a two guineas' worth, admirably edited, exceedingly curious, and after my own heart. I have got start enough with Ballantyne to lay the "Debates" aside, and take a spell at Abella's documents, which are very clear and good.

God bless you. Our love to Sarah. The children have had a good deal of sickness in this unusually sickly time; but they are now recovered. God be thanked. Yours,

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R.N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, Dec. 10. 1812.

My dear Tom,

I have been expecting your report upon "Andrewes," which, however, there was no reason for awaiting, inasmuch as what you have to consult it for is, not to see whether you can do what I have proposed, but how you are to do it. I cannot send you all the books in my possession which appertain to the subject, because I have to write upon the state of Hayti as soon as I can find leisure for it, either for the "Quarterly" or the "Register;" however, one of the main advantages of your work is, that you may go on with any part of it at any time, one as well as another, according as you may have materials at hand. I will send off a parcel by the next carrier, containing books enough to employ you for some time. There will be Peter Martyr's "Decades," the old translation*;—this is the very earliest account of the discoveries, being, as you will perceive, written as the news of the discoveries reached the Court of Castille;—Mund's "History," all that has

* Peter Martyr d'Anghiera's "*De Rebus Oceanicis et Orbe Novo Decades*" are alluded to.

been published of it, I believe, where you will find a more methodised and continual account; Captain John Smith's "History," containing our first attempt at settling in any of these islands; Charlevoix's "History of St. Domingo," the two first volumes of which you will do well to read with the Spanish accounts, and the two latter are of main importance to your subject. One or two others I shall also find, and perhaps I may as well delay the parcel a few days, till I can make my extracts from Labat's "Voyages," and send them also, for this will be one of your best authorities. There should be an introductory chapter upon the original inhabitants of these islands. Do you open a book for the subject, and collect in it whatever materials you meet with, in a summary manner, with reference to the authority in every case, that they may be referred to when the account comes to be drawn up. I will do the same, and collect for you the materials to be found in my Spanish authors. There must be another chapter concerning the slave trade and the negroes. Keep a book for this also. I will revise these chapters for you, or arrange them when they are wanted; and I will give you a final chapter, casting a philosophic eye back over what has happened in these islands, and forward to what may be expected there.

The subject is much richer than you may perhaps imagine. You will find the undertaking easy when you are fairly got into it, and every day will interest you in it more and more. You will have a good deal to do with the buccaneers and the pirates.

Keep a book as I do, of bio- and biblio-graphy, — that is, all particulars relating to the lives of the authors whom you consult, and their works; so that you may give in the appendix a biographical account of them, and a critical account of their works. All historians ought to do this.

Should we get you a ship you may carry on your work aboard. For the last fifty years many of your materials must be gleaned from the "Naval Chronicle."

I must hasten for the night's post. How anxious the intelligence from Russia makes me for every newspaper! God's vengeance seems to be falling upon this pestilent tyrant at last: for, allowing for much exaggeration, (though Kutusoff's letters have nothing of the braggart about them, and seem to me in every respect better than those of any of his contemporary generals,) still it is unquestionable that the French are in actual flight, under the most dreadful circumstances; and nine tenths of the army will probably be destroyed before they can reach any secure winter quarters. Well done the Russians and the Cossacks! What a delight will it be for Sir Robert Wilson if he should be at the death.

Keep the volume of the "History of Constantinople" till there be an opportunity of sending it; the other volumes are here. This was lent Harry for the "Crusades." You will do well to read it. Probably you will be able to find some of the necessary books in the Durham libraries. I do not know if there be anything in "Purchas" to your purpose, but most probably there will be. Good old Mr. Viner will help you to this book, and perhaps "Hakluyt" may be in the same library. In my next I will tell you what "Hakluyt" has.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R. N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, Dec. 24. 1812.

My dear Tom,

I think R. B.'s name was Robert Burton. He is, however, a very well-known personage among our

bibliographers, — a Grub Street compiler, who, about 1680, used to make little close-printed volumes for country readers, at one shilling each, with vile wooden cuts; some of which books are now just reprinted in guinea quartos, with fac-similes of these disfigurements, as they may fitly be called. The book which I have quoted could not help having some curious things in it, from its subject, and is, in fact, often quoted without any farther suspicion of its fidelity than attaches to all works written in an age of physical credulity. He is, I believe, just as good authority for the price of a ram as a magazine or newspaper would be, and the fact is certainly a curious one.

Thank Mr. Taylor for his notes. My "Omniana" are likely to be enriched in this way. I know the vulgar error of flesh-worms in the face, but never heard it of the hands, nor ever saw anything in the hands which could be mistaken for them; and this was what puzzled me. Thank him also for the portrait. I believe Henry More's poems were never printed with his works. He was a *most very odd* fellow; the veriest believer in all ghosts, goblins, and vampires! but I have not done full justice to him as a poet; strange, and sometimes unreadably uncouth as he is, there are lines and passages of the highest feeling and most exquisite beauty.

All day I have been working to get into action at Copenhagen, and I would give one of my ears for your help. Brierley's chart stands me in good stead; and I have ransacked all my books to get the scene well before my eyes. Do send me as soon as you possibly can a letter of recollections upon this subject; things worthy of note before the battle, in, and after it, &c. How came your guns in the Bellona to be in such a state? Did you not tell me that the spires at Copenhagen have a sort of spiral staircase outside,

or something of the kind? Tell me also the particulars about the man who shot Nelson, and whom Collingwood and somebody else, whose name I cannot remember, shot at the same time. Nelson's are all good battles for relation, which is not often the case with battles. For that of Copenhagen there is luckily a Dane's account to help me, written in English; it supplies me with a few fine circumstances not to be found elsewhere.

I will write to D. as soon as I can satisfy myself what to say. Were I called in upon such a case to any person of sound reasoning faculties, accustomed to habits of investigation and willing to enter into a full discussion of the subject, I should expect to be successful. But with many persons, and especially with women, falling into a new religion is not unlike falling in love. Something strikes their fancy, and it is in vain to think to reason them out of it. They see things in parts, and cannot be made to comprehend the whole of a subject.

D—— must not look for any good from my interference. I could be of use to *her* in such a case, for the very reason which will prevent her from ever being under a like delusion. Her sister will show my letter to her Catholic friends, and the family priest will then come with his sophisms, the regular moves by which these practitioners at the game give scholar's mate to the unlearned and unwary. A conversion of this kind is certainly a great family evil: the convert being persuaded that she shall lose sight of all her relations in the next world, gets weaned from them in this; and they indeed, on their part, are bound in prudence to get as little as possible in the way of an intellectual malady which is contagious. No child of mine should ever visit a Catholic family. You may go to heaven that way, certainly; but there is no more

reason for doing it, than there would be for going to London in a dung-cart, when there are so many easier, cleanlier, and surer conveyances.

There is in the Appendix to the first volume of "Clarke's Travels," Suwarof's (Suwarrow) instructions to his soldiers; a most characteristic and extraordinary composition.* Just now it is peculiarly interesting, for you may be sure it will long continue to be the manual of the Russian army. We may look for a good military history of this war from Sir R. Wilson, who, I hope to heaven, will be in at the death. The destruction of Moscow with all its consequences is one of the grandest events that have ever taken place: great sacrifices have heretofore been made by communities as well as individuals, but never any with such great effects. The wisdom, the mere worldly wisdom, of the act was equal to its heroism, and its effect is the certain deliverance of Russia, — the probable deliverance of Europe.

The march of Augereau's corps shows clearly that Bonaparte intends to quarter himself about Kaluga and Tula, in the fertile provinces. Kutusoff seems to have divined all his plans. This man has shown himself a great general; and as for Platoff, I hope to see his head as common upon sign-posts as ever Prince Eugene has been or the Marquis of Granby's.

"Roderick" is in a good way; as the mornings begin to lengthen I shall get rapidly on with the latter half.

"God bless you.

R. S.

* Mr. Danby Seymour has inserted it in the Appendix to his volume on the Crimea. It is still the Russian soldier's manual.

To Captain Southey, R.N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, Dec. 30. 1812.

MY DEAR TOM,

I should know that midshipman's name if I saw it, and the name we must have. So I have written to Bedford to learn what *mids* of the Victory fell in that action.

You used to speak of the dead lying in shoal water at Copenhagen; there was the boatswain's mate, or somebody, asked for, when he was lying face upward under the stern or somewhere. Tell me the right particulars of this, which is too striking a circumstance to be lost. I believe I am making a most impressive narrative of this battle by your help. Something I remembered from Lintham, something from Ponsonby, to whom I shall walk over and read this chapter in hope of getting some corrections and additions; and a Dane's account printed in English gives me some fine things.

I am such a sad lubber that I feel half ashamed of myself for being persuaded ever even to review the "Life of Nelson," much more to write one. Had I not been a thorough lubber, I should have remembered half a hundred things worthy of remembrance, which have all been lost, because, though I do indeed know the binnacle from the mainmast, I know little more: tackle and sheets, and tally and belay, are alike to me; and if you ask me about the lee-clue garnets, I can only tell that they are not the same kind of garnets as are worn in necklaces and bracelets; and so fine facts have been lost, because I did not know where to store them in the ship, or in my recollection-closet up-stairs. There is something ridiculous, and something like quackery in

writing thus about what I so little understand. I walk among sea terms as a cat does in a china pantry, in bodily fear of doing mischief, and betraying myself; and yet there will come a good book of it, I verily believe.

I have touched your old tyrant, Sir Thomas, gently, but upon the sore place; imputing no blame, but stating every circumstance which makes misconduct an (almost) unavoidable inference.

What was your loss? Tell me all about your guns, and what loss they occasioned. Were they not honeycombed? Were you not saying when you pulled the triggers, "Here goes the death of six!" This is a thing which would be felt.

Did not Victor distinguish himself that day? I must not mention "poor Sir Hyde," as he was called, for that day's behaviour; for Sir Hyde had his merits. A jealous man, or a conceited man, would not have let Nelson do anything, and I can perfectly well enter into Domett's feelings when he said, "Save what you can, Sir Hyde."

I do not rightly understand you about the spare spars. "Many would have been saved that were destroyed lying on the booms," you say. Do you refer to the mere value of the spars thus destroyed, or to the damage also done by the splinters from these spars?

I am taking great pains with this chapter, and great interest in it. Your letter was of main use.

What a miserable thing is this loss of a second frigate to the Americans! Coleridge knew Decatur at Malta, and has often spoken of him in the highest terms. It is a cruel stroke; and though their frigates are larger ships than ours, must be felt as disgrace, and in fact *is* disgrace. It looks as if there was a dry rot in our wooden walls. Is it that this captain also is a youngster hoisted up by interest, or that the Americans were

manned by Englishmen, or that our men do not fight heartily, or that their men are better than ours?

The paragraph about Coleridge's tragedy is correct. It is the play which he wrote in 1797, and which Sheridan then rejected. I think it will succeed.

I have written to Sister Anne earnestly enough, but probably to little effect.

Herbert has been reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," taking infinite delight in the letter, but no great edification from the spirit, as Mary will conclude, when she hears that his favourite amusement at present is to what he calls play Apollyon with Bertha and Kate. He goes about the room or the passages roaring towards them like a lion seeking whom he may devour; and Kate and bluff Queen Henry cry out, "Don't *Pollyon*, don't *Pollyon* Herby!" though when he has done they ask him "to *Pollyon* again."

Supposing the action had not been suspended when it was, were not you with the Russell and the Desirée in danger? The great book here says that there those ships were not; but I think I remember otherwise from you.

"Robertson" and "Boyar Edward" I knew must be in the Newcastle library, but it was better you should have them at hand; the latter indeed will last you throughout the whole of your "Opus." I wish you had the "Naval Chronicle," but it is too expensive to be bought, and whenever you meet with a volume, it may soon be gutted of all that is to your purpose. I shall look out for books for you when I go to London, especially for "Du Testre." God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Feb. 27. 1813.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I have something to ask you respecting Cambridge, and must first relate the circumstances which occasion me to make the inquiry.

Some three or four months ago, a boy at school sent me sundry specimens of his verses, asking my opinion of certain poetical plans which he had formed. The verses were nothing like Henry's at the same age, for he had a prematurity of sense and judgment in which none but Chatterton is comparable with him; but there was in them power enough of language, and ardour, and effect, and promise. I wrote him in reply a letter not of such advice as he had applied for, but of the best counsel that I could give him, cautioning him against early publication; and endeavouring to show him how these pursuits, which, if they were entered upon rashly, would prove his bane, might be made instrumental, in every way, to his advancement and happiness. A fortnight ago there came a second letter, telling me he had left school, that his friends thought the law would be the best profession for him, — that he was one of ten children, and his father (an old officer) could do little to set him forward in life. While, therefore, he should be preparing for the bar, he must do something for himself. For this purpose, he wished to make his love of literature available. This, therefore, he thought, would justify, or even require, earlier publication than would else be advisable; and he applied to me to instruct him how he should proceed. I liked his letter; it bore with it an appearance of goodness, as well as of talents; so I told him that the best way to the bar lies through the University, and that there is no means by which he

may so immediately obtain assistance in his education, and so soon, as well as certainly, make himself independent, as by going to college,—provided he behaves well there. I recommended him to seek for a sizarship (for the Oxford servitors, owing, perhaps, to an invidious distinction of dress *, are really a degraded class), and spoke in proper terms of those frugal habits which I believed he would feel to be as honourable as they were necessary. To-night I have received his answer. He and his friends are equally persuaded that I have advised him well; they only doubt their means of meeting the unavoidable expenses. My first business, therefore, is to ascertain what they will be as nearly as possible; and my next, to see if I can procure him a sizarship.

Now, my dear Neville, you can give me the needful information, by telling me what James's yearly expenses are, and what assistance he obtains from his college. I know there is a difference in these things at different colleges, but any one fact will be something to judge by. What success I may have in my other applications remains to be seen. There is a fellow of Peterhouse who, I think, will assist me if he can. And I rather think there are some situations of emolument at some of the Oxford colleges, which are not debased by the servitor's dress. This inquiry I shall proceed to make as soon as I close my letter.

It is some time since I have heard from you; not since I enclosed a letter for James. I am, as usual, pursuing my never-ending course of employments. My "Life of Nelson" is only delayed by the printer, and his delays cannot keep it back much longer. I hope to send it you in a month at farthest.

The "Register" is my main business; but I steal a

* This is henceforth, very properly, to be done away with. It must be a great satisfaction to all old Ch.-Ch.-men, like myself.

little time from it for the 'History of Brazil," my favourite pursuit, which I long to finish.

We are going on well, but in a season of such continued tempests, that I remember nothing like it. As a proof how slowly even those who are the least prejudiced against changes adopt anything to which they are not used, I have just now, and not till now, after residing ten winters in Cumberland, got a pair of clogs (wooden shoes), and every time I put them on, I think what a fool I have been to go without them so long.

Have you seen Coleridge's play? God bless you, my dear Neville.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, April 24. 1813.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Booksellers when they share the profits, take the risk. That they themselves wish to keep their customary law out of sight I can exemplify in a striking case. Kirke White's "Remains" were published in this manner. When they came to a third or fourth edition (I forget which), and it was apparent that the book had settled into a regular and considerable sale, Neville White required of the booksellers (Vernot and Hood) two thirds of the profits. This produced a letter from Hood, which is a masterpiece in its kind. First, he undertook to show that Neville did not understand his own interests; for, if he were to have two thirds they, the publishers, could then make such deductions, under various heads, as would render his receipt less than the half (thus impudently it was stated);

and secondly, he said that if the "Remains" belonged to the family, the "Life" belonged to the publishers, they having paid Mr. Southey 25*l.* for it. This was, if possible, more impudent than the former assertion. The fact was, that a few months before, when I was in town, Longman had sent me 25*l.* with a note, saying, that as the publishers had found the "Remains" so profitable, they thought it proper to *present* me with that sum for the trouble I had taken in editing the work. You may readily suppose what sort of a letter to Longman this called forth from me; and in consequence I received, as I had required, a distinct acknowledgment of the real nature of the transaction. In all this not a word was said of the *customary* law. Neville yielded the point at the time, conceiving, of course, that it was always in his power to take the whole property into his own disposal. But upon Vernor and Hood's bankruptcy, their share was sold, and the affair is now in the lawyer's hands; in what state, Sharon Turner can inform you, if you have an opportunity of seeing him, during the progress of the committee. Should the business come to a trial, I think that letter of Hood's ought to be produced. Turner it was who first apprised me that such a customary law had been established, and that he had been employed to defend it against Townsend the traveller, who felt as indignant at being entrapped by it, as every man must do who finds himself tricked out of a part of his property.

Your proposed clause will be a real benefit to the authors: the copyright of "Joan of Arc" and of my poems would have reverted to me if the bookseller's custom did not declare otherwise.

I shall have done with Annual Registers when the "Edinburgh" fails. The death will be owing to the London booksellers, who being almost all concerned in the other two, by every possible means impede its sale;

so that where ten copies sell in Scotland, scarcely one is sold in England. This is like what you rode upon in your Theme: "'Tis an insurmountable obstacle!" *

No man can think more mournfully than I do as to the prospects which the Spaniards have after they shall have recovered their country; and till they have so done, I feel assured that they will continue to struggle, even if it were possible that Russia and Germany could be once more put *hors de combat.* I cannot conceive that the Queen's party can produce any permanent revolution in Sicily; for if there is any one thing in which all parties and all authorities are agreed, it is in the abominations of the old system, and the universal wish of the people to be relieved from it. I shall look very anxiously for the next intelligence, for Sicily was the spot from whence I hoped to have heard the trumpet sounded that should awaken Italy.

In the last volume of the "Asiatic Researches," that strangest of all strange writers, Wilford, after a great deal of pains to settle the exact place where the sea was churned to produce the Amrecta, fixes upon the Irish Channel, and determines that the Isle of Man was the mountain with which it was churned!

God bless you.

R. S.

* This alludes to an old Westminster story. Charles Wynn had begun his Theme in these words: "Pride is an insurmountable obstacle," &c. Southey, or some other wag, alters it into — "I ride an insurmountable obstacle;" and so poor Wynn began to read it out to Dr. Vincent, but suddenly stopped when he heard a general titter, and said, "Sir, sir, if you please, sir! I did not write 'I ride upon,' &c." So making matters worse.

Solvuntur risu tabulæ!

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, May 23. 1813.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Turner will put you in full possession of the law of the trade, and can tell you all the facts in Townsend's case, when the bookseller would have tried it, and in the case of Kirke White's "Remains," which I very much hope they will now be ashamed to bring to trial.

My opinion is that literary property ought to be inheritable, like every other property; and that a law which should allow you the use of the trees upon your estate for eight-and-twenty years, and after that term make them over to the Carpenters' Company, would not be more unjust than that which takes from me and my heirs the property of my literary labours, and gives it to the Company of Booksellers. I am afraid you do not agree with me on this, and certain that even if you do, nothing more can be done towards a restitution of the authors' rights than simply to make their complaint when you speak upon the subject.

It is doing something to get the twenty-eight years absolute. If the author's right of sale were limited to fourteen years, would it not be practicable to prevent the mode of destroying his interest, which you foresee, by enacting that after the expiration of the term for which the copyright was sold, he should be entitled to a certain portion of the profits of the edition upon sale, a moiety, which would just put him upon the footing that booksellers are readiest to offer?

An author advanced in years can have no copyright to sell, except of the works of his old age; the lease of all his others will be pretty far run out. I believe that very little more would be given by the bookseller for

the double than for the single term. In reality, the latter part of the term is either worth nothing, or more than the first. The gourd has produced its fruit, and is withered and gone for ever, long before the olive begins to be productive. To the great body of authors it is the same thing whether their right of property expires at the end of fourteen years, or lasts till the day of judgment, for even of the books which obtain reputation, not one in ten passes through a second edition. But to those who really acquire a permanent rank in the literature of their country, the injury is heavy indeed.

I should rather the right of sale were limited: it would give the author some share of those prizes in the lottery which now fall, almost wholly, to the bookseller. The second term would have enriched Cowper. And if you can give us a lease for life I may probably be benefited by it.

My labours in the "Register" end with this volume. Perhaps I may not at first dispose of my time with equal profit. My first thought is, if it can be arranged with the publishers of the "Register," to write the history of the War in the Peninsula, using the chapters in the "Register," as I did the review of "Nelson," that is, retaining what would be injured by alteration. Had I been historiographer the booksellers would have jumped at such a proposal, and I should have found it the most lucrative engagement of my life. Whether they will now let me rescue it from Stanier Clarke is perhaps doubtful. I have such materials by me, and so many channels of information open, that I shall be sorry, for the sake of the history itself, and of my own reputation (setting aside all consideration of the budget) if this scheme should not be carried into effect.

I shall probably, after all, make my journey to London four or five weeks hence,—an unlucky time, when

half the people whom I should like to see will have left it. But if I miss you there, I may catch you on my return, as Ludlow will most likely be one of my halting-places, and Hodnett, if Heber should be there. A journey will be serviceable to me. Of late I have had some anxiety about the children's health, and some indisposition of my own. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, July 16. 1813.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have not seen the "Bridal of Triermain," but many circumstances lead me to believe that it is Scott's, who is trying how far he can succeed anonymously. Of this I have very little doubt, though the indications might, perhaps, appear as slight as the circumstances which give a Bow Street officer his first scent.

Of the "Rejected Addresses" I liked Lord Byron best; there were others equally good, but here the mode of thought, as well as the manner, is happily caught. Scott is admirably imitated. That of "Kehama" is not so good, because it is not so close. Those of Wordsworth and Coleridge appear to me utterly despicable, quite worthy of the mocking-bird's original strains. Cobbett and the "Morning Post" are both excellent. "Horace in London" was printed some years ago in the "Monthly Mirror;" I remarked it at the time, and wondered that it did not attract more notice.

It will be vexatious if I should miss you in my

transit. Yet I very much fear that this will be the case, for my return will most likely be at the end of September.

I breakfasted with Reginald Heber at his brother's, when last in town, but of course there was little opportunity of seeing anything more than that his appearance was prepossessing. If Heber should be at Hodnett when I am on my way home, I am bound to halt there.

This seems to have been a clumsy business at Tarragona. Surely they ought to have known where Suchet was, and what force could be brought against them from Catalonia before they began the siege. The field, however, will soon be our own; and it has always been so difficult to victual the forts, that there is not probably one of them which can hold out against a long blockade. If Barcelona is starved, I think that even Bonaparte, obstinate as he is, will despair of recovering his hold upon Spain. Would that the political affairs of that country wore as fair an aspect as their military concerns! but I fear that the Cortes have been sowing dragons' teeth. It was a lamentable proof of presumption to make a new constitution, when a thorough repair, with a few alterations, of the old one, would have sufficed. The danger is, that the Cortes, by their folly, will afford too plausible a pretext, and too tempting an opportunity for undoing the good which they have done.

I have had some correspondence with Wilberforce lately. He wrote to me about the East India Missionary question, and this is likely to lead to an acquaintance.

I hope I shall meet with Lord Holland at H. House. He must have Spanish documents in his possession which I want for my great work. The whole business will be settled when I get to London. My second sight is as promising as could be desired; and it is scarcely possible that I could be better prepared for

any undertaking. My advice to the booksellers is, that they make it a splendid work, with views and portraits as head and tail pieces to every chapter. In this way large paper and proofs secure a certain kind of sale for the first edition, and a notoriety which would give wings to the second. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. "Roderick," which has long been aground, is just afloat again.

To Edith May Southey.

Streatham, Sept. 20. 1813.

My dear Edithling,

I owe you a letter, and it is time the debt should be paid; so your mamma will let me write to you instead of her, especially as I have been stationary at Streatham ever since I wrote, and consequently can have nothing to communicate.

As I know you read the newspaper for the sake of seeing whether Bonaparte has been killed, how the King is, and whether there are any new murders, you may, probably, have seen there that your father is to be Poet Laureate. Son Lunus, who is an unbeliever about Pegasus, will, perhaps, not believe that the Prince is going to give me a right to wear laurel round my head. If you and he will look in a book about Petrarch, which is at the Senhora's, and is one of those upon which she has bestowed a paper-morocco back, there you will see the portrait of a poet laureate with his crown on. The laurels should be gathered from

the grove on that mountain where the Nine Sisters take care of my winged horse; and it is not proper that I should wear any others.

I am teaching the two eldest of your cousins to say, "La, la, la, look at the lamb and the lark; and wa, wa, wa, we will walk." Herbert learns this much more readily than his brother. They are very good children, and are grown very fond of me. I tickle and toss them wherever we meet, and sometimes kiss Duke Bruin, who is Ursa Major or the Great Bear, and is the best kissing of the three. But kissing him is a very different thing from kissing my own Bertha Bruin, and Kate, and Isabee-bo-bell. My aunt would be very willing to visit us, and bring the three Bears with her; but I fear my uncle will not be persuaded to move. Earl Bruin, the little wee Bear, is very little older than Isabel, and does not talk; but Marquis Bruin, the middle Bear, has an ursine language of his own which is very winning. His daily subject of complaint is, that nobody will be married, and so he can get no wedding-cake.

You must tell your mamma that I have seen a letter to-day from Mrs. Piozzi to Mr. Davies, which concerns me; and which, as the writer is only seventy-five years of age, may, perhaps, make her jealous, if she heard of it from any other quarter than from myself. Mrs. Piozzi, hearing that I am at Streatham, and expecting to find me there when she comes herself, bids me beware of a solitary woman with "bright blue eyes, although her hair be grey." She writes a sprightly letter, full of life and spirits, and in a full, strong hand, which, as a sample of pen-*woman*ship, is remarkably fine, but, considering her time of life, is really wonderful.

I have bought for you some Arabian Tales in three volumes, wherein you will find mention of the Dom-

daniel which Thalaba destroyed; and I have bought for Herbert the "Persian and Turkish Tales." I am writing at this time upon your desk, which is the size of your mamma's, and I mean to buy the fellow to it for Thisbe.* I shall also buy books and pictures for Bertha and Kate.

Do not forget your lessons while I am absent. I shall not be pleased if you lose ground. Tell Lunus to look over the poems which I made for him about his Greek, and have them all at the tip of his tongue when I return.

Your mamma will like to know all the news of my intended operations which I can send her. Tell her, then, that I am getting on well with my business, in every sense of the word; that I go to town on Friday, when Coleridge will be asked to dine with me at Harry's; on Sunday I dine and sleep at Holland House; the Wednesday following dine at a Mr. Vaughan's, with Elmsley, and the next day with Madame Stael. Next week will complete my main business, and then another fortnight will set me free from London. I mean to stop a day on my return at Worcester for the purpose of seeing Lucien Bonaparte.

And now, my dear Edithling, farewell. Give my love to Wilsey: the doctor inquired particularly for her. Say to your Aunt Coleridge that I long to sneeze and snap my toes at home once more; and tell the Senhora that poor *I* am getting sleepy, for it is half-past nine o'clock. Sufficient for the day hath been the labour thereof. I am Simorgish at all times; and when absent from home it is better to be asleep than awake. I hope Lord Nelson, Bona Fidelia, and Madame Catalani continue well. Sir John Murray has probably gone the way of all geese. How is Paul

* This was poor Sara Coleridge's nickname.

the Pig, and how go on his distant relations from Guinea? Next week I shall write to Herbert.

God bless you.

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Barker.

Streatham, Oct. 8. 1813.

Two ladies arrived here to dinner, and they have all the Ionic pronunciation in such perfection, that, by an easy process of thought, I was led to think of the Senhora and the *ill* at Keswick, and *ome*, and sundry other things sympathetic of the malady called *ome*-sickness, whereof I *ave* a touch at the *art* just now. There they are talking away below stairs as *appily* as possible, and just as if there was no *h* in the alphabet; and here am I, above stairs, by my own fire, in the inner part of the drawing-room (Edith will recollect the room), wishing myself three *undred* miles off, and feeling very much as I used to do at school when I was thinking of the *oly days*. The church clock has just struck seven.

Herbert has got his letter this evening, and is, perhaps, at this moment, preaching it out with all gravity to Wilsey, who will be yet more delighted to listen than he is to read. In a few minutes I shall be summoned to tea. However, I have begun a letter, meaning to scrawl through it in the course of the evening (for sufficient for the day hath been the labour thereof), and to take it with me to London to-morrow, in hope that I may find Pegasus at the Doctor's, and seal it therewith.

First, then, and foremost, of the things which are to be said. I desire that I may have a letter sent off by Tuesday's post, and directed here, that it may reach me on Friday. My present engagements stand thus: to-morrow, dine with Dr. Stanger; Sunday, at Holland House; Monday, at Mrs. Gonne's, where this family are going; Wednesday, with John May at the Doctor's; Thursday, at Travers's, to be introduced to his sister, whom Gooch is going to marry; Friday and Saturday will complete my business here, and then I remove to town. There I shall stay as short a time as my unpaid engagements will permit, and then take the shortest road home; for I am beyond measure weary of being out of my own proper element.

I shall look for Lord William on Sunday, and endeavour to hurry this appointment by a simple notification that I certainly do not intend to wait for it. As long as my own affairs keep me in town, well; but they are not to suppose that I will submit to be detained here for the Marquis of Hertford's pleasure, or anybody else's. They ought to know that in accepting the office, I am conferring a favour rather than receiving one. I want it settled; because, as I intend to invest the salary in a life insurance, I shall save a fine of ten pounds by appearing at the insurance office; and I believe, also, that the oath of allegiance which I must take, cannot, on this occasion, be taken in the country. However, I shall ascertain all this, and get through it with the least possible delay. Of the many things which remain to be done in London, one is to wait upon Smith, and have the bust finished, and another to send off the hamper from Burges's, which shall be done as soon as I get the one thing needful for doing it: and you will not find fault with me, Senhora, if I put in a pot of caviare, in expectation that you and I, who have tips to our tongues, shall like it. I have to

see Miss Linwood's pictures, and the beasts at the Tower, and the Strand Bridge; to dine with Longman, and Murray, and Croker; and to go with Sharp to his country-house. Senhora, I am really too lazy and too Simorgish to write anything but such mere gossip as this. "It is *poor* I;" and I wish it were bed-time, and that the days were gone, and the nights too, which must pass before I take my seat comfortably in the mail-coach, and pack myself up for forty hours; for I want some garlick-pie, and the odour of your snuff-box, and to see Wilsey, and to kiss the children, and to make a noise, and to sit under the shadow of Mrs. Coleridge's nose, and to sit by my own fire-side, and to sleep in my own bed, and to resume my own way of life, and to say Aballaboozo-langanoribo in the right place, and in the right tone of feeling, and (when I am called upon) to sing the "Bloody Gardener" with my usual obligingness.

Tuesday last I met Lord St. Helens at Mr. Legge's —a regular-built old courtier. He said that I must have lived a great deal in Spain; for the "Espriella" had been put into his hands, with information who the author was. He could hardly persuade himself that it was not the genuine work of a Spaniard, so well had the characters been preserved. The newspapers, among their fashionable news, have it that Mr. Legge gave this dinner to Lord St. Helen's, whereas the truth is, that it was given to me. However, as I made a better figure over the hermitage and the claret, his lordship is welcome to figure by himself in the "Morning Post." I took Coleridge to Madame de Stael on Monday, and left him there in the full spring-tide of his discourse.* His time of departure seems still uncertain. Mrs. C. will not be sorry to hear that he is selling his German

* It was after this interview that Madame de Stael said of Coleridge: "Pourtant, pour Mr. Coleridge, il est, tout-a-fait *un monologue!*"

books. I cannot quite so well say whether Edith will be glad that I shall purchase some of them.

I hope the early meeting of Parliament will bring Canning to town time enough for me to see him. Shall you not delight in seeing Madame de Stael on her way to Scotland? She is a real lioness. I shall see her again next week, and introduce Duppa to her, he being what Sharp calls a very presentable person. Duppa is at present very busy and very happy. Some papers have been put into his hands, which, as he thinks, demonstrate the author of "Junius," and contain his own memoirs for twenty years of his life, written by himself. Part of these memoirs he is now printing. I saw enough of them to see that they are very curious. Duppa dined and slept here on Wednesday. We had the Captain, whose wig is now in such a state that he might advantageously make an exchange with the nearest scarecrow. Rickman and Mrs. Rickman come to town before Parliament meet, and the last three or four days of my abode in town, will, of course, be spent at my old quarters.

And now, Senhora, good night. Should I learn anything in town to-morrow, I will add it in a postscript. As soon as you have had your tea, take your pen, ink, and paper, and write me a letter, and tell me all the news of home; and if you send it to the post that night, *i. e.*, Monday, direct it to 28. Queen Anne Street. N.B., you may as well add London, which was forgotten in the direction of the last letter. My love to all belonging to me, and God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, November, 1813.

My dear Harry,

Beddoes had once a notion that colds were to be cured by exposure to cold. My case would tend to support his theory. I got into the mail with a plentiful flowing at the nose, and a great disposition to cough. You know the weather was so warm during the day that I did not put on my elastic shirt. It became very severe. My body clothes kept my legs and thighs from suffering much, but in the course of the night I found it necessary to pull off great coat, coat, and waistcoat, and slip on this new-fashioned under-waistcoat, which I accomplished without disturbing the repose or shocking the delicacy of a stupid old woman, whom ill fate had made the sole companion of my journey. The Laureate dressing in the mail in this situation, was even a better scene than his dressing for Court, had there been any one present to have enjoyed it. In the course of twenty-four hours I lost all inclination to cough, and nearly got rid of my cold,—just enough remaining to remind me that I have had one.

To-morrow I shall get a little in order, and in a day or two will begin a letter of extracts for you, and look out the miracle of miracles for Gooch.

God bless you. R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, November 16. 1813.

My dear Landor,

I reached home on Sunday afternoon, after a twelve weeks' absence. Your letter was awaiting my

return; a former one reached me just before my departure, and, with many others, remained unanswered, because amid the endless round of occupations and engagements in which I was involved, it was impossible to find time for answering them. Thank God, I am once more by my own fireside. My ankles are still somewhat swollen, for I was five-and-forty hours upon the road, and the sound of the mail coach is not yet out of my ears; but I am safe, sound, and at rest.

You would find it easier to write a new comedy than to introduce action and bustle into a plan which was constructed without them. This is like pulling a house to pieces for the purpose of making something which formed no part of the original design. There is in the dialogues of this play a peculiar character which it is easier to feel than to analyse: your prose is like your verse, everywhere terse, condensed, and full of thought; and with flashes of which the thought and the expression are so apt, so happy, and so original, that I know not where they are to be paralleled, or where anything approaching them is to be found. I was asked in London whether I was the author of "Count Julian." The question implied a great compliment to me, and little discernment in those who proposed it. Your notion of tragedy is perhaps too severe, yet I think you could write one which would succeed in representation more easily than you could a comedy. Once you talked of a selection of modern Latin poems, and sent me some specimens of the criticisms which were to accompany it. A bookseller would find his account in publishing this, for it would have a sale at public schools and in the Universities.

On my arrival in town I found that Croker, having consulted with an old friend and schoolfellow of mine, had asked the Prince to make me Laureate. The Prince replied that he understood I had written well in

defence of the Spanish cause, and therefore I should have the appointment. Presently Croker meets Lord Liverpool, and tells him what had passed. Lord Liverpool expressed his regret that he had not known it four-and-twenty hours earlier, for the Marquis of Hertford had consulted with him, and they, agreeing that Walter Scott was the fittest person upon whom to bestow the laurel, on the maxim of *detur digniori*, had written and offered it to him. The Prince was angry at this: "He ought to have been consulted," he said; "it was his pleasure that I should have it, he had given it to me, and have it I should." Croker then observed that he was Scott's friend as well as mine, that Scott and I were upon the best terms with each other, that anything which could be done upon the subject would be equally unpleasant to both of us, and therefore for the sake of both of us he requested that the matter might rest where it was. All this I learnt on the morning of my arrival.

As soon as the post could bring it, there came a letter from Scott, telling me that he declined the appointment, because he held two professional offices, and did not think it becoming to accept this, which was almost the only thing that could be bestowed on one who was exclusively devoted to literature. He urged me to accept it, if, as he hoped, expected, and had requested, it should be offered me; and this was concluded in terms so frank and ingenuous, that it reflects more honour upon himself than he yielded to me. In me it would have been rank cowardice, and therefore rank folly, to have refused the appointment, which I could only have done because I disliked the Prince's Government, or distrusted my own power of making the office respectable, or because I feared to give occasion to the jests of newspaper jokesmiths.

The salary was originally 100 marks. It was raised

for Ben Jonson to 100*l.* and a tierce of Spanish Canary wine, since wickedly commuted for 26*l.*, which commutation pays income-tax, pension-tax, land-tax, and the Lord knows what taxes besides. The whole net income is about 90*l.* By adding to it 12*l.* a-year, I insure my life for 3000*l.*, and this converts the income into a legacy for my family.

As soon as I can find leisure, I will transcribe another book of "Roderick" for you.

Remember me to Mrs. L.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 30. 1813.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Thank you for your letter. It cautions me well against the indirect use of words* which ought to be reserved for great occasions, and I do not discover that we differ in opinion when we understand each other. I see, as you do, and surely have often expressed, that the

* The words referred to in Rickman's letter are these; and I may note in passing that all Southey's and Rickman's letters are written in the freest and most unreserved terms, each having the fullest confidence in the other:—

"I, who am no Puritan, can never read sacred epithets applied to human actions without a little shuddering. Involuntarily, I believe, I refer all political failings to morality (high or low as the case may be), never to religion. Thus I would dignify the obstinate resistance of the Spaniards by any epithets denoting the steadfastness of their patriotism, and their heroic suffering; but I do not class this kind of merit, nor any not of Gospel creation, as *holy* and *righteous*, two words which I seem to remember often in your historical style." — *MS. Letter from J. R. to R. S.*, 20th Nov. 1813.

whirlwind of the Revolution was necessary to clear away the pestilence of the old Governments; and I think as you do that in the moral government of the world and of the universe, general results are those which are contemplated;—and that to these, individuals, species, and nations will sometimes be sacrificed. The belief that good is stronger than evil sets all right upon the great scale, and all is set right for individuals also in a future state.

Certainly I do not believe that God can prefer one nation to another.* But in cases like the old Dutch war against Spain, and the present war against Bonaparte, the struggle is between good and evil, and the contest is actually what the Crusades were only erroneously called — a Holy war. However, I will be sparing of such epithets.

I am glad the char arrived in good case. They were from Crummock Lake; Derwentwater is not deep enough for them. I sent them, thinking that a char in London must be like a tortoise-shell Tom cat, a *rara avis*.

Remember me to Mrs. R. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Dec. 12. 1813.

My dear Neville,

I meant to have seen you in the morning before my departure from town, and also to have answered in person a note from Josiah Conder; but the day proved rainy, and prevented me. The day we met at New

* Southey evidently had Deut. ix. 4—6. in view. He was the most regular and child-like reader of his Bible, and would say, with the excellent John Miller, "I am not among the number (if any such there really be) who would, either avowedly or virtually, *annul* the earlier Scriptures."—*Serm.* xiii. p. 321. note.

Inn I caught a violent cold, which lasted me during the remainder of my stay in London; and perhaps I should have thought any other person imprudent in setting out with such a companion for a two-nights' journey in the mail. But I persuaded myself that five-and-forty hours' travelling would shake it out of my system; and though the theory certainly was founded upon inclination, or rather made to suit it, it was confirmed by the result: for I reached home with little cold left, and with no other symptom of fatigue than that my ankles remained swollen for two or three days. All at home were well, and I was as happy and as thankful as it became me to be, at finding them so after so long an absence.

Since my return I have paid off some long epistolary arrears, and got through a good deal of miscellaneous preparatory work; but my chief employment has been that which has grown out of my new situation. You will see my New Year's Ode announced for separate publication under the title of "Carmen Annuum." I have given it this Latin name to avoid calling it an ode, partly because it is longer than such compositions usually are, and partly because the poem is of a peculiar character; I was glad to find a general name for it, rather than one which might convey an erroneous expectation of its manner. It is an oration in verse, rather than a poem — but whether it be worth the trouble and the time which it has cost me, must be left to others to determine. Longman will send it you as soon as it is ready. It must appear on New Year's Day; and an extract from it serves the purpose of the Ode in ordinary.

My intention was to have accompanied it with a sort of dedicatory epistle to the Prince; but I have not yet been able to strike off a beginning, and must therefore, I fear, delay this. It will not be very long before there

will be another, and in some respects a better opportunity for it. I purpose to write a series of inscriptions, recording the achievements of our army in the Peninsula, — triumphal for the battles won and fortresses taken, and monumental for the more distinguished persons who have fallen. You see I am disposed to do all that is in my power to render the office honourable.

The burden of my poem is, "Glory to God, Deliverance for Mankind;" the concluding strain is "Down with the Tyrant." And here you have my feelings as to the events which have taken place since we met, and the course which it becomes the victorious allies to pursue. It will be their own fault if they do not dictate peace at Paris; there and thus peace ought to be made, and no otherwise, unless this event be prevented, as it so easily may, by the recal of the Bourbons. Whether in my own individual mind I wish to see them re-established is a question which I am really unable to answer; for if on the one hand the immediate benefits would be great, on the other they are a bad race, and I never can forget, whatever have been the crimes of the French Revolution in its course, and the incalculable evils of its consequences, that the feelings which occasioned their expulsion were far nobler than those which would bring about their restoration.

To-morrow I send "Roderick" to the press. It will quite rejoice me to see a proof sheet again, after having been three months without one.

Madame de Stael's book concerning Germany is highly interesting, and more than answers any expectation which I could have formed, highly as I thought of her acquirements and intellectual powers from conversing with her. I differ from her only in this, — that I go with Schlegel the whole length of reprobating French taste in its master-pieces, as false in its essential prin-

ciples, and pernicious in its inevitable consequences. Germany she does not rank too high, nor English philosophy too low. It is a delightful book, written with manly force and female fancy. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 26. 1814.

You must well know, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, that you are an ugly fellow, Mrs. Coleridge having informed you that Miss Christian said so; and you must know that you are an ugly correspondent also, for not a line in your handwriting have I seen for more than a month past.

I put together the virile parts which were deemed unfit for a *Pē-ēl's* poem, and made them, with three additional stanzas, into a separate ode, which I sent to Stuart to insert in the "Courier." By the length of time which has elapsed, I conclude that Stuart has left home, and that the letter has not followed him, otherwise I think he would have inserted it; and I am sure that if he had thought it not advisable so to do, he would have written to me. It is a thundering ode, and one of the new stanzas might make me cry out as Cooling used to do when the Master of the Rolls electrified him — Voila! M. Bedford.

"By the bones which bleach on Joppa's beach;
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogged the carrion birds with gore;
By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain
Or stiffened on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscovy;

By the bodies which lie all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the tyrant's flight;
By the widow's and the orphan's cry;
By the childless parents' agony*;
By the lives which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;
By the prayers which call down curses on his head,
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame —
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
Pluck from," &c.

We have had a severe January here, but the snow, though sufficient to cover hill and vale for about four weeks, has not been so deep as in the south, nor have our roads been blocked up either so often or so long — the longest interruption we have had is just terminated; Sunday's and Monday's mails arrived this morning (Wednesday), and now I hope we shall receive them regularly, though late. I have suffered the snow to serve as an excuse for my habitual indisposition to locomotion, and am not the better for it; to-morrow, however, now that it is converted into good wholesome *slosh*, I resume my morning walks. In clogs I defy all dirt, but snow balls under the wooden sole and penetrates through all shoe leather.

Do you see that D—— advertises in his next paper an account of 'the Flagellant? and as written by some young noblemen and gentlemen; Isaac Reid had written the history of the book in his copy; W. the player purchased it at his sale, and parted with it afterwards to Hill the drysalter. Hill has all sorts of people about him, and among them some who are pretty closely connected with Hunt and the "Examiner." In this way it is likely enough that the real story may make its appearance, and you need not be told how little I care whether it does or not.

* In the printed copy this is "misery." See "Poetical Works," p. 192., one vol. ed.

How have your father and mother borne this severe season? I heard you were to dine at Herries' not long since. I concluded from that that they were tolerably well. God bless you.

R. S.

To John King, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 27. 1814.

MY DEAR KING,

You once asked me for a passage in Herrera, which is not to be found in that author,—at least, I did not find it there when I read the whole work carefully through. If however I remember rightly, I sent you an extract to the same purport from the letters of Amerigo Vespucci, and this morning I have found the matter more fully stated and confirmed by much better authority. The Portuguese Academy have just published (for the first time) some observations upon the natural history of Brazil, by Anchieta, and the nineteenth section is as follows:—"Est alius vermiculus Scolopendræ fere similis pilis totus obsitus, deformis visu, cujus varia sunt genera, colore inter se differunt et nomine; eadem forma omnibus.* Horum alii si corpus tangant, magnum inferunt dolorem qui multis horis perseverat; aliorum vero (qui oblongi sunt et nigri, rubro capite) pili venenosi sunt, et ad libidinem incendunt; quos solent Indi genitalibus imponere, quæ in vehementem excitantur libidinis ardorem, intument et post triduum computrescunt; unde sæpe fit, ut præputium multifariam perforetur, aliquando etiam ipsa virilia corruptionem contrahant insanabilem, nec se solum eâ morbi fœditate deturpant, sed et ipsas etiam fœminas

* "Larvæ sunt Papilionum, species omnes, quarum pili inferunt dolorem, nomen obtinent Brasilicum *Sataurana* id est *tanquam ignis urens*."—Note *in loc.*

quibus se immiscuerint, conspurcant et inficiunt." * The notes are by Diegō de Toledo Zara Ardōney, a correspondent of the Academy, who communicated the original from Brazil. There are one or two other things in this little treatise which (as I am writing) may be worth mentioning. Anchieta says, that a person who has once recovered from the bite of a dangerous serpent, is in no danger, and suffers much less pain if bitten a second time. This seems to corroborate what Thunberg says, which you will find in the "Omniana," vol. ii. page 261—2.

His commentator affirms that in one part of Brazil the inhabitants are fully convinced they have a certain cure for the bite of a serpent—if it could be applied. As soon as the patient is bitten, another person, having his mouth full of tobacco, is to suck the wound with great force, spitting repeatedly during the operation, this to be continued for a considerable time, and then the tobacco to be laid upon the orifice.

The same commentator says that the reason why parrots very rarely procreate in captivity (for the fact is equally rare in all climates) is, that it is their habit to couple when in the act of flying.

I send you these facts with a safe conscience, as neither dog, cat, frog, or any other unhappy subject of experimental philosophy can possibly be the worse for them.

Some of the hairy caterpillars in England are said to sting the hand, if they are touched, like nettles.† I

* Si verum est hæc ulcera insanabilia fieri et contagiosa, Lue quoque venereâ ægrotos laborare conjectari potest?—*J. K.*

† "This I know from my own experience to be true." — *MS. Note, by Zoe King.*

It was likewise true as regarded the late Mrs. Southey, as she told me herself. Southey assigns the right reason — that of susceptibility.

have handled all sorts that ever came in my way, and never found this to be the case, and my skin is neither hardened by labour nor irritable by nature. But it may very possibly be unsusceptible of this particular irritation, just as some constitutions are not liable to certain diseases. Why negroes suffer so dreadfully from the small-pox is, I believe, accounted for, but has it ever yet been discovered why they are entirely free from the yellow fever?

If you and I were neighbours once more (which I sincerely wish we were) you would often be amused at my physical speculations; here, like as my other speculations, they "waste their sweetness on the desert air," unless in some idle *Omnianaish* hour I commit them to writing, and then they find their way into a little desk appropriated for the reception of stray papers, and there they contract sweetness from a bottle of otto of rose, which my brother Tom bought of a Jew at Tetuan, and which serves no other purpose than to perfume them for the printer, — with him, at least, my works are in good odour.

In the course of the summer I shall have something to send you. "Roderick" is in the press, and I have corrected nine sheets, every proof spurring me on towards the completion of it. Without the spur it would probably remain much longer unfinished, for occupations multiply upon me, and I have none of that feeling which makes a young poet impatient to appear before the world and receive the reward of his labours. You will be pleased with the poem. It is deep tragedy throughout, but that kind of tragedy which elevates the mind instead of depressing it. I am thinking already what to begin next; for though my motions in poetry are become slow as a tortoise, nevertheless I shall not be happy unless some long one is in hand. I hesitate between four:—I., a New England historical

subject, with an ideal Quaker hero, by name Oliver Goffe, son of one of King Charles's judges, and godson of Oliver Cromwell,—a rhymed poem, pitched in Spenser's key, but with dramatic and lyric parts; II., a "Robin Hood," to which the chief objection is, that I should be accused of imitating Scott's manner, though the story was planned and one or two detached sketches written before Scott was heard of; III., a Persic romance, founded upon the Zendavesta; and IV., a Runic romance; but the last has the least chance, as I should choose to read the Saga's first, and have a language to learn. Let me say a word or two to Danvers before I conclude: from the list of books which he has sent me I shall be glad to have Knox's "History of the Reformation in Scotland;" and about the money, whatever balance may be in his hands, Eliza will have a use for when she removes to Wells, which she will do in May. I thought I was in his debt for some books from Gutch and a few other commissions. Our winter has been rigorous but less uncomfortable than yours, for we have had less snow. We have had ailments of late, which seem now passing away. I wish you could see my live stock. Edith is my long daughter; and Bertha is my stern daughter; and Katherine is my round daughter; and Isabel is my square daughter; and as for Herbert, I add (and Bertha and Kate repeat it after me with no small triumph), he is no daughter at all! If Bonaparte be killed (and I pray to God that the war may continue till he is!) I shall probably, some years hence, take them to the Continent, and domesticate them for some years, as the easiest and cheapest mode of education. God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, March 7. 1814.

MY DEAR WYNN,

So there is yet to be another part to the bloody tragedy of the French Revolution! I do not think it possible that peace can last two years, unless Bonaparte should happen to die in the meantime. If this country had taken advantage of the abominable usurpation of Spain to declare that it would never make peace with Bonaparte, this evil would never have happened. Spain and Portugal would most sincerely have joined in the political excommunication; and it is scarcely possible that, under such circumstances, the House of Austria should have given its daughter in marriage, capable as that house is of any baseness. Did I tell you what Adair told me, that Hofer actually took shelter in a prison in Vienna, having found means to be arrested under a feigned name; and that the Austrian Government turned him out. I will not say what the Emperor and his ministers deserve for this in the next world, but I am sure they deserve the gallows and everlasting infamy in this.

If the present affairs of the world were my business, as they are yours, I should perhaps make myself unhappy at seeing them managed so wretchedly. But half my time is spent in the past, and a large portion of the other half in a world of my own. I am getting on with "Roderick," and with my Brazilian "History." With the former the printer is reasonably spurring me on. The twelfth proof is now on the table. I am in the vein, and go on with better spirit because the end of the journey is in sight. It is time that I should determine upon which of my many plans to begin next; for though I build slowly, I must always have a ship on the stocks. God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R. N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, April 3. 1814.

MY DEAR TOM,

I fear it is a long time since you have heard from me. My days are so filled up that many things are necessarily left undone. "Roderick" is now my main business. I am in soundings, and it will not be long before I shall be in sight of land. Meantime, that I may be ready with my exercise, I have laid down the timbers of a poem upon the young Princess's marriage; it will consist of three parts, of which the first is written, and the second begun. It is in the six-syllable stanza of Gualberto, only that the last line is not always an Alexandrine. I am pleased with what I have done, and more pleased with the conception of what remains to do; the form of the second part is allegorical, and instead of compliment, it takes a high moral strain of exhortation, delivered by certain personages, real and imaginary — Liberty, Religion, Old Ocean (a friend of yours), and a brother of his who wields the sword instead of the trident; Clarkson, Dr. Bell, and, to bring up the rear, Death; persons who may, without any startling incongruity, meet in a dream. Should I go on as I have begun, it is likely to be a striking poem.

The Doctor is in the press with his book upon consumption. I had the first proof a few days back. It is very well written; and if the matter be as good as the manner seemed to be (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will do him great credit, and probably as much good as he expects from it.

The new edition of "Thalaba" is on the way to me. It differs from the last only in having the stanzas (or rather paragraphs) numbered to prevent the printer

from ever again running two into one, and in the lapidary arrangement of the lines, like "Kehama."

April 6th.—It will not be difficult to make your history as complete as it ought to be. After having done all that is possible at home, you must pay the Doctor a visit, in order to make use of the public libraries; I will then obtain access for you to such Government records as may be needful; but instead of confining yourself to the year 1700, the work ought to be carried down to the end of the existing war.

At different periods certain chapters or introductions will be required upon subjects which a chronological arrangement of mere facts cannot include. Thus at the beginning there should be as complete an account as can be collected of the state of the inhabitants at the time of the discovery. The negroes will afford matter for another chapter; the slave trade for another; and finally a chapter upon the present state and future prospects of these islands. I see very distinctly in what manner the book may be made better than any of its kind, and remain a model for such works. The notes should all be translated, and the original added where there is a necessity for producing the actual words of an author as authenticated evidence, or if it be desirable for any peculiarity of expression.

I have suspected that Rochefort is the original of Davies; but, on the other hand, the translation was certainly made from an anonymous work, and I cannot discover that Rochefort ever published an edition without his name. The "Bibliotheque Universelle des Voyages," does not clear this up. Like all other catalogues of this kind, though excellently useful, it is exceedingly imperfect. Labat is a hateful fellow, and yet a most entertaining and valuable writer. He is what his portrait represents him,—a thoroughly sensual Frenchman, with the

blessed advantage of being a Dominican friar to boot, believing no doubt about as much in St. Dominic as I do. But he has likewise all the cleverness of the French character, and was moreover a man of indefatigable observation. You judge too hardly in calling him a vile plagiarist. His historical retrospects are abstracts from "Du Tertre," but the bulk of the book is his own. I allow him to be hateful, and yet I do not hate him. There is a certain resemblance to Falstaff about him, the oddity of which is heightened by his being a friar. After he left the West Indies he was stationed for some years in Italy, and wrote eight volumes more respecting that country, which are exceedingly curious.

You must bring your papers here, and take a spell at Herrera, Oviedo, and Gomara. Whatever Spanish books may exist concerning their islands (there is one I know about Puerto Rico), I will ask Abella to collect for me at Madrid. There is much about Cuba in the proceedings of the Cortes. Come when you like. Next month the leaves will be out, and the water fit for bathing. Love to Sarah. God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R. N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, April 26. 1814.

MY DEAR TOM,

I wish you had been here when the whole news came. Bedford sent me a fifth edition of the "Courier" (my regular one was but the second); and Courtenay sent me a printed bulletin, the first I ever saw. It brought Calvert down, and we drank a bottle of wine with better relish than ever wine had before; for though

Calvert was a great fearer and doubter, all through the contest, his openness never in the slightest degree affected his wishes, and he was as well disposed toward Bonaparte as I myself. Now that we may look onward with coolness to the consequences, I see two things to be deprecated,—*candour* and *liberality*; that is to say, the combinations of folly, weakness, and want of principle, which are at present known by those names. We shall probably see much irretrievable mischief done by both.

You have seen Calvus's last letter in the "Courier." Landor is the writer. I entirely agree with him that this is the time for undoing the mischief which was done by the Peace of Utrecht. Woefully has it been shown that France was then made too strong for the repose of Europe. She ought now to be stript of Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche-Compté. There is certainly no possible pretence for expecting that we should restore any of our conquests. I am willing that it should be done, because the French colonists never will be English, and it will be better for them to be under their native government than ours: but for this we have a right to demand something, and I would have the compensation in money, which should form the basis of a fund for increasing the pay of army and navy, upon the system which you and I have so often recommended. France cannot pay at present: the conquest should be retained till she could. "No trust."

Here we shall be told of liberality, — the cry is already begun; the French know what it means. The Whitbreads and the Grey-Geese use it because it is a pretty word; and as our ministers are much more likely to be flattered with being called liberal by their opponents than to console themselves with the thought of being called wise by posterity, liberal, I dare say, they will be. We shall hardly in our time feel the evil

which must result, but we may distinctly see the good which is lost.

Candour is already mischievously successful. Alexander, a weak though a good man, has been to breakfast with Ney; and there is not a thief, ruffian, and murderer among all those who have acted up to the full spirit of Bonaparte's system, who will be hissed out of society. As for Cardinal Maury, he suffers as a cardinal who has sinned against the Pope; and as a man who, if he had not gone over to the wrong side, would have had the most signal merits to plead in behalf of the Bourbons. You know how earnestly I used to urge that, while we were at war, we should distinguish between Bonaparte and the French people. The fitness of that distinction is proved by the act of deposing him, and making peace with the world, being one and the same. But we must not let this rob the French army of the whole merit of their conduct in his services. Certes it was Bonaparte who sent them into Spain; but who did the work there? — who were they who robbed, ravished, burnt, tortured, and murdered wherever they went? They were the soldiers, the officers, and the generals of the most amiable of nations. It was not Bonaparte who did all this. . . . .

I receive many congratulations upon the accomplishment of my hopes and expectations, and am in danger of being suspected for a prophet,—a danger of which my friends, the Edinburghers, are quite clear. The cudgels were taken up for me with good effect in the "Times," and I have had my last thundering ode reprinted there to accommodate Jeffrey, and enable him to bring my hopes and predictions to the same test to which I brought his, by comparing them with the events. I shall have at him again in *more notes* to another ode.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, May 28. 1814.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Send me the books of "Roderick" as soon as you can. I expect to finish the sixth this night, and think that it will not extend to more than xxii. *Quoad* the dedication, — you are perfectly right about the conclusion, which I can alter, so as to give it a different turn; and I think you are as entirely wrong about the rest. The structure of the verse is that of the Miltonic Sonnet. It is not, however, worth defending. Perhaps I could write another as easily as I could alter this; and, perhaps, I may throw it behind the fire, and let the book go into the world without any such introduction. It is very possible that such a thing may, in some degree, be expected; but I have no stomach for "gracious permissions," and "most devoteds," "most obedients," &c., and these can only be escaped by writing in verse. Whenever my History appears, it is my full intention to dedicate it to Perceval's memory.

Vincent's approbation of my prose writings was, probably confined to the "Quarterly Review," to which I owe any fashion that may be forced upon me. He is far too advanced in years to travel so far as this from home; were he to come I should call upon him, and could find wherewith to interest him for an evening in this library; but he is too old for the journey, and unless we were brought together by some such accident, we shall never meet.

If I thought the "European Magazine" would sell a dozen of my books by hanging out the sign of the P. L., Mr. A. should certainly be welcome to it; but I do not think this could be the case, nor that I should acquire any notoriety by it which would turn to account.

That I am getting into fashion I shall believe, when Longman tells me so. He has told me that there is an increasing demand for my books, but it is still a slow one, — the surer on that account: "slow and sure," however, is no very comfortable motto for an author who must live by the grey goose quill; and I have long been convinced that I am one of those poets who must die before it is the fashion to buy their works. "Roderick" will not alter this: it will, very probably, be less talked of than "Kehama;" and notwithstanding what you say of my blank verse, I have, in the progress of this poem, felt the difficulties of the measure to be so great, and its disadvantages also, in always exposing the weak parts, that I have almost resolved, if I write another long poem without rhyme, to revert to the metre of "Thalaba."

I wish "Roderick" were finished! I wish the "Epithalamium" were finished! I wish the Inscription were finished! I wish the Prince would order me my sack in kind, or rather allow of such commutation alone as should be made in the wine merchant's cellar; and then I would give claret, and drink the Regent's health in it with due gratitude. Learn for me in the reign of what P. L. the commutation was made, and I will write an ode *odious* and maledictory upon his memory. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, June 22. 1814.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I expected the termination which your letter communicates. The prolongation of life could only

have been feebleness and pain to himself, and fear and suffering to all around him. The passage now has been short and easy; and what more could be prayed for than thus to fall asleep in ripe old age?

If I were to look round the world and ask you what man there is in it whom I should miss the most if he were removed, you would be the man. Excepting Wynn, you are the oldest friend I have, and with no one has my communication been so uninterruptedly frequent. For many, very many, years there has never occurred a day in which some circumstance or other has not brought you to my mind. Brixton is, perhaps, the most important scene of my literary life. Whenever I arrive at that sort of canonisation which poets as well as saints must die before they can attain, the summer-house there (if it be standing) will be given as a vignette to one of the chapters of my memoirs.* With the recollection of that time, and of many others, your father's memory is blended; and, among all your friends, I venture to say that none knew him better or valued him more. The only mistake which nature made, was in not making him a prince. But his elements were happily mixed; and when a tale touched him there was a look in his eye which I shall never forget.

Remember me most kindly to your mother and Henry, and believe me ever

Most affectionately yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* I believe the old summer-house had disappeared before the Life and Correspondence were published.

To John May, Esq.

July 1. 1814.

My dear Friend,

Yesterday I received your letter, with its inclosure of 50*l.*, a fresh obligation for which I stand indebted to you. Arriving on Thursday, it could not be acknowledged on the same day.

The Chamberlain's office, I perceive, is much more slow in its payments than the Exchequer, where they usually pay one quarter shortly after a second is due. The fees, &c. are within a few shillings of 20*l.*, which somewhat exceeds the first quarter of the salary, but there is also the wicked commutation for the sack to be received, payable at another place, which will more than answer the deficiency. This is paid by William Nicol, whom Harry has seen at Bedford's, and from Bedford he will learn when the money may be forthcoming. Have you received the bust yet?

The fault which has been committed about the slave trade arose from the principle upon which we treated, which appears to me to have been radically wrong. Unquestionably it was a great point to re-establish the Bourbons, and it was good policy to separate the cause of Bonaparte from that of France; this latter point you know I have often endeavoured to enforce. But the French had no merit to plead in deserting their tyrant; their suppleness and their fear made them stand by him to the last, and their capital was in consequence conquered. Blucher was at the gates when they capitulated. France, therefore, had no claim upon the generosity of the allies, but her negotiators, as usual, have been expert at their business, and flattered the crowned heads into an ostentatious display of what is magnanimity between man and man, but folly be-

tween nation and nation, under the present circumstances of Europe. Since the days of Louis XIV. the power and the ambition of France have been the curse of half the world; there was now an opportunity of repairing the blunders committed at Utrecht, and stripping France of the acquisitions which Louis XIV. made. Ministers say that the cessions which we have made were to purchase certain equivalent arrangements on the continent. To this it may be replied that for any arrangements in which we were directly or indirectly concerned, we made an ample equivalent by restoring Gascony, then subject to the British arms. But the real truth is, that terms so favourable to France were granted to render the new Government popular; and that now, as in every former instance, the British negotiators have not fully understood their own strength, nor adequately supported the pride and power of their country. "Whatever we may restore," they should have said, "is on our part a mere gift. You have no equivalent to offer, and no possibility of recovering what you have lost by arms. We will give you your sugar islands, &c., if you will assent to the abolition of the slave trade; if you do not like the condition, so be it — the islands shall remain as they are." What possible reply could have been made to this?

The evil, however, is not so great in this instance as the alarm. To prevent the introduction of fresh negroes into our own islands is very practicable, and very easy. No kind of commodity is so difficult, or rather impossible, to be smuggled, if the simple regulation is adopted of making every person register his slaves. There can be no importation to St. Domingo, and the islands which we restore have been long enough in our possession to feel the possibility of advantage of doing without any fresh supply; and demonstrated as the impolicy, as well as the wickedness, of the trade has

been, I think there is little reason to doubt that the stipulation in the treaty for its absolute abolishment at the time appointed will be fulfilled, even if it be not affected sooner. There are far greater difficulties to encounter with Spain and Portugal. The Prince cannot attempt it without inevitably losing Brazil. Whether the same consequences would take place in Cuba, I do not know. When you see in my second volume the long and persevering struggles which the Jesuits made against the Indian slave trade, and how ineffectual were all the efforts of the Government and the Church, — the latter most zealous in the cause, and with agents the most able and the most virtuous, — you will perceive what difficulties are to be encountered in countries where the only alteration which has taken place is in the growth and enlarged commerce of a few widely distant cities.

The good in which the slave trade will terminate seems to me to be that of preparing for those countries in which European constitutions are incapable of that degree of labour which is "healthful and necessary, as well for the soul as the body," a mixed race, uniting so much of the European mind and African conformation as may render them the fit inhabitants of a tropical climate.

I love to trace the moral order of things in the history of the world. The aborigines (as we call them) of the new world seem to me, with few exceptions, to have been either so far sunk into a savage state, that upon the great scale of things, they might be considered as barren fig-trees — to be hewn down: or they were like the Canaanites, some for their vices, and some for their cruelty, worthy of extermination. If the guilt of misery attendant upon such a process be objected, I feel the weight of the objection; but am, at the same time, satisfied that it resolves itself into the great ques-

tion of the origin of evil; that, comparing it with the good which there is in the world, the evil seems to me as much lost as the filth and impurity of our navigated rivers is in the sea; that what evil there is is temporary as to individuals, and evanescent as to the species, and that a future state sets all to rights. I thought to have said something respecting Norway, and upon the state of things in Spain, but have left myself no room. "Roderick" monopolises me just now; I am in all the bustle and passion of the catastrophe, and my next, as far as it is possible to foresee anything, will, I trust, inform you of its happy termination.

I hope the sea has entirely removed the whooping cough. God bless you.

Yours, most affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, July 3. 1814.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I am heartily glad to hear of your succession. If you had your right place in the world, that imperial observation, of which I as well as you have been so often reminded, would be somewhat less applicable in these parts of it. You used to notice a sort of entailed longevity belonging to parliamentary offices: may you keep up the custom, and live to a better old age than your predecessor!

There is a portrait of Ferdinand in a vile book by one Walton, called the "Present State of the Spanish Colonies." The beast has an enormous excrescence of chin, and a correspondent superfluity of forehead, which, beyond all doubt, must be filled with a very happy

substance,—it being out of the course of nature to provide such a cavity with good brain. Having as yet only seen the brief and unsatisfactory accounts which appear in the "Courier," I am very ill informed of what has passed in Spain; but the main cause of the facility with which the King has overthrown the Cortes is, I think, certainly to be found in the rooted attachment of the populace to all the follies and all the abominations of their Church establishment. Under such an establishment men necessarily either believe everything or nothing; the possibility that another form of Christianity be more reasonable never occurs to the thinking part of the community,—luckily for them, where such an opinion would lead to martyrdom. The Spaniards, therefore, as regards their religious feelings and conduct, may be considered as divided into three classes; 1st, a certain number of bold spirits among the educated classes (the proportion of whom must be much the same in every country) who disbelieved, and would gladly destroy the prevalent superstition; 2ndly, those who believed it just as little, but were snugly provided for in the Establishment, and much more disposed to triumph at an *auto-de-fe* than to suffer in a revolution; 3rdly, an enormous majority in all classes, believing all the fables in which they have been brought up with an intensity of faith which can hardly be credited till it has been seen. Here you have in array all the hypocrisy of a country, all the superstition, all the fanaticism, and all the attachment to old customs against "all the talents;" the said talents, moreover, like those in our own country, having being weighed in the balance and found wanting.

I have received this afternoon a packet of B. Ayres papers, where they go on legislating and revolutionising in a wild way, but always, as in the days of Jacobinism, with fair professions. There are two curious laws worthy

of notice in the "Quaker's Magazine," being, I think, the newest improvements in philanthropy. Among some fair provisions for emancipating, at a proper age, the children of slaves, it is decreed that they shall not be weaned till they are at least twelve months old. And by another edict all flogging in schools is prohibited, as a crime of leze-liberty in a free country! They have a Republic of Paraguay under two consuls. What will be the end of these things? Ferdinand will send troops, and may very probably get easy possession of B. Ayres; but the revolutionary Government will remove to some town in the interior, and the extent of the country renders it absolutely impossible to conquer it, if the people choose to continue their present course. But if our own Americans were unfit for independence, how much more unfit are these! There is something radically wrong in the constitutions of all modern colonies. The Greeks seem to have understood these things better.

You must explain to me your privilege of franking,—whether it expires with the session, and to what weight it extends; if I recollect rightly, two ounces. While, however, I am in ignorance I shall dispatch one more packet under the usual cover, and then drop my correspondence with the Emperor of the Franks, wishing that the many services which he has done me may be carried to the account of his good works.

Remember me to Mrs. R. Very few circumstances could have given me more pleasure than the news in your letter. I am closely engaged in finishing my poem, having but two sections to write, the one of which I shall begin this evening. Another week, and then "O be joyful!" God bless you.

Yours most truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

July 25. 1814.

MY DEAR G.,

Take care of my MSS. in the next "Quarterly," for the omissions which are always made, play the very Beelzebub with that *connection* which is almost the last art of composition that a poor quill-driver attains. Your book I shall take in hand as soon as Lewis and Clarke are out of hand.

I have written a chapter this week in "Dr. Daniel Dove," which will delight your heart; it contains an account from an Ogham inscription of the second fall of Eve, and her eating the forbidden potatoe, and how Pahat escaped at the Deluge, and his ark rested upon Mount Taurus. Likewise a fragment of Milesian history concerning Pahat's family, King Ballunder, &c.; and how the people of the Verdant Isle worshipped the Queen of the Bulls, who is the Whore of the Hills. I long to show you this. The account of Pahat's family will do your heart good. You will also enjoy Dr. Dove's proofs of the excellence of the letter D, and the birth of Nobs, &c. I have about a volume of this great history done, and could willingly stick to it till the whole were finished.

God bless you.

R. S.

Fragments of Milesian History.

An invaluable fragment in rock manuscript, written in Ogham characters has lately been discovered and

* As is noted in the foregoing letter, this curious history was intended for the "DOCTOR," &c. Those who knew Southey, and knew his deep-grounded religious faith, will not be offended at his phraseology.

decyphered by one of the newly-restored order of the Jesuits, a distinguished member of the Propaganda Society. Unhappily it is only a fragment, the surface of the rock having been broken: but from what remains it may be collected, that it records the origin of the people by whom that character was used, and relates a tradition how Eve, in consequence, it may be presumed, of the contrition which she had expressed for her fall, had a second trial allowed her, and was placed for that purpose in a country called the "Verdant Isle."

The fragment begins thus:—

"And Adam digged in the Verdant Isle for roots, whereof he ate. Howbeit of the Forbidden Root, which is called TAY-TER, neither he nor the woman did eat, but carefully eschewed it, being mindful of their former transgression. Now the monkey,"——

[Here it may be well to remark how happily the Ogham fragment comes to confirm that hypothesis concerning the proper signification of the Hebrew word "Nachash," which has given rise of late to so much controversy, and so great a display of biblical erudition. Doubtless, it must be infinitely gratifying to Dr. Adam Clarke to find his interpretation thus established by this most unexpected, unhoped-for, and unquestionable discovery.]

"Now the monkey, who was the subtlest of all beasts, made sport for Adam and for Eve his wife, to the end that they might become familiar with him, that so he might accomplish his purpose. And when they laid chestnuts at the fire, he did the same; and when they took them away, he did the like, fingering them delicately; and when they ate of them, he did eat also. And he gathered crabs, and laid them at the fire to roast; and Eve did the same, and the crabs liked her, and she gave of them to Adam, and he also was contented therewith: and they praised the monkey

who had found that fruit in the woods. And when the monkey had made sport for them many days, he took privily of the Forbidden Root, and hid it under the embers, that Adam might not see it; and when Adam walked abroad, and the root was well roasted in the embers, he uncovered it, and brake it, and eat thereof, and seemed greatly to rejoice in it. This did he in the sight of Eve: and anon he turned his eyes towards her, and grinned and chattered, as is the manner of monkeys when they would make themselves pleasant, and he held out his paw, and offered of the Forbidden Root, even of the TAY-TER. And the heart of Eve smote her, for she thought what it might be: but there came upon her a woman's longing, and she said within herself, I must taste thereof for the child's sake. So when the monkey chattered again, and held out his paw once more, she took of the forbidden TAY-TER, and did eat. Now Adam knew not of what had passed, neither did she tell him, because her heart misgave her; so he had no part in this transgression. But there came a voice from above, which spake unto Eve, saying, Because"——

* * * * * * * *

Here a part of the rock has been scaled off, most probably, by the frost; and the only words which could be decyphered were "child," "portion," "second," "twofold," "sin," "him;" but what the context might have been, the learned Jesuit was unable to conjecture. After this unfortunate chasm, the remaining part of the rock-manuscript is perfect, being as follows:—

"And she called his name Hoh, Great Hoh. And the Great Hoh begat Kawner, and Kawnel, and Nechel, and Mareha, and their brethren. And Kawner begat Feelim; and Feelim begat Thadi; and Thadi begat Mahac; and Mahac begat Mirfi; and Mirfi begat Mahooni. These are the generations of those who possessed the Verdant Isle. And Mahooni begat Pateheric, who is also called Pahat, in whose days was the Deluge.

"Now Pateheric knew that he might not be received

into the ark: he made therefore a little ark for himself, and stored it with the Forbidden Root, and fastened it privily under the side of the Great Ark, in such manner that he thought it could not be seen from the window, for he was afraid of Noah. But when night came, and he would have eaten, there was no fire in his ark, neither place for making it, nor fael; and the roots which he had digged were raw, and he had forgotten the Wet Fire which his grandsire Mirfi had found how to make, which was clear as water, but in the mouth it was like fire, and it gladdened the spirit of man; but after a while behold it was poison in the stomach, and in the brain it was madness. And when Pateheric perceived that he had left behind the Wet Fire, he remembered not his fear of Noah, but set up a Loud Lamentation, and the cry which he made was like the howlings of a beast in the wilderness. And they in the ark heard, and said, 'Surely it is Pahat!' Then Noah looked from the window, and demanded who was there; and Pateheric answered, 'It is only Pahat! I knew that I might not be received into the ark, and therefore I made an ark for myself, and here I am. But behold the roots which I provided, even the TAY-TERS; they are as they were digged, and I have no means of dressing them: and I have forgotten the drink of Mirfi my grandsire, that which he called the Creature, because of the life that is in it, yea, the Wet Fire, which is the joy of my heart. Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!' So he began to cry again as he had done before. And Noah had compassion, and said, 'Pateheric, I would take thee into the ark, if that I might, but thou knowest it may not be done: and, moreover, if thou wert here, thou wouldest not be able to refrain from doing mischief when the mood was in thee.' And Pateheric made answer, 'Why, sure, perhaps I might be unlucky, and set the beasts fighting; but there is no harm in me.' 'Howbeit,' said Noah, 'this will I do for thee, I will give thee food from the window. If it be the Lord's pleasure to save thee, thou wilt be saved; and verily I hope this, for there is in thee much good; and had it not been for the taint which is derived from the Forbidden Root, even the TAY-

TER, by which Eve was tempted to her second fall, among all the children of Adam there were none who would have excelled the sons of the Great Hoh.' So he took bread, and lowered it down to him from the window of the ark, and fruits also, and milk in a wooden vessel. And Pateheric was thankful, and blessed him; nevertheless, he used still to cry aloud when he remembered the Wet Fire which he had lost. Now when the waters of the flood were abating, there arose a great wind, and it brake the rope wherewith Pateheric had fastened his little vessel to the ark, and he was driven before the wind, and after a while he rested upon Mount Taurus."

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Here the rock-manuscript, Petragraph, or Ogham Inscription, ends. But the Propaganda Jesuit has been happy enough to discover a fragment of some Milesian Annals which he conceives to relate to the same history, and indeed to be a continuation of it. The personage whom the Latin writer, following his Milesian authorities, calls the Great Patrician, being, as he conjectures, the same Pateheric, or Pahat, who escaped from the Deluge. This precious fragment is in the Vermilion Book of Ballyrallyshallycocauglin; it begins with the family of the Great Patrician: the names of his sons have been unfortunately lost; but the learned Jesuit concludes with much appearance of probability that Ballunder must have been his eldest son and successor, from the manner in which he is afterwards mentioned.

"Tahayke, and Kaw-Hawnd-Ulut, and Trehust, and Phohorten, and Unda-Ursta-Hahandin, and Manna-Jement, and Cheeheef, these were the daughters of the Great Patrician. All these were Mizzes. (Mizz or Miz, the learned Jesuit supposes to have been a female title of honour, equivalent to Infanta, Arch-Duchess, Princess, Ozoro, or Bow-Begum.) But of all his children Cheeheef was the one whom he loved best. These are the generations of Ballunder: Bal-

lunder begat Phahunn and Bodd-Arajon; and Phahunn begat Rahyeot, and Rahaje, and Dooil, and Dooel, and Myrrhdda-Hur, and their brethren; and Bodd-Arajon begat Theed-Evillan-Dall."

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Here several leaves of the Vermilion Book have suffered so much from the damp as to be rendered quite illegible. Owing to the irreparable loss, nothing farther is known of the Milesian History till the reign of King Ballunder the twenty-seventh. There seems, however, reason to suppose this Ballunder was a name which all the sovereigns of that country assumed, like that of Ptolemy in Egypt, and Augustus in Rome, in honour of the first who bore it; and perhaps also, as in the latter instance, because of some honourable signification in the name itself which cannot now be ascertained, the Milesian language being irrecoverably lost.

"Now Ballunder the twenty-seventh reigned in the days of Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, the son of David, in whose time was the Separation. And the fame of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, reached the Verdant Isle, how he was the leader of the Separation, and how he had set up the Golden Calves, and made Israel to sin. And when Ballunder heard, he waxed curious of Jeroboam's renown; for he said, 'Surely a Separation is a great thing, and this man's name shall be held in remembrance:' and he swore by the Powers that he would make his people sin also, and that from henceforth Separation should be their cry. Howbeit, he could not make unto himself a Golden Calf, by reason that at that time there were neither gravers in the Verdant Isle, nor gold. So he took a live Calf, which was a male: and he bade the people fall down and worship the Calf, for he was the son of Apis, the God of the Egyptians, and he commanded that when they worshipped they should shout out "SEPARATION" with a loud voice, forasmuch as Separation was a great thing, and had made Jeroboam the son of Nebat

mighty in his generation. Then the people did as they were commanded: according as he commanded them, so did they. And the Calf waxed and became a Bullock; and the people worshipped the Bullock: and the Bullock waxed and became a Bull, and the people worshipped the Bull.

"Now it came to pass that Jupiter having left Europa, but still retaining the form of the Bull, in which he had borne her away, came into the Verdant Isle by way of Loegria and the country of the Cymri. And as he set foot in the sea, upon the northern coast of Loegria, in that part which is over against the land of the Cymri, the nectar and ambrosia which Hebe had administered unto him before he took upon himself the form of the Bull, passed from him, according to the laws of animal life to which that form was subject. And it fell into the sea near the shore; and the divine food, having thus been evolved, took root, and grew under the water, and became a plant, which is found there even to this day; and when it is duly prepared for the food of man, it retaineth something of its celestial flavour, and resembleth entirely in its appearance the theo-taurine compost from whence it sprung. The name of that plant is Laver: happy are they who eat thereof! And when Jupiter came into the Verdant Isle, he forsook the body of the Bull and returned to Olympus. But because he remembered with pleasure the days which he had passed in that form of mortal flesh, he put life into the body, that it might remain a Bull perfect in shape and strength, which should improve the breed of that country, and live out his days.

"Now King Ballunder and his people saw that the Bull whom they worshipped might not be compared with this for beauty, neither for strength, nor for gentleness; and they were greatly scandalized, and inflamed with wrath; for they said it was not fitting that this strange Bull should come into their country, nor that their own Bull, the son of Apis, the God of the Egyptians, should be outdone; but that this one, therefore, ought to die the death. And they came behind the perfect Bull, where he was feeding quietly, and they houghed him, and baited him with dogs, and tormented him till he died. And all the while they shouted out, 'Se-

PARATION," as was the manner at their feasts; and they cut his limbs asunder, for that they said was a separation; and they boiled them in a cauldron, and gave of the broth thereof unto all the people. But when Jupiter turned his eyes from Olympus toward the Verdant Isles and saw what had been done, he was incensed against that people, and he said in his anger, 'That when they spake, the savour of the Bull should continue to be in their mouths, and confound their speech.' And forasmuch as they had done this thing in honour of the Bull, their god, whom King Ballunder had set up, and because they had shouted out 'SEPARATION, SEPARATION,' he laid a curse upon them, which should abide so long as that was their cry, and as they persisted in Taurolatria, which is, being interpreted, Bull-worship.

"The curse remained upon them; and there was confusion in the land, so that they were divided among themselves; and they maimed and slew each other's cattle, and burned each other's houses, and committed every kind of disorder, and outrage, and cruelties which ought not to be uttered. And they continued to worship the Bull till there came men from a far country, who were clothed in black, and the crowns of their head were shaven, and they had each a mark upon his forehead. These men said unto them, 'O ye people of the Verdant Isle, ye are deceived, and have gone astray; for behold ye worship the Bull, whereas ye ought to worship the Queen of the Bulls.' And the people opened their ears, and said, 'Who is she?'

"Then the men made answer, 'She is the Whore of the Hills,' who doth commit her whoredoms in open day, and in the sight of all men; and continueth, nevertheless, a pure virgin. She is clothed in raiment which is red as blood, and nevertheless white as snow. And the food which she eateth is bread made of wheaten flour, and yet it is flesh meat. Lo! now this is wonderful! She is called the Queen of the Bulls, because she hath a herd of Bulls among whom there is no Cow; no, not even one; and she milketh the Bulls, and obtaineth exceeding great riches by their milk. And of the butter thereof, she maketh the ointment of life: except a man be anointed therewith, he shall pass into fire

everlasting. Lo! now, this also is wonderful! And she hath made a brazen image in the likeness of a Bull; the same is hollow, and she keepeth it red with fire, and casteth into it all those who deny that she is a pure virgin, and that her raiment is white as snow, and that her bread of wheaten flour is flesh meat, and who refuse to give her food for her Bulls. Now, then, if ye would be saved, ye must believe in her. And ye must send unto her corn, and wine, and oil, and tissues of silk, and cloth of gold and of silver, and silver and gold also, and precious stones; for upon these things are her Bulls fed.'

"And the people shouted, and flung their caps in the air, and cried, 'SEPARATION, SEPARATION! Great is the Queen of the Bulls! Great is the Whore of the Hills! Verily she is a pure Virgin!' And they believed in her, and in her herd of Bulls, and whatsoever she and the men who had the mark upon their forehead commanded them to do, that did they. So the curse continued upon them."

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Thus far the Vermilion Book of Ballyrallyshallycocaughlin.

To ——.

Keswick, August 3. 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should have answered your letter immediately, if I had not been engaged with visitors when it arrived. In the course of my life, I have more than once had reason to be thankful for having done things which would have been left undone if the first impulse had been suffered to pass by; for second thought in matters of feeling usually brings with it hesitation, and demurral, and doubt, from which the whole brood of sins of omission are derived. Your letter affected me. It

seems to come from a good heart, and a wounded one; and therefore I will venture to say what is upon my mind, in spite of those obvious considerations which might prevent me. You tell me that your schemes of happiness are for ever frustrated; and this, you say, after years enough have elapsed since your bereavement to have taken away the keenness of grief. But though the object of your earliest attachment is lost, I think you act erroneously in resolving that no other shall supply its place. If I may judge of you by your letter, I can perfectly understand by how natural a process of sorrow you would be induced thus, as it were, to consecrate your affections to her who is in the world of spirits. But if you had a son who, in the same circumstances, were to form the same resolution, you would blame as well as pity him. Our happiness, and I may almost venture to add our virtue also, is in proportion to the duties which we perform. A second attachment will never be like the first in degree, but it may be like it in kind; it would not be difficult to find a woman who would place her whole affections upon you; and in making her happiness you would find your own. The evening of life affords no cheerful prospect to the happiest of us; to him whom it will find in loneliness, a most mournful one.

I shall be very glad to receive your little volume. If it be left either at Messrs. Longmans', in Paternoster Row, or at Mr. Murray's, in Albemarle Street, it will find its way to me in a parcel.

From what I have heard, I believe that the "Magazine" has given you a portrait of me, as little accurate as its information about my poem. I am a man of forty; younger in appearance and in habits, older in my feelings and frame of mind. I have been married nearly nineteen years, and I have had seven children, two of whom (one being my firstborn) are in a better

world. The eldest now living is in her eleventh year. There is only one boy among them; he is nearly eight, and has me for his schoolmaster and play-father,—characters which we find it very easy to combine. You call me a fortunate being, and I am so; because I possess the will, as well as the power, of employing myself for the support of my family, and value riches exactly at what they are worth. I have store of books, and pass my life among them, finding no enjoyment equal to that of accumulating knowledge. In worldly affairs, the world would consider me as unfortunate, for I have been deprived of a good property which, by the common laws of inheritance, should have been mine; and this through no fault, error, or action of my own. But my wishes are bounded by my wants, and I have nothing to desire but a continuance of the blessings which I enjoy.

Enough of this. Believe me, with the best wishes for your welfare, Sincerely yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 19. 1814.

MY DEAR WYNN,

You know there prevails an unlucky opinion in the world respecting Wales, that it never produced a man of genius; as if nature, having bestowed great care in bringing the mutton of the Principality to perfection, left the men thereof in a very unfinished state. I have more than once been driven to a nonplus in opposing this wicked opinion, not having been able to produce any greater men than Sir Henry Morgan the

buccaneer, and his namesake, the great heresiarch, Pelagius. Your friends the Catholics, however, hold that miracles have not ceased in Wales, and St. Winifred is at this time in full odour. But if a man of genius should peradventure be found there, look you, Mr. Charles Williams, it may be a miracle, — I dare not deny that, — but, as a good Protestant and a staunch No-Popery man, I defy Dr. Milner to prove that St. Winifred has anything to do with it.

As you may well suppose, I receive plenty of letters from poets aspirant, more especially since my promotion to a dignity which they regard as curates do the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. This evening, however, I have had a letter which is very remarkable for its good sense; and, more remarkable still, this letter is from a Welsh herdsman in the vale of Clwyd.

He tells me that his father died when he was seven years of age, leaving him nothing to depend upon but a knowledge of reading, writing, and the principles of grammar, which must needs have been little enough; that for nine years and a half he has tended the herds of a farmer between Ruthin and Denbigh; that through the indulgence of a neighbouring gentleman (whom he has not named) he possesses many advantages; and he requests permission to send me specimens of his compositions in prose and verse, that I may advise him whether to submit them to public notice, or let them rest in peace! The most remarkable part of the letter is, that he seems to be perfectly contented. He says that his situation is comfortable; that he has no wish to change it; and that his highest ambition is the acquaintance of learned men. Whether he will prove poet or not, remains to be seen; but he is certainly an extraordinary man, and seems to possess that wisdom which is more rare, and far more valuable, than any brilliancy of talents.

He sent his letter by an acquaintance to Manchester, and requested an answer through the same channel; but I am apprehensive, from the date and the time allotted for his friend's stay there, that that answer may arrive too late, and lie in the Manchester Post Office. So I write a second reply, in the hope that you may direct it so as to find him. And I have told him to direct his specimens under cover to you, giving him a proper caution as to the weight. Greeton Evans is his name, and he dates from Llynn Aledd (which is between Ruthin and Denbigh, he says; you perhaps will know to what post-town it had better be addressed). Would it not have surprised you to find a herdsman reading "Madoc" in the vale of Clwyd? I send my letter unsealed, that you may see in what manner I have answered him. Should his writings possess any merit of their own, his lot may be bettered by them, without changing it; and whatever their merit may be, there is something so happy in the man's state of mind, that whenever I set foot in Wales again, I will find him out. If he prove to be a Welsh Bloomfield, I bespeak you for his patron. His letter is so well, I might say so beautifully, written, that it is the admiration of every person to whom I have as yet shown it. If he writes under cover to you, open the enclosure and judge for yourself. I am about to send off the preface, &c., of "Roderick" to the printer. Another fortnight will complete the printing. Where shall your copy be sent? and did you receive the Laureate's last odes? Remember, that if you do not receive everything of mine as soon as it appears, negligence or oversight in the publisher is very possible, but there will never be any neglect on my part. How is the eye?

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Sept. 7. 1814.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I have for some time been in daily hope of a letter to announce that you were on your way to Keswick: during the delightful weather which we have enjoyed for the last fortnight we have repeatedly wished for you to enjoy it with us. Some of our purposed excursions are postponed till your arrival. The sooner you come the better: every day now shortens upon us, and though I hope we shall manage so as never to want daylight, this is a country in which we cannot have too much of it.

James wrote to me, some week or ten days since, a very pleasing and good letter in every respect. He expresses a solicitude about taking his degree with some credit, on account of the pleasure which it would give you. This feeling does him great honour, but I fear he is rather too *anxious* about it; and it might perhaps have a good effect if you were to assure him that you see this point in its true light, and attach no undue importance to a thing which can in no degree affect his future fortunes. You have not sent him to college to seek his fortune by academical pursuits, but that he may be qualified for the ministry there, and obtain that degree and those testimonials which are very properly considered as necessary for one who enters into the service of the Established Church. I have said this because it is evident to me that the fear of not taking an *honorary* degree haunts him; and this is a bad thing for anybody, especially for one whose health and spirits cannot afford much wear and tear.

Thank you for the B. Ayres papers. Imperfect as the series is, it is very valuable, and has given me

much more knowledge of what is going on in that unhappy country than I could have obtained from any other source. Will you believe that the Revolutionary Government there has made one law fixing the time before which children shall not be weaned, and another forbidding that they shall be whipped at school!! The wicked conduct of that beast Ferdinand will doubtless render the separation of the colonies inevitable. Alas, that the despotism of the old country, and the republicanism (how is that name polluted!) of the new, should be equally blind, equally bloody, and almost equally detestable!

My poem still lingers in the press;—as there are, however, but two sheets remaining, I expect that they will both have reached me before you receive this letter. Have you seen Wordsworth's poem? If not, read it, if you can, before you see the author. You will see him with the more pleasure, and look with more interest at the scenery which he describes.

Did I tell you that Montgomery sent Mr. Gilbert here? I was very much pleased with him, and should have been very glad if he could have made a longer stay.

As I do not believe with Doctor Reece and Co., that Joanna Southcott is actually pregnant, I of course believe that she is mad; it is more likely that she has some disease of which the appearance resembles pregnancy, than that the whole should be blasphemous imposture, with the intention of producing a supposititious child. Had she been sent to Bedlam ten years ago, how many hundred persons would have been preserved from this infectious and disgraceful insanity! God help the men who flatter the age upon its increased knowledge and wisdom! This woman has her thousands and her ten thousands of believers in England. The Jesuits are just restored, and have sent a colony to Ire-

land. The Inquisition is re-established, and France is placed under the protection of the Virgin Mary!

God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Nov. 11, 1814.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

The General and Dr. Bell were dining with me yesterday when your letter arrived, and they did not leave me till after ten o'clock; this was unfortunate, as it prevented me from immediately writing to James. I have written to him by this day's post, endeavouring, as far as I could, to convince him that the degree, and not the honour, is the essential object of his studies; that such honours are not worth much in the University, and worth nothing anywhere else; and that the opinion of what he *could* have done, if he had attempted it, will be of as much use to him as an actual honour, in case of taking pupils, or standing for a fellowship: which I verily believe. In a soldier, the want of presence of mind is disgraceful and criminal, because he has entered a profession which makes weakness a crime; yet even in a soldier some degree of compassion (out of his profession) usually attaches itself to the consideration of this failing; and in other men I am not sure that it does not in some degree compensate for the inconvenience which it occasions, by exciting an interest in considerate and kindly natures. I have written to him sportively as well as seriously* and en-

* Many of Southey's letters to the Rev. James White are lost,—unaccountably, he writes me word, as he had them all when in Manchester. I suppose the old story is true, "Three removes are as bad as a fire."

deavoured to put him in good humour with himself. If his health is not permanently injured, there is no real injury sustained. I have an absolute hatred of this stimulating system; it is equally injurious to mind and body, and but too often fatal to both. Better was the old sleepy course of things at Oxford, under which men were left to themselves to do just what they pleased and nothing more.

What shall I say about your present? I could be angry with you if anger had any effect upon the incorrigible. The box arrived on Wednesday while I was at the Island. The two Ediths were desirous that it should not be opened till I were present; which, in the younger one, was no small proof of virtue; the rest, however, were mutinous, and, Mrs. Coleridge putting herself at the head of the mutineers, they succeeded. They agreed among themselves that I was not to be told what each of them had received, but that they were to surprise me in the morning; and, accordingly, I was beset in the very act of shaving. "Here, Pappa! here, Pappa!—only look at mine," cries one; "Look at mine," cries another. Herbert brings his books, and Edith her box, and Bel, jumping for joy in the midst of them, told me that "Mitter White sent her a deal of pretty things in a *boss*!" I cut myself, of course, in all this confusion; and the father and children with their treasures, and the razor, and the lather, and just blood enough to give effect to the scene, would have made a good comic picture. But indeed, Neville, you are too bountiful.

I hope you will see my brother Harry frequently, now you have been fellow-travellers among the mountains. He has a thoroughly good heart of his own, an admirable temper, and, with very considerable talents, a larger portion of practical good sense than has fallen to my lot,—one of those men whom you love and re-

spect the more the better you know him. You will be glad to hear that he is likely to give me a new sister,—a very interesting woman, whose mother I have known nineteen years, and always considered as the model of whatever is most lovely and excellent in womankind. They were a Lisbon family, but for some years past have lived at Champion Hill. The father has long been lingering in a slow consumption, from which there is little or no hope of his recovery. In point of fortune the connection, on Harry's part, is exactly what I should wish it to be—neither ambitious nor imprudent.

I am charged with more thanks for you than would have filled this whole sheet; and Bel, moreover, says she "will send you a kiss." Imagine, therefore, all joyful expressions of thankfulness from the young, and all warm thanks and affectionate remembrances from the elders. God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. One word more, my dear Neville. Do not let me see your letters marked at the post office in *red ink* for the future. I do not like my friends to pay for my gratification.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Nov. 28. 1814.

I WAS a little vexed at Smith's blunder when I learnt from Bedford that he had sent you the bill with the bust and received payment for it; and by way of acquitting my conscience as near as may be to that amount, I desired Longman would send my aunt a copy of Wordsworth's poem, which I hope she has

received. You will read it with more pleasure when you know that except the Solitary and the Pastor, the characters are all drawn from the life, and that all the churchyard histories are true.

By this time you have another portion of the "History of Brazil." I am close at work upon it: the "Rio de Janeiro Magazine" (the dearest book of its kind, beyond all comparison, that ever was published,) has brought me some good materials. What a change in this respect! There is an end of all restraint upon publications of this kind, and the Portuguese will now take a pride in showing themselves freer and more liberal than the Spaniards. In spite of all my applications, I have not been able to procure "Montoya," "Lozano," or "Xarque," though there is still some hope from Abella. The want of them compels me to be content with "Charlevoix," and that provoking abridgment of "Techo" in Churchill, which omits exactly those parts which are most essential. As soon as the restoration of Pernambuco is completed, I give a miscellaneous chapter *de moribus*, which will have enough of the flowers of Popery to render it amusing. Then I look back to the Plata and to Paraguay, giving the rise and progress of the Jesuit system there, and the affair of Cardenas, which was the first great opposition that they encountered. I fear I shall be greatly in want of "Seabras Provas" for all this portion of the history. My mind is fully satisfied about the Jesuits. Almost impossible and unimaginable as it appears, their enemies were greater liars than they; and no set of men were ever so wickedly calumniated and treated, since the Templars. But their restoration is a great evil: the mischief in South America and in California has been done, and cannot be remedied,—the demon of Revolution is got into all those countries, and there is a devil whom neither Xavier nor Anchieta himself

could, turn out, were they living to enter the lists with him. After this chapter I pass in natural transition to the Jesuit affair in Brazil, the transactions of Maranhan, the Paulistas, &c. As far as Rocha Pitta goes, there is a skeleton to build upon, and the catastrophe of the Jesuits comes opportunely in after his failure. What a world of work there is before me! As soon as the volume is out of the press, I ought to go on with the history of the mother country, of which there are at least two volumes in such a state that they require only to be remodelled in the act of transcription.

Among the subjects which I have thought of for another long poem (as I must always have one in hand while the power remains) is the deliverance of Portugal by Joam I. I should like a Portuguese scene, for the manifold advantages which it would give me; and Nino Alvares is as perfect a hero as it would be possible to imagine. But the story is too much; and it is very difficult, perhaps impossible, when the historical interest is so powerful, to blend with it individual and imaginary passion, so as to form a well combined whole. The best way would be to limit the action to Aljubarrota; the difficulty then would be to explain with proper skill as much of the previous history as is required. The thought is several years old, and I know not whether it will ever come to anything. Meantime my New England fable of "Oliver Newman" has grown into something like a skeleton, with a head and tail, and the rudiments of the body; and if my mind were made up respecting the metre, I should probably begin. This choice is always a perplexing one; for, however much I may desire to suit the metre to the story, the character of the story derives much of its cast and colouring from the metre.

Did I tell you that Canning called on me two or three months ago, and offered me his services at

Lisbon and at Madrid, as far as they could extend there?

"The Rio de Janeiro Magazine ("O Patriota,") has a curious paper respecting Angola. It is very rich in Brazilian matter, both historical and geographical; and the "Coimbra Journal" has a most valuable diary of the Bishop of Para's visitation. It is of considerable length, and leaves me little to desire respecting that Captaincy and the Rio Negro. William May was at St. Paul's, and I have had his "Journal" transcribed.

God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 4. 1814.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Murray has sent me a curious MS. for an *opinion*. A portion of the travels of Ewlia Effendi, a Turk, who travelled the greater part of the Turkish empire about the middle of the seventeenth century. A German at Vienna translates it, and asks 500*l*. for four volumes, of which only the two last have reached England, and are now upon my table. I am afraid it will not answer to publish them, which is a pity, for they are full of curious matter, historical and statistic. The Turkishness of the writer is sometimes very comical. I learn from him that "Every Ottoman emperor is endowed with the virtues and qualities of seventy saints;" this, he says, is certain. The Pope, you see, is nothing when compared to a Grand Seignior!

The people of whose improvement there is most hope in the different parts of the world are,—among

Europeans, the Portuguese; among Mussulmans, the Turks; among savages, the Hottentots in Africa, and the Sandwich Islanders in Polynesia.

God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John King, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 12. 1814.

MY DEAR KING,

I had a letter from Mr. Butcher some time ago, desiring that I would appoint some person in Bristol to sign a receipt for a payment which he had to make me as executor to our dear Danvers. In my reply I desired that what I then wrote might be considered as giving full powers to you for that purpose; if that be not sufficient, I hope this will. Never was I more astounded than by your apparition at Keswick, and never more tantalised. My motive for writing now is to inquire whether you have received "Roderick"; that if you have not, I may repeat my directions to the publisher. It is doing as well in the world as there could be any reason to expect, and the first edition will be gone before the second is ready. I still hesitate what to write next, not for want of a subject, but from not making up my mind which subject (of many before me) to prefer, and in what metre to clothe it. The New England story bids fairest at present, and the "Paraguay" next.

A curious manuscript has been sent for my inspection by the booksellers: — the travels of Ewlia Effendi, a Turk of some consequence, who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, went over the whole of the Otto-

man empire, and great part of Persia. A German at Vienna has translated it into English, — England, I suppose, being the only market. It extends to four volumes (the translation) of about 280 folio pages each, and he asks for it 500*l.*; which, though not more than his labours deserve, is, I apprehend, more than can be given for them; for though the work is exceedingly curious, it is not likely to bear the expense of publication in the ordinary form. The old Turk, for he was between eighty and ninety years of age when he finished his work, is very orthodox, very inquisitive, indefatigable in his inquiries, and as credulous as need be, but by no means wanting in sagacity — a very extraordinary Turk! He gives a complete view of the system and strength of the Ottoman empire at that time, and much of its history, the author having been attached to one of the Grand Vizirs, and borne a part in many of the great transactions of his day. I have only seen the two last volumes, the two first not having reached England. It is a mournful thing that England is the only country where there is a chance of encouragement for literary labours of this kind. God knows, there is little enough of it here!

A Spaniard who has been travelling as a qualified Mussulman in Africa, and made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and attained to the honour of sweeping the Caaba (the highest which can be conferred on a pilgrim), is printing his travels, in London. He brings intelligence (not from his own knowledge) of a Mediterranean in Africa; or, more properly, a huge fresh-water lake, out of which I suppose the Niger runs, and from which perhaps the larger and remoter branch of the Nile proceeds. I have just read Lucien Bonaparte's poem, which has very much lowered its author in my estimation. There is considerable merit in the structure of the stanza, for of this a foreigner may be able to

judge upon principles which must be common to every modern European language; and he has not imitated the threadbare incidents of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. But there is no conception of character, no grandeur of thought, no elevation of mind, no passion; very little of the cloak and embroidery of poetry, less of its body, nothing of its life and soul. The story is put together with some skill, but it is without interest. A multiplicity of characters are introduced, for none of whom do you feel any concern (one perhaps excepted, which is Laurena the widow of Carlomar); and the philosophy of the poem is precisely what you would expect from a poet who kisses the Pope's toe in his dedication. I am to review it, with the advantage of being well read in this particular branch of French poetry; having long since read the "Charlemagne" of Courtin, the "Alarique," the "Clovis," the "St. Louis," &c. &c.; many of which, indeed, are on my shelves.

Madame Staël means to write an heroic poem, in prose, of which our Cœur de Lion is to be the hero; and she talks of going into the Levant, in order to see the scene of action herself. She told me this, so you have it upon good authority.

I talk of a long journey next year; to Paris, by way of Dieppe, Caen, and Rouen; then down the Loire to Tours and Orleans; across the country of the Pyrenees, and from thence—casting a longing, lingering eye towards Spain—to Switzerland (if the state of things will allow), and down the Rhine to the land of the Frows, and the cheese and herrings and trackshuyts. Were I a single man, I should be in Spain; but being what I am, my life is of too much consequence to be put in the way of my old guerilla friends, who would neither know nor care whom they were shooting at for the sake of his portmanteau. Europe is left in a dismal state; and I am afraid that France, by getting a rea-

sonably good Government, will improve her natural ascendency in the course of a very few years, to the imminent danger of the rest of the disjointed continent. Oh, what an opportunity has been lost! Certain it is, that English statesmen are the very worst in the world.

We know nothing of Coleridge, save that the letters in the "Courier," signed "An Irish Protestant," are his. I have written to his brothers, and by their help, and that of some other friends, Hartley is going to Oxford in the spring. A good thing, called by the odd name of a postmastership, has been promised him at Merton, which will materially lighten the expense.

The concluding volume of my "History of Brazil" is in the press. It will contain much curious matter respecting savage life, and a full and fair account of the rise, progress, and fall of the Jesuit establishment in Paraguay, and in the heart of South America. I should have had much to show you, both within doors and without, if you could have staid here a few days. God knows when we shall meet again! I look southward, and frequently think that, in many respects, Bath would be the best residence for me. God bless you,

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.

Keswick, December 15. 1814.

MY DEAR WYNN,

You must take the old lady's comfort in Shakspeare respecting your daughter, "'Tis a girl—promises boys hereafter."* There is yet time before you, and chance in your favour.

* Hen. VIII, act v. sc. 1.

After the inquiries which you have made it is very clear that no such person as Greeton Evans is to be found; the letter, therefore, must have been a trick, and never was a more witless one, for in what was the jest to end? The letter which I directed to the post-office at Manchester was not called for, and came back to me in due course of time as having been unclaimed. The handwriting had certainly a female appearance, and the beginning of the letter had a turn of expression not much in character; but in all the rest it was well done, and bore a character of sincerity which showed at least some skill in the writer.

I trust you have received "Roderick" long ere this. According to the reports which reach me, most persons are better satisfied with it than I am myself. A small edition is gone to press; and Longman apprehends that the quarto will be gone before this is ready. But as for anything like a great sale and a fashionable reputation, I never look for it, and indeed am perfectly assured that no work of this character can possibly attain it. Lord Byron's commendations are repeated to me from all quarters. I regard them precisely as I did his condemnation of "Madoc;" the one opinion just serves to show the worthlessness of the other; for if one of these poems be bad, it is quite impossible that the other can be good.

You will perhaps like to know what I am thinking of for my next essay. The New England story, for which the first memoranda were made in January, 1811, is now formed into something like a plan, sufficient to begin upon, if I had more time to spare from more urgent employments. The chief personage is Oliver Newman, a son of Goffe, the Regicide, and god-son of old Noll; he has learnt the better parts of Quakerism from William Penn, and acquired a higher character from Milton, and at the age of about twenty-

five, after his mother's death, sails for America to seek his father. On board the same ship there are Randolph, a man well known in the history of Massachusetts, who was a keen hunter of the regicides in America, and the wife and daughter of a fine old cavalier, whom they are going to join in the country to which he, having been totally neglected by Charles, has retired. The mother dies upon the voyage, and leaves her daughter to Oliver's protection, and the poem will open with the funeral at sea.

Before the ship reaches Boston, she is driven into Cape Cod, where Oliver expends the greater part of his little money in redeeming an Indian woman and her child from slavery, in order to restore her to her tribe.

Goffe married Whalley's daughter. Leverett, the Governor of Massachusetts (an old Oliverian), had been attached to her before her marriage, and she to him. He is acquainted (so he is believed to have been) with Goffe's hiding-place, and Oliver brings a letter to him. The scene that ensues explains the danger of New England from Philip's war, then raging in its utmost violence, and the principles of Oliver, which appear somewhat Quixotic.

His first business is to deliver Elizabeth to her father. Proceeding then with the Indian woman and child, they find a wounded Mohawk lying among a party of his dead countrymen. By a piece of savage policy, Philip had waylaid and murdered a party of these Indians, and left them *unscalped*, that it might be believed the English had killed them, and this being discovered by one who escaped with life, was the main cause of his own destruction. By this Mohawk Oliver remains till he no longer requires assistance. He then proceeds to the woman's tribe, who are in alliance with Philip and his most powerful ally.

A renegade, who lives among the savages, accuses

Oliver, of being a spy, insults him, and strikes him, which he bears with Quaker patience; and here he hears of the apparition of his father at Halfield, whither he sets out. On the way he falls in with a party of the same tribe, who are examining some booty which they have taken: they open a chest and find in it a dead body, which Oliver recognises to be Whalley's, by the mutilated hand.

Goffe, in his long captivity, has become a thorough fanatic, and is not very well pleased with the quiet principles of his son. Randolph, on the voyage, had suspected who this son might be by his Christian name, and, by watching him, had obtained a clue to Goffe's hiding-place. Stanley, the old cavalier, is sent to apprehend him, and he finds father and son. Stanley, however, offers to let them go, if Oliver will only declare that this person is not Goffe, which the Quaker will not do, and Randolph, soon afterwards arriving, identifies the regicide.

On their way to the English settlements, the Indians surprise them; Goffe and Stanley escape, Randolph and Oliver are taken. On being brought to the encampment, the latter is recognised and welcomed, and the former condemned to the stake. Oliver obtains his life: they are then set at liberty, and depart.

Goffe rallies some stragglers, makes head against the Indians, and takes some prisoners, whom they are about to dispose of in the usual summary way, when Oliver appears and obtains the disposal of them. He goes with them to the encampment, and Elizabeth is brought in by the renegade. Scenes ensue, in the course of which Oliver drops his nonresisting principles, and cuts down the renegade with a tomahawk, to the great delight of the Indians. The latter part of the story has not yet clearly developed itself. This tribe makes peace through Oliver's influence: the Mohawk whom

he saved comes, at the head of his countrymen, to join the English; Philip is killed; Randolph promises secresy respecting the father, and solicits a grant of land for the son, which Leverett gladly bestows for his services; Stanley gives him his daughter, and the story concludes with a wedding.

This is a rude outline. You will see, however, it admits of some striking situations, and a good deal of historical and descriptive ornament. I dare not write immediately after "Roderick" in blank verse, because I should be in danger of repeating the same modes of expression; I incline, therefore, to the measure of "Thalaba," from which, in the more dramatic parts, I may pass into blank verse without any dissonance from the general character of the poem.

I know not whether or not to introduce your old countryman Roger Williams, *me judice*, the best of the Welshmen, who is entitled to much of that praise which has been lavished upon William Penn.*

Have you seen Wordsworth's poem? God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R.N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, Jan 5. 1815.

MY DEAR TOM,

I have several letters to thank you for, and some questions to answer. First, concerning Isabel, her ear is better. Secondly, concerning "Roderick." Thank G. Taylor for his motto, which I immediately sent to be placed on the back of the title-page to the second edition. I have another very fine one from the "Ex-

* Southey and Macaulay were, I suspect, pretty much of one opinion as regards Penn. See Macaulay's History of England, vol. iii. p. 599.

cursion," but it is so long, that it must have a page for itself. The fourth edition consisted of 500. It would not have been prudent to have ventured upon more. . . . As for promotion, you may rest assured that nothing which is in my power will ever be wanting towards that object. But my chief influence was with Mr. Perceval; nor shall I ever have so much again, unless Canning were to come into power, which is not a very likely event. I believe *we* may take some credit to ourselves for what has been done in the navy. Croker sent me the other day the Admiralty paper (the same as the Advertisement), and a mark was placed against that part which gives every man his discharge and pension after twenty-one years' service; evidently, as I think, referring to my recommendation of that specific measure.

You recommend me a London banker with whom to deposit my spare cash. I thank you for your recommendation, and, in return, as something equally useful, I beg leave to recommend to you the purchase of an estate and manor now advertised for sale in the county of Somersetshire.

I received Scott's poem last night. In point of story it is, I think, worse constructed than any of his former and not equal to them either in conception of character, or in what may be called scenic effect; but it has his characteristic life and vigour. The last book is very unfortunate in all respects; it is so disconnected with all the former, that the poem might almost as well have done without it, for what is necessary to the sequel of the story might easily have been added to the fifth, and it reminds you of the last book of "Marmion," greatly to its own disadvantage. On the other hand, Scott no longer provokes you in the midst of his story with a string of ballads and songs: what little there is of this is properly and necessarily introduced. I cannot guess

at its reception; for there is no calculating upon such a weathercock as popular favour. "Rokeby," certainly, was not popular; yet, in point of dramatic conception of character it was the best of his poems. I read it through as soon as it arrived, and, as soon as I had done, as if it had wound me up, I began, in good earnest, "Oliver Newman," which, in all likelihood, would have been begun sooner had it not been for that irresolution respecting the choice of metre which torments me whenever I meditate any poem below the pitch of "Roderick." This irresolution is very silly, for at last chance rather than choice decides it, and the poem is in that form into which the commencement happens to run when it is poured out. "Oliver Newman" is begun in the irregular rhyme, of which the pitch may be raised or lowered according to the story; and in the dramatic parts I shall pass into blank verse and dialogues.

Little did I think when writing the "History of Joanna Southcott"* some years ago, what a supplement there would be to it! If the old woman had given directions to be embalmed, or simply laid in a vault, for the purpose that in the fulness of time the miraculous birth should take place from her ashes, she might have perpetuated her sect! Indeed, I almost think the sect will not immediately be at an end. The whole story is exceedingly curious. Having made her followers mad, they made her so in return. How much mischief to individuals and families might have been prevented if she had been shut up in Bedlam as soon as she pretended to inspiration. And how little difficult would it be for a man, properly qualified by talents, audacity, and common prudence, to found a religion even at this time and in this country.

* See Espriella's Letters vol. iii. p. 236., letter lxx. The Mormonites are a striking instance of what is said below.

Your remarks upon the treaty with America, as affecting the Northern States, are perfectly just; and I wish that stipulations could be commuted for any nominal point, so as to save our credit and the interest of the New Englander, for whom I have a sincere feeling of respect.

I must talk with you about the Goodwin Sands. Love to Sarah and the young ones. I shall find my way to them sometime about the equinox. Our weather is delightfully mild. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, January 14. 1815.

MY DEAR G.,

I beseech you, try if you can recover the MSS. of Lamb's "Review," which has been made the thing it is by Gifford's merciless mutilations. You may remember the old woman at Merida discovering that we had not drawn the woodcock which was for our supper; just like that old woman is Gifford as a corrector of my reviewals, and so has he proved to Lamb. If there be a logical arrangement, he is sure to dislocate it by pulling out the middle joint of every articulated paragraph. If there be a felicitous phrase, he is sure to gouge the sentence. To own the truth, I am too angry to write to him just now, and shall therefore make my reply through you. As for his emasculations, they must be submitted to, and I have never remonstrated against them; but he has no business to insert his own opinions in direct opposition and contradiction to mine. He has said for me, that, as an Englishman, I am proud of the general merits of Pope's "Homer." The only

comfort I have is, that every person must perceive no man who wrote what follows, could possibly have written that sentence, unless he was a stark fool.

He asks what I shall have for him, and this is what I want you to answer for me, till I shall have ceased to remember this unwarrantable and idiotic interpolation: Tell him, he shall have part of "Lewis and Clarke" in the course of a week; and for the same number, Barré's book, and Miot's "History of the Expedition to Egypt," of which Murray has sent me the two editions; the latter containing, among many various readings, a circumstantial detail of the massacre at Jaffa, to which he was eye-witness. Tell him, also, that I shall review, if he pleases, Lloyd's "Alfieri." The necessity of my doing it, as it imports Lloyd's feeling, you will very well understand. This will not be for the next number; but I may, perhaps, do something more for it. You know what makes the mare go, according to the proverb. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Jan. 14. 1815.

THE pieces of old Wither are printed by Sir Egerton Brydges at his private press: they make a very small part of his works. Sir Egerton is in like manner printing many of our early writers, but I have not subscribed to them, from an apprehension that the price may be more than they are really worth; and that it is not very prudent for a man in my circumstances who must necessarily purchase so many books because he wants to have them at hand, to buy any-

thing of which one perusal would suffice for his purpose.

Do you know anything of Joam Fernandes Vieira after the recovery of Pernambuco *? Raphael de Jesus promises a second part of his history, though of what it was to consist I cannot divine. I believe he was made Governor of Angola, which looks very much like a banishment, and of the worst kind.

You will see in the last "Quarterly" a story which you told me at Lisbon, brought in to correct Forbes's account of the same thing. He is manifestly wrong; for it is absurd to suppose that an Englishman could stand begging at a prison grate in Lisbon till somebody happened to pass who knew him. The former part of the story, which you did not know, is very curious. It is a cruel thing to see how Gifford mutilates and emasculates my reviews, and still worse to see what he fastens upon me. Not contented with cutting out all that was most striking and demonstrative in my remarks upon Pope's "Homer," he puts in a sentence to introduce those remarks, praising the translation in a manner which gives the lie to all that follows.

Loureiro's account of Cochin China is in existence, and Langsdorff in his "Travels" quotes a passage from the MS. which he had perused. This Langsdorff you must have seen at Lisbon, though I did not. His book is very amusing, though Barron has given so poor an account of it in the "Quarterly." Loureiro's work will most likely be published by the Academy. If I did not think this, I would request Canning to get a transcript of it.

Frere has just sent me an epitaph for Nelson, requesting that I will allow it to occupy the vacant fly-leaf at the end of the Life. It is like everything which

* See History of Brazil, vol. ii. p. 657. &c.

Frere does, very good. Both he and Canning were meant for something better than politicians.

"Roderick" is selling neither better nor worse than I expected. The first edition will be gone as soon as the second can be ready; but it is an edition of 500 only, and, compared with fashionable poems, its sale is just in an inverse proportion to its merit. I have at last begun my New England story, in irregular rhyme, the only measure which will allow of that inequality of manner and time that the subject requires. You shall see it as it proceeds.

I received yesterday a huge pile of Mr. Walpole's papers, of much more value than the former consignment, though I have merely as yet seen their titles. There seems to be an abstract of the diplomatic correspondence for half a century before his time.

A certain M. Miot published "Memoirs of the Egyptian Expedition in 1804." He has now published a second edition with certain additions, "*qui n'out pu paroitre sous le Gouvernement precedent:*" one of these additions is a circumstantial detail of the massacre at Jaffa, to which he was an eye-witness. The poisoning story, which he exclaimed against in his former edition, he accredits in this, but without positively averring it. I shall review this book.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R.N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, Feb. 12. 1815.

MY DEAR TOM,

It is a long while since I have heard from you; and things go on in so even a course here, when my

life passes between down stairs to my meals, and up stairs to my books or desk, that this is, verily all I have to say. To fill up the sheet I must beat about the bush, and follow whatever happens to start.

Did I tell you how a Monsieur A. J. Le Mierre, interprète — traducteur, asserviente des langues etrangères près la Cour de Cassation, has written a letter directed "A Monsieur Monsieur Robert Southey, Esq., Poete Laureat, auteur du poeme intitulé 'Roderick the Last of the Goths,' à Londres;" and how the said epistle, by some strange stupidity at the General Post Office, travelled about London in the postman's pocket till it became as filthy as that pocket itself; and how Mr. Southey, No. 28. Bedford Place (who's he? — the paperhanger lived in Bedford Street) refused it, — and so, at last, some person had wit enough to carry it to Longman's!

M. Le Mierre, having heard many of my compatriots speak with the greatest eulogies of my works, and particularly of "Roderick," is desirous of passing it into his language, his last translation having been the "Castle of Indolence." But seeing the poem advertised in the "Times," he continues: "J'avoue que le prix auquel il est porté est un peu au dessus de mes facultés; et pourtant je ne voudrois pas perdre l'occasion de faire connoitre un bon livre à ma nation. Auriez-vous la bonté, Monsieur, si vous aviez un exemplaire *defectueux* de votre poeme, pourvu qu'il *fut bien complet* (good!), de me l'envoyer à Paris. Je m'occuperois sur le champ de la traduire, après quoi, je vous renverrai religieusement votre exemplaire. Je mettrai à cette traduction tout le soin dont je suis susceptible, et je me plais à croire qu'elle me fera honneur. Un libraire de cette ville se charge de l'impression. S'il y avoit quelques-uns de vos autres ouvrages que vous voulussiez faire connoitre en France par la voie de la tra-

duction, je vous le demanderai également." And then he ends with a flourish about the Republic of Letters.

I wrote a civil answer to this poor hungry fellow, who would set about translating a poem that he has never seen: telling him in the first place that when the second edition was published I would send him a copy, which I desired he would not think of returning; but adding withal, that he probably did not know the extent or nature of the work, which I was very sure was no way adapted to the taste of a French public. I reminded him, with a reference to the "Castle of Indolence," how much the character of every poem must be affected by the metre in which it is written, and the impossibility of giving anything like a resemblance of an English blank verse poem in French rhyme; and therefore counselled him, if he persisted in his purpose after seeing the book, to render it into prose. And so God send "Roderick" a good deliverance! I added that of all my works the one which might be Frenchified with the best chance of success, was "Kehama"; the measure being of so novel a kind that it would justify an attempt at a like experiment in translating it.

I give you joy of the death of the Income Tax; it is a great evil got rid of, though I certainly think, in all sober reason, that it would have been much better to have continued it for another year, so as to have let Government wind up the account of the war with as much ease as possible. You doubtless see why Government has not been able to do this, — *not* because the tax fell with a crushing weight of injustice upon the annuitant, and those persons who, like you and I, live upon little; but, because it falls *justly* as well as *heavily* upon the rich landed proprietors, who cannot be got at so justly in any other manner. Lord Lonsdale, for instance, must pay not less than 10,000*l.* a year income

tax; no other direct tax can take from him a tenth part of that sum.

I have worked hard at reviewing lately, to make both ends meet. My last operation was upon "Lewis and Clarke's Travels," my next will be upon a "Life of Lord Wellington." Just now I am taking a treat at my great history. Meantime the printer goes on with "Brazil," and the new edition of my poem is half printed. I place at the end of the second volume the fiery ode against Bonaparte, and that which I wrote for the fiddler in December, but which was too good to be fiddled; so I sent them a second which was fit to be bum-fiddled.

Love to Sarah and the young ones. The Moon* has begun to learn German, and has for his own amusement written the Life of William the Conqueror.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, February 12. 1815.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I shall not grumble at the loss of the Property Tax, which to me is gain. It is well to be rid of what was laid on with such injustice; but, in sober judgment, I would have voted for its continuance another year to facilitate the winding up of the war. It is pitiable to see the weakness of the Ministry, and the manner in which they are baited by a set of curs, who, if they were but fairly met, would put their tails between their legs, and sneak out of sight.

* This was the gifted Herbert's familiar title.

If Murat were hanged, and Bonaparte in the Seven Towers (hanging being too good for him), I should be well pleased with these ferments in Italy, and heartily glad to see it insist upon becoming independent under Eugene Beauharnais, or anybody else, or in any form, so it were in one independent state. If Bonaparte had been a wise man, he would so have arranged matters ten years ago as to restore the Bourbons, and have taken Italy for his reward,—an arrangement to which all powers would have assented.

How admirably the Pope and the French clergy are acting to exemplify the mildness, moderation, and altered principles of the Catholic Church! Oh, these emancipatois!

I am close at work; sometimes upon Brazil; sometimes upon the Spanish history; sometimes reviewing in the service of Mammon. Spring is coming on, but I cannot determine upon my movements. I want a run in France, but not to run by myself; so I must go when I can meet with a suitable companion.

Remember me to Mrs. Rickman; and God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, April 10. 1815.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I fear the devil of cowardice is got into our Cabinet. God grant the ague fit do not prove catching. Vigorous measures might conquer France in the course of six months; but if six months be lost, he must be a

bolder prophet than I am who would venture to say when or how the struggle will terminate. Bonaparte is come back, because his soldiers cannot and will not live without war, and accordingly he begins by promising them their fill of it. But he finds that the people, passive as they are, want peace, and that he is not ready to meet the allies upon their present footing, therefore he now talks about peace, and at the same time endeavours to curry favour with the old Jacobins, and take his stand upon the old ground of the Revolution. With all my heart I wish Marquis Wellesley were Minister. As for "Giant Despair," he knows that war ought not to be avoided if it could, and could not if it ought; and he believes that it cannot be carried on more than two years without a national bankruptcy. These are the Grenville politics!

I shall now complete and publish my series of "Inscriptions" recording the acts of the army in the Peninsula, — fit work for the P. L., but of very difficult execution. I have written ten, — about a third of the number. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Captain Southey, R. N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, April 10. 1815.

MY LORD IMPERAUNCE,

As people may *beklaagen* themselves, so methinks they may congratulate themselves also; and therefore I never write mere letters of congratulation or of condolence. There could be no occasion to tell you that I was glad to hear Sarah was safe, and that the new

comeling had proved to be of the more worthy gender, because you knew it already. Moreover, I am not fond of consuming ink unnecessarily; my inevitable consumption compelling me to replenish the inkstand more often than is agreeable. You do well in *castling* your boys; and if you christen the next Bernard, it may serve as a reason (for want of a better) why he should represent a neighbouring town in parliament hereafter.

I shall come to you as soon as I am a free man, that is to say, as soon as this quarter's work is performed, on the performance of which my next half-yearly payments depend. There will be two long articles, both well timed. The first upon Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt. The second edition of a French history, first published ten years ago, gives occasion for this; because it contains the details of the Jaffa massacre, by the author, who was an eye-witness. Half this article is done. There are some very impressive circumstances in it; none more so than the fact, mentioned by a French writer, that when Bonaparte travelled across the desert to Suez, the nights being as piercingly cold as the days were intolerably hot, and nothing else which was combustible to be found, a fire was made to warm him and his staff of the bones and dry bodies with which the way across the desert is strewn.

The other article is upon a catchpenny, or rather catchshilling, "Life of Lord Wellington," which I have only begun, and for which I am to be paid the ridiculous price of 100*l*. As soon as these jobs are off my hands, for which six weeks may be allowed, I shall visit you.

It is mournful to perceive the imbecility and cowardice of Ministers at this time. There is a peace party in the Cabinet, including, I suspect, Lord Liverpool, whom it is said Lord Castlereagh would willingly turn out upon this quarrel. To-day's paper sufficiently

shows the difference of their temper; but with whom can Castlereagh ally himself? As for the Grenvilles, I have a letter from Wynn, which, as it was written from Dropmore, may certainly be understood as speaking the exact sentiments of Giant Despair. They know that war is inevitable, and that at this time it ought not to be avoided if it could; but they believe that it cannot be carried on more than two years, without incurring a national bankruptcy, and they congratulate themselves that they are not in power at a time when they think no vigour and no talents could save our Administration from ruin and disgrace! I lose all patience when I hear such nonsense as this; and am vexed when I see Wynn worrying the Ministry by idle recurrences to what has been, instead of coming forward with the manly profession of what his own heart and intellect tell him,—that war is the only path of safety, and that vigorous war must be successful.

I shall print my "Inscriptions" as soon as they are finished, and I am taking them seriously in hand. There are now ten written, being about a third of the proposed series, and I shall, probably, add an Ode to the British People, and, perhaps, one to Bonaparte himself. Think of the wretch turning round to prate of liberty, courting the Jacobins, and abolishing the slave trade;—he who tortured and murdered Touissaint!*

If we had a more decided spirit in the Cabinet, I should entirely agree with you that war is better now than some years later. The last work was left most wickedly incomplete, and what has now occurred is a memorable lesson that no policy can be sound in which the principles of justice are for a moment set aside. Bonaparte and the Marshal to the gallows, the rest of the army to Siberia and Cayenne! There should be nothing short of this; and if Paris be burnt in the

* The reader is referred to Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet.

conflict, I, for one, shall acknowledge the hand of righteous retribution.

The voice of the country is for war; the better part feel that we have in honour, and in self-preservation, and in duty, no other course. The farmers have an eye to their corn, and the landholders to their rents, and the merchants also to their direct interests; which require that France should not rival them in manufactures. But Bonaparte has many friends, and they are, like himself, active in mischief.

I have found out another *opus* for you when you have completed the "West Indies." By the by, Beatson's "Military Memoirs" (or some such title), is likely to be of use to you. I think it must be in the Newcastle Library, being a modern book. The new *opus* would require that you should learn Latin (though it is not absolutely indispensable); but this is so much the better. I will write concerning it in my next. Here is hardly room to add Edith's congratulations to Sarah, which, yet, I must not forget. . . . God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, April 21. 1815.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

A man has taken out a patent for making carriages run upon legs instead of wheels, which is to save friction and jolting. This is "Monthly Magazine" news. There is another man who wants to have sheep-folds, inclosures, houses, and towns made in hexagons for the future; and a third projector (who is no less a personage than Sir Richard Phillips himself under his

signature of "Common Sense") wants to have private intelligence conveyed by telegraphs, to those who choose to pay for it. Dr. Holland advances a theory that earthquakes and hot winds are electrical effects. If it were so, well-water would never foreshow earthquakes; and siroccos would not come always from the same quarter.

Whence all this caution and timidity in the Cabinet? Does Lord Liverpool think it *possible* to remain at peace? And if he does not, why so afraid to speak out, when policy requires that England should threaten as well as strike? I wish Marquis Wellesley were Minister; and I wish Canning had not gone abroad. He is wanted at home, but he will return with diminished reputation.

Bedford is gone to Brussels with Herries, whose journey thither is of bellicose augury. I am glad Murat is with Bonaparte; the rogues should be all on one side, and then we may have a general gaol delivery.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, May 1. 1815.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I give you joy of your journey, and I give myself joy of your return; for though we are even now three hundred miles apart, and though a fortnight might easily have passed without any communication between us, yet the knowledge that you were not in England made me feel that something in the system of my microcosm was changed, and, as it were, out of order.

During your absence I have been, as usual, making progress, and consuming ink and quill-barrel at the

regular rate. Eighteen "Inscriptions" are now written, and Longman will probably be making up his mind at this time whether to print them in quarto, or in a smaller form. I prefer the statelier form, in which case some twenty pages of note may be added to some fourscore of text. You shall have what are done in my next consignment to Gifford; and perhaps you can help me in the only part of the undertaking which requires help, which is, finding out something for me about one or two persons upon whom I have to write epitaphs, and of whom I find no memoir in my Magazines. Tell me from what branch of Cromwell's family the Franklands are descended. Wynn no doubt can answer the question. Major Nicholas (a friend of Gen. Bunbery's), who fell at Badajoz, and who was a highly interesting character, was of that stock, and my poem may be the better for his genealogy, if he comes either from Ireton or from Richard Cromwell.

I have pleased myself well in most of these poems, and diversified them with some skill. I may praise myself to you, as I do to my daughter Isabel, when we agree that she is my beauty, Beauty Bell, and I am her Beauty Pappa. They are not in their nature things that can be popular; but I do not doubt that those who are capable of appreciating them will think them good, and that they will hold a respectable place among my works hereafter. Sometimes I half resolve to say something in a proud preface respecting the Laureateship, in consequence of which these are written; but with any feelings of worthy pride, or indeed with any worthy feelings, what is called the public has little sympathy. Sometimes, too, I think of dedicating them, but cannot determine to whom. The Duke of Wellington obviously occurs, and it is as obvious that there is something like flattery in inscribing a book to him which is all to his "praise and glory." Sometimes I think of

doing it in some verses to the memory of Perceval, and this seems the favourite idea. Sometimes to the Army, or to the British People. Perhaps it will end in no dedication at all. Sometimes I have a half mind towards Canning,—upon this point, that I trust his voice will soon be heard powerfully in behalf of another war, as just, as inevitable, &c. If you see any fitness or unfitness in any of these embryo intentions, tell me. Your opinion will have, as you well know, much weight.

Ten o'clock, and I must go to the Senhora's to supper. Good night.

Shedaw is this day eleven years old. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, May 8. 1815.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I had resolved upon writing to you this evening, and, alas! my thoughts are drawn towards you very mournfully by a letter which this post has brought, informing me of poor Dusantoy's death. The fever at Cambridge has proved fatal to him, and he, too, like Henry, rests in the cloister of his own college! You may well suppose that this very much affects me. The poor lad originally wrote to me in consequence of reading Henry's "Remains." I advised him to a course which, to all human foresight, might have seemed most conducive to his welfare, and that course has led him to an early grave. It would be worse than weakness to feel anything like self-reproach, but it is impossible not to feel something more than an ordinary regret. James

will be shocked at this event. I thank God that *he* has escaped this danger, and I pray God the pestilence (for so it may be called) may not spread. My letter (which is from Tillbrooke) says that "in three days Cambridge, with respect to its colleges, will become an uninhabited desert!" God be merciful to us! How frail a thing is human life! And if this life were all, how unsupportable it would be!

Hartley is by this time at Oxford, and probably settled at Merton. What will his fate be? I hardly dare ask myself the question. He goes with the invaluable advantage of having a cousin in the University old enough to be his adviser, and not too old to be his friend; he takes with him a larger stock of Greek than is often carried to college, a powerful intellect, good principles, and good feelings. But with these he has some dangerous accompaniments; for he is headstrong, violent, perilously disposed to justify whatever he may wish to do, eccentric in all his ways, and willing to persuade himself that there is a merit in eccentricity. But his greatest danger arises from a mournful cause, against which it is impossible to protect, or even to caution him,—it arises from his father. Hartley is able to comprehend the powers of his father's mind, and has for it all that veneration which it is both natural and proper that he should feel. The conduct of the father is, of course, a subject on which no one would speak to the son; and Hartley, I believe, contrives to keep it out of his own sight; but if Coleridge should take it in his head to send for the boy to pass any of his vacations with him, there is the most imminent danger of his unsettling his mind upon the most important subjects, and the end would be utter and irremediable ruin. For Coleridge, totally regardless of all consequences, will lead him into all the depths and mazes of metaphysics: he would root up

from his mind, without intending it, all established principles; and if he should succeed in establishing others in their place, with one of Hartley's ardour and sincerity, they would never serve for the practical purposes of society, and he would be thrown out from the only profession or way of life for which he is qualified. This you see it is absolutely impossible to prevent. I know but too well, and Coleridge also knows, what an evil it is to be thus as it were cut adrift upon the sea of life; but experience is lost upon him.

This has been a sickly season; my young ones have all been affected with an endemic cold and cough, from which they are not yet thoroughly recovered, though, thank God, they are recovering. The "Eclectic" has not reached me yet. If the article be written by Montgomery, he has, probably, stated the scope of his objections in a letter which I received from him about a month ago, and which I thought more creditable to the benevolence of his temper than to his judgment. Wordsworth is in town. Have you seen the new edition of his poems? I do not hesitate to say that in the whole compass of poetry, ancient or modern, there is no collection of miscellaneous poems comparable to them, nor any work whatever which discovers greater strength of mind or higher poetical genius.

I am working on in the old horse-in-a-mill way at reviewing, with intervals of worthier employment upon the "Brazilian History," which is advancing in the press, and of which I have a huge pile of papers beside me. Remember me to Josiah Conder, and tell James that I am ashamed of not having written to him, but will speedily atone for my fault. All here unite in the kindest remembrances to you.

Believe me, my dear Neville,

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, June 1. 1815.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

There are few persons who have more reason to be thankful that the privilege of franking exists, than myself; thanks to my friends, and to you in principal. I shall soon be coming to you with some Brazilian copy. I am about as far on my voyage as an Indian ship is when she has doubled the Cape.

La Vendée, I fear, has been stirring too soon. But France is in a hopeful way: the Royalists and the Imperialists cutting throats in one part, and a fair prospect that the Jacobines and the Imperialists may soon begin the same just and necessary work!

There is a book newly published called "The Journal of Penrose," a seaman, which I have heard of for twenty years, and which the editor and West the painter, by a *portentous* want of common sense, believe to be true * in its main parts! I mention it because there is something about the Buccaneers which very likely is true, and perhaps the Capitaneus may not have heard it before; — a practice they had sometimes of burying treasure, when they did not choose to risk it on board, and burying a prisoner with it, that his spirit might keep guard! In the second volume of this book there is the form of a paper said to have been found in such a deposit; and it looks very much as if it were genuine. Eagles (to whom this journal belonged) told me he thought it likely that the man who left it him had at one part of his life been among the Buccaneers. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* Truth is often stranger than falsehood; and so it is proved in this case. *Williams* was the author's real name. See "Blackwood's Magazine" for March, 1855, — "THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY."

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

June 27. 1815.

THEY have made me member of the R. Academy of History, at Madrid, which is the working academy. My *titulo* is a beautiful piece of writing on vellum, and tells me that I am entitled to all the privileges of one of the Royal Household. Whether this will do more at a custom-house than a *peso duro* I doubt, but may perhaps one day try; for this new appointment would give me such access to the best collection of historical MSS. (that of the Academy itself) that I am more than ever tempted to visit Spain once more.

You would observe how curiously Joam the Fourth's counsellors talk to him of his becoming Lord of the World. This looks as if he had been bitten by the Sebastionists, or rather the Fifth Monarchy men, (like Vieyra) who had grown out of the Sebastionists. There were men about him who upon this subject were as mad as Joanna Southcott's people; and it is by no means unlikely that he should have caught *a little* of their belief, grounded as it was upon the Ourique legend, which he would have thought it heretical to doubt.

I have a letter this evening from Murray, which is a rich specimen of the bookseller; indeed, all his epistles bear very distinct marks of this generic character, with a certain cast of *Scotch*iness about them which makes them the better. They are curious compounds of flattery and trade. I told you he had offered me 100*l.* to review a catchpenny "Life of Wellington," a preposterous price for such a composition. This money he sends me, and, after a due quantity of palaver, he proposes to give me 50*l.* more if I will enlarge it a little, add an account of the late battle, and let him publish it in one volume, with my name, as a companion to the "Life of

Nelson!" You will easily anticipate my reply. After showing him the obvious impropriety of the thing, I told him I should feel it very discreditable thus to write and publish for the demand of the day.

I have seen an interesting extract from an official letter of Lord Wellington, written some time before the battle. He says to Lord Bathurst that though perfectly aware of Bonaparte's plan, he could not in the first instance prevent it. Bonaparte means, he says, "to attack in mass and force through my lines. As he has to choose his point, I cannot unfurnish any part of them, and they are extensive. The consequence probably will be that in spite of all endeavours he will succeed. Having done this, his course will be correctly ascertained, and I think that then I can undertake to answer for him." This I received from Gifford, as a piece of private information, before the news of the victory arrived. When Bonaparte finds it impossible to make head in the field, I am afraid he will disappear, and though he may not reappear to do more mischief, it would be a provoking catastrophe if he were to steal out of life in obscurity. There seems much likelihood that Paris may be destroyed in the struggle. It deserves so to suffer above all other cities in the world; and if such be the event, I certainly shall not affect to conceal my satisfaction.

For the next "Quarterly" I review Gregoire's "History of the Sects of the Eighteenth Century," and "Salt's Travels." This latter subject will lead me to sketch a history of the Jesuits in Ethiopia. It has never been done fairly. Geddes's is full of virulent misrepresentation; and Bona, who saw things much more fairly, because he knew what beasts the Abyssinian clergy are, if he understood Portuguese well, (which I suspect he did not) had certainly neglected to consult Drogo de Conto,—one of the best and most

important authorities. They are printing on good paper, upon Mozambique and its dependencies, in the "Investigador Portuguez." God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, June 28. 1815.

MY DEAR G.,

I must tell you a good manœuvre of the Bibliopole's. He proposes to give me fifty guineas if I will amplify the Wellington article a little, annex to it a full account of the late battle, and let him publish it within three weeks in one volume, like the "Life of Nelson" as a "Life of Wellington," and with my name. Now he knows very well that if he had *primâ facie* proposed to give me 150*l.* for a "Life of Wellington," I should not have listened to any such proposal. I might with good reason have considered it as a derogatory offer. But because, through my principle of doing things of this kind as well as I can without any reference to price or quantity, he got from me a fair "Life of Nelson" instead of a mere expansion of a paper in his review, and thereby (though he paid me 200*l.* instead of 100*l.*, which was the original offer for one volume) got from me for 200*l.* what I certainly would not have sold to him for 500*l.*, had the thing been a straightforward business from the beginning,—because he has dealt so thrivingly in one instance, he wanted to trepan me into this kind of bargain.

I am not very quicksighted in such things, and might possibly enough have been taken in if other and weightier objections had not instantly occurred to me:

such as the emptiness of writing the life of a man before he was dead, and the disrepute which I should incur and deserve by vamping up a book to answer the mere purposes of a bookseller, and supply the demand of the day. To this point my answer was confined, and the Bibliopole will have a very comfortable dream of profit disturbed when he receives it to-morrow. The paper itself is well enough for its place. There was an *excuse* for giving it, because there was a volume upon the subject: there was a *reason*, because of the then impending contest; and the *place* is an excuse for hurrying over the latter part of the Peninsular war which (as far as my present documents go) would not supply materials for *two* narratives.

I preserve almost all my letters; and Murray's * are a choice collection. It is impossible that any compositions can be more booksellerish and more Scotchy. The flattery and the hints are both so broad that they would move you to swear, where they move me to smile. Our Fathers which are in the row are Englishmen; and though they might not be perhaps a whit more liberal, they have an English way of doing things. They respect me too much either to flatter me, or give me their advice. I believe they have a sincere respect for me, amounting to something like personal regard, and without any reference to the state of their accounts.

The "Review" has not reached me; nor indeed the number before it; so that I have never seen how the little paper upon Barré looks in print. There is a very injudicious criticism upon "Roderick" in the "Eclectic," written by Montgomery; and there is one in the "Brit-

* All these letters are preserved, and all Lockhart's, together with copies of all important letters by Southey himself. From the correspondence before me, I have been enabled to draw up a full history of the "Quarterly."

ish Critic," which I should like to see, because it is written by John Coleridge, (which I believe is a secret; mind you that, Mr. Bedford!). The usual cogent motives will make me work vigorously for the next number.

What a mean villain is this Bonaparte! With all his insolence in prosperity, his only thought in danger is how to save himself! But if there be not thirteen pence half-penny fairly coming to Mr. Ketch in reversion upon his neck, I should like to know this,—when that worthy officer ever properly earned the like sum. The "Moniteur's" account of the battle is admirable, in the best style of French history—"We had completely defeated them, but unluckily we took flight and ran away, leaving everything behind us." The cannon should be made into a public monument to those who fell, and a statue of Wellington on the top. The park in front of the H. Guards would be the best place for it,—and the two eagles at his feet. Suggest this to Herries.

I am teased with my summer cold, which is either the cause or the pretext of much listlessness.

Dr. Solomon brought a bride here last week, and Derwent, who was fishing in my boat (the Royal Noah), took him off St. Herbert's Island, when he was in dire distress, the boat which had carried him there leaking a little, so that he was afraid to return in it.

I have not seen the "Times;" indeed I see no paper but the "Courier." God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, June 30. 1815.

My dear Grosvenor,

Barrow has put it into the Bibliopole's head to make me take up Wellington's story from the point which I hung it over (after the battle of Vittoria), and so carry it on for the next number down to the expected consummation; and for this I am to have the same goodly guerdon as for the former part. This is like the turn of tide to an oyster left in a hot day something above low-water mark. I tell you of it for sundry reasons; one of which is, that I tell you everything. N. B. I took what I call a *humming* dose of magnesia this morning. Humming I call such doses, and for why? because they *hum* all the way through.

Why have you not sent me your journal? From it and from your sharpened recollections I may, perhaps, get some notions of the ground, — at least of the sort of *scene*,—and, *certes*, of the previous state of Brussels.

Collect for me all the anecdotes you can of the battle. What a battle it has been! Think, Grosvenor, what an expenditure of *mar*bleus, and *par*bleus, and *ventre*bleus, and *sacre*bleus there must have been, not only in the army, but in the precious city of Paris, and all over France wherever the news travelled; how eyebrows and shoulders must have risen, and chins as well as stocks have fallen! For how many years did I wish that Wellington might once fairly meet this Bonaparte in the field, at a time when the very thought would have cost Whitbread, and Lord Grey, and the Scotchman a pair of breeches; that is, supposing the said Scotchman were not sitting without them at the time for the sake of economy.

I have not yet seen the "Review." Murray says

that Egyptian paper is generally liked the best of the two — as I thought it would. The fact does not agree very well with his scale of prices; but he does not appear dissatisfied, and has no reason to be so.

Be you my true and faithful jackal and purvey for once upon this occasion. There must be much flying matter to my purpose: And so God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, July 2. 1815.

My dear Wynn,

You have done what was due to those who fell upon that field of "Fair Alliance," as we may well call it in verse. Follow it up by proposing that a medal be given to every man who has survived. Admiral Davison did this to the sailors who were in the battle of the Nile; and my brother knew instances wherein men dying in the West Indies made it their last request that this medal should be conveyed to their families. Give it the Prussians, too, and then medals will do good service for England and upon the Continent.

There is a French book before me written to prove that the French always beat us in Portugal, and that Lord Wellington is no General. I take it for my text in the next "Quarterly," and Murray gives me 100*l.* for a second paper upon the "Life of Wellington." Help me to any private information respecting the greatest of all victories. Nothing *better* will ever be said of it than what Lord Grenville said.

I wish La Fayette and Laujuinais had taken no part in this rebellion. As for all the rest, gallows take

thy due! My plan for a monument should be a statue of Wellington upon the cannon, and the names upon the pedestal; a good place would be in the Park, before the Horse Guards: the eagles under the horse's feet.

I fear Bonaparte will run for America. If Louis XVIII. should catch him it would be a case for the lawyers; for as he was Sovereign of Elba, he cannot be considered as a rebel. I should, however, were I in Louis's place, settle that point very summarily, and put him to death for exciting others to rebel. Lucien's conduct has surprised me much — a sorry Homer, and a not less pitiful Timoleon. Have you read his poem? The flight of Carloman's widow is well conceived; everything else is almost as wretched as the gross Popery which pervades the whole. God bless you, my dear Wynn. Yours very affectionately,

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R.N., Durham.

Keswick, July 2. 1815.

MY DEAR TOM,

My movements must depend on many things besides inclination, and I can now pretty well see how to arrange them. Dr. Bell will either carry me to St. Helen's at the beginning of September, or bring me back from thence, — a very solid reason for timing my visit so as to suit his campaigns and patronising the bishop. The intermediate time must be given to ways and means, allowing for many interruptions. I mean to extract a good sum from the next "Quarterly." One article will be a second part of the "Life of Wellington," including a full account of this wonderful

battle; which, taking it in all the circumstances, causes, and consequences, I believe to be unsurpassed by any victory in ancient or in modern times.

Harry did wisely in standing for the Middlesex Hospital; by so doing he has secured his election upon the next vacancy.

My annual cold has been very troublesome, and is the worse for this hot weather. Nathan's pamphlet was full of personal abuse, and never was fellow, who flung mud, more wide of his mark. I was a drunkard, a libeller, a fellow who aspired to nothing higher than manufacturing dinners, &c., and a very contemptible poet, of course. As for "Madoc," it was an insidious attack upon the honour of America.

I am quite satisfied about my neck; that position can be the only cause, and the thing itself of no consequence.

The last "Quarterly" came out in the very nick of time. It was published on the 20th, and both my articles struck the right key, at the right moment, to the no small delight of Murray. He now prints 7000. By the by, the writer of some of his best papers (Parr's "Character of Fox," and, I believe, also the "Life of Pitt"), is a north countryman in the highest reputation at Oxford,—Davison by name. I suspect he is the son of a man to whom Harry once introduced me in the street at Durham, by a round-about introduction through Gifford, but originating in him. I have had a Durham Laker here, whom I shall like to patronise when I visit you in September; his name is Lugham, and he lives at a place which sounds as if it should be spelt Westhaugh or Westhow, somewhere by the sea,

and in the track of a stage which runs through Castle Eden.

You had better bring Grove here; and pray bespeak some cheese for me. I will send you in my next a draft for 25*l*. Here is a conundrum of Sir William Curtis's for you. Why is a pocket handkerchief like a snake? If you should not have heard it, and are not able, with Sarah's help, to discover it, you may hunt out the solution by putting together the letters which I have figured upon this page. And so God bless you. Love to Sarah and the young ones.

R. S.

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b	e	c	a	u	s	e	i	t	s	a	w	i	p	e	r

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, August 8. 1815.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Correct, in the reviewal of Barré's "Papers," a printer's blunder which destroys the sense; last paper but one, and in the middle of the page, you will find these words: "The resemblance may be *preserved*:" this word ought to be *presumed*.

You have given me too much panegyric, and you have retained the error of supposing that Swerian suspects Roderick in the scene by the river. This is the state of Swerian's mind: till he heard Florinda's exculpation of his master, he had never thought of the possibility of his being alive, because he had never wished it; afterwards, the *wish* led him to dream upon

the possibility, but not in any way as connected with Maccabee. The strongest objection which has or can be urged against the poem is, that Roderick should not be recognised; but the fact is strictly possible. A friend of mine (poor Charles Danvers), after a fortnight's absence during which he had been very exposed to weather, sleeping out of doors, and in an open boat, and had endured the greatest anxiety (in assisting a man to escape to America, who would have been hanged for high treason if he had been taken), was so altered as literally not to be recognised at the end of that time by an old servant of the family. Think, also, what a difference grey hairs will make; and how soon grief will produce this change has often been seen. When the Queen of France was murdered, her hair was perfectly white. This I have carefully marked in Roderick; I have also made his mother recognise him upon the first hint, and Swerian also. As for Julian, it is nowhere implied that he had ever seen Roderick; on the contrary, Africa was his home.

I wish you were here. I have set on foot a grand project; nothing less than that of rejoicing for the Battle of Waterloo and the capture of Bonaparte, by a bonfire on the top of Skiddaw, upon the Prince's birthday. It will be seen far into Scotland, and by all the country round, like Baly's cauldron in "Kehama." By the Lord, Grosvenor! if you were here, we would sup together as near the stars as the Olympic gods themselves, and see how the chasms and precipice of old Skiddaw look by fire-light.

Send me your journal. The Doctor is about to run over to Waterloo and Brussels on his marriage, and I mean to go with him; one inducement being, that there is a vacant place in the coach, so that the conveyance of my *corpus* will cost nothing. Can you help me to some money between this and the beginning of Sep-

tember? I work hard, in order to start for London to-morrow three weeks; our stay in Flanders is limited to a month; and I shall halt two or three weeks, on my return, in and about town.

Lord Lynedoch is here, and I am to dine with him to-day, in my new coat. Son Lunus would have liked it better, he says, if it had been the same colour as my jacket; *i. e.* the forbidden drab. God bless you.

R. S.

To James White, Esq.

Keswick, August 15. 1815.

My dear James,

Your letter has too long lain unanswered; an apparent neglect which you will easily account for, and which I trust you will be more ready to excuse in me than I am to excuse in myself. I should blame myself the more if all which I could possibly say upon the subject of your disappointment at Cambridge must not already and often have occurred to your own reflections; as, for instance, that your purpose in going to the University was not to obtain college honours (things in themselves not less mischievously than preposterously overrated), but to qualify yourself for one of the most useful and honourable offices in society, that of a minister of the Church of England; and that this end having been obtained, it is neither right nor reasonable to repine if you have failed in gaining a collateral object of unmeasurably less importance. I am sure you have felt and reasoned thus; and you well know that the opinion which I express respecting University distinction is not advanced for the present purpose,

but is that which I have uniformly entertained upon the subject. Go cheerfully forward, and when you are settled upon a curacy, look out for some pupils, and live in hope.

Mr. Tillbrook is in this country, and has brought with him poor Dusantoy's papers. I need not tell you of what I was reminded while performing the melancholy office of examining these relics. There is nothing among them in any degree approaching to the finish of Henry's pieces, some of which were as perfect as he could have made them at any age, and must hold their place in our popular Florilegia as long as the English language endures. But there are abundant proofs of power, and desire, and genius. Wordsworth was with me, and fully agreed with me that there would be ample materials for one volume; popular it cannot be, like the "Remains," still it will be a monument, and an honourable one, to his memory. The next step must be to obtain the consent of his parents for this, and to enquire concerning his letters. The parents have made no enquiry for his papers; for this there may be two causes, both alike probable: their grief may be as yet too recent, or they may regard them as things of no consequence; for I learn from Tillbrook, that his father used to speak of his fondness for poetry as a trifling or silly pursuit, and express sometimes a hope that he had done with it. It will be better to communicate my wish to the family, and learn what there may be through some person who is well acquainted with them, than to write immediately myself; and as I learn from the fragment of a letter that he had an uncle at Salisbury, I think I have an opportunity of doing this through him by means of one of my own most particular friends.

Tillbrook thinks you may perhaps know something of his correspondents. Had he any confidential friend

to whom he was in the habit of writing? Tell me anything you know which may direct me in these enquiries. Poor fellow, had he never applied to me for advice, he would not thus have been cut off from all hopes!

I expect to see Neville in less than three weeks, for I purpose running over to Flanders for a month's excursion in company with my brother Henry and his bride. Neville has been strenuously aiding him in a canvass for the Middlesex Hospital, and I believe has been the most zealous and most useful of his friends. I received a letter from Neville yesterday, and am sorry to hear so poor an account of your excellent mother. Pray remember me and Mrs. Southey also to her and your sisters.

It is well that you were not in Cambridge during the last calamitous sickness, and perhaps you might have been there had you been successful in your examination. The fever clearly seems to have differed in some respects from any which had formerly appeared there; and whether it were contagious, or, which is more probable, endemic, I think there is some danger of its breaking out again when the season recurs; for the cause is so little known, or rather so entirely unknown, that all precautions for preventing a recurrence must be mere guess-work. If any friend of mine were about to go to the University I should earnestly recommend him to make Oxford his choice, upon this account.

Believe me, my dear James,

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. All who recollect you here, desire to be kindly remembered. Hartley is of Merton College, Oxford, and is now spending the vacation with his father at Calne, in Wiltshire.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Sept. 5. 1815.

My dear Wynn,

I am on the eve of starting from home for a longer flight than I have for many years taken. My brother carried his election, his four competitors successively withdrawing from the contest. He has married since to a woman whom I remember a child in arms at Lisbon. They are going to the continent for a month's excursion, and I have been tempted to join their party. We go to Ostend and Brussels, returning, of course, by Antwerp; and if the finances hold out we shall get as far as Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle into France. I shall not go to ——, the state of affairs is too lowering; if I had time and money I might, perhaps, see part of Holland, but travelling to me is doubly expensive, inasmuch as I lose all that I should else have gained in the time so employed. On my return I purpose staying not more than a fortnight in town, and taking you in my way home if you should be at Llangedwin.

I will try at an inscription as soon as I can find out how to set about it. *Lapidary* inscriptions I have never written, and know not how to write, never having been able to discover any principle upon which they are composed. But what can be done in verse, with the county of Denbigh and Sir W. W. W.? Your resolutions may, perhaps, put something into my head. We have had a bonfire on Skiddaw for the Battle of Waterloo, &c. Follow the example on Snowdon, and you will have a feeling of sublimity which is certainly not to be obtained in a lower region. I wish you had been with us. Wordsworth was there, and Boswell.

You will see a long paper in the next "Quarterly" continuing the sketch of Lord Wellington's Life from

the battle of Vittoria to the present time. I am to have 100*l.* for it: these things are valued by the fashion for them, not by what they are intrinsically worth. This, however, has cost me more time than would have sufficed for much better compositions. So it is, that I, who heartily despise reviews, and have, moreover, a principled and moral dislike to them, am compelled to pass half my time in reviewing. Do not you, however, who have truly been my Mæcenas and support when I had no other, quote upon me, — "*Ut nemo quàm sibi sortem,*" &c.; for I am contented and thankful in that state of life to which it has pleased God to appoint me. Here am I interrupted by news which would make a Welshman swear. An importation of toasting cheese from the county of Durham (famous for that commodity) is just arrived, and the mice have eaten half of it by the way. I cannot judge of what length your plinth will allow me, though, of course, the fewer lines the better; but you had better tell me the extent of my tether. If you direct to 15. Queen Anne Street, I shall find the letter on my arrival in town.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Brussels, Oct. 1. 1815.

DEAR SENHORA,

We have been wishing for you every hour of every day since we set foot in this country — a country which art seems to have endeavoured to render picturesque in proportion as it has been made otherwise

by nature. Bruges is, beyond all comparison, the most interesting place I have ever seen. It seems as if there had not been one house built within the last century, or two centuries, and yet nothing has been suffered to go to decay. The decay of the city has been relative, and not actual. Other towns have flourished and increased in size; Bruges has stood still, and its state is the more curious. It is like a city of Elizabeth's age — you expect to see a head with a ruff looking from the windows; and what is most remarkable is, that there appears to be no poverty there, at least no squalid poverty — no absolute want. The poorest person is well lodged and decently clothed. We met there, at the *table d'hote*, Mr. Locker and his wife, whom Miss Alms sent to you; they were on their return to England, and my route has been much influenced by the information which he gave me.

We left Bruges on Monday morning by the barge for Ghent. This barge is said to be the best public conveyance in the world; and I should not dissent from this opinion if the people had not taken two beggars on board, and suffered them to go round asking daily. The barge was full of people of all nations, a large proportion English. A baronet's chariot was on board; the two persons who belonged to it kept aloof from the other passengers, sitting sometimes on the box, sometimes in the carriage, and they would not dine with us. This called forth a good many sarcastic remarks, but it was soon whispered that they were Mr. Peel and Sir Charles Saxton; the latter I did not remember, and he, probably if he had recollected, would not at this time have chosen to recognise me. It is about eight hours' passage to Ghent, when, as in our case, there was no wind to assist the horses. For the first part of the way the country, like that between Ostend and Bruges, was cultivated like a garden, and highly beautiful in its way,

the general hue of the landscape being grey, from the predominance of the willow and aspen, but there are elm, and ash, and oak, and acacia, and walnut. It was fair-day, and we passed by a village where all the humour of a Flemish fair was displayed — house full of drinkers and smokers, and old women at cards *al fresco* before their doors. Our passage cost five francs each, for which we were provided with really an excellent dinner, paying extra for wine. At Ghent we remained till Thursday morning, finding enough to occupy us in the churches, and the Beguinage, and faring sumptuously. What we saw I shall describe in my next letter to Herbert, being desirous now of letting you know where we are, and what are our plans. Of Harry we have entirely lost sight: he landed a week before us. I wrote to him at Brussels from Ostend, and can find no other clue to his movements than that my letter is not lying at the post-office there. I conclude that he arrived during the hurry of the inauguration, and, finding no room here, hurried on toward Spa. We have joined company with the Vardons, friends of Mr. Knox. They have an artist with them whom we are all very fond of, a little and deformed man, but who bears his deformity so well, that it is impossible not to like him the better for it, from a feeling in which respect has at least as large a share as pity. Mrs. Vardon is a sweet woman about thirty-five, with a daughter half as old as herself. On Thursday we came to Brussels; the Emperor Alexander thought proper to come after us; and, for want of carriages, we are still detained here, but we hope to get away on Tuesday. Our route is by Waterloo to Namur, Liége, Aix-la-Chapelle, and back by Louvain and Mechlin to Antwerp, then to Calais, which will just exhaust our money and our appointed time, and then we shall see the greater and best part of the kingdom of the Ne-

therlands, a kingdom which, being divided in itself, cannot stand.*

Tell Glover that I have been to the hospital, where they informed me that Richard Cartmell died on the 14th of August. Long as the time is which has now elapsed since the battle, I have seen dreadful marks of war. We passed some waggon-loads of wounded and convalescent soldiers, who had been sent out to take the air, some of them lying upon straw in the waggon. One load of Frenchmen I observed nearly. A painter might have made a fine and instructive picture, — the pale languor, emaciation, and helplessness of some, contrasting with the unfeeling merriment of those who were more advanced in recovery, and seemed ready for the work of destruction again. I sent a few books home from Ghent, and have bought 120 volumes here, besides agreeing for the "Acta Sanctorum," which the bookseller is to send after me as soon as he can complete the set. Sing "O be joyful" I entreat you! There is an illumination to-night in the Allée Vert, or Green Walk, which is to be Vauxhallified in honour of the Emperor. Koster is gone with the ladies, except Edith, who not being well at this time, remains at home, and is writing to one of her sisters. Mr. Vardon, and Nash, and I, are, like true Englishmen, sitting at home, while all Brussels is in commotion. But in truth I could not otherwise have found time to write even this hasty letter, nor can I keep pace in my journal with the multiplicity of objects which I am seeing, and the facts which I learn from conversation. I have now been eight days on the continent, and the time seems longer than as many months. Bruges is far more interesting than Ghent, Ghent far more so than Brussels, which is the Paris of

* A MS. Journal of this Tour is before me. I should recommend that it and several other journals should be published as a Supplement to the Common Place Books.

the Belgians, and wants a little fire and brimstone; yet if it should ever be caught in such a shower, I hope the great square and the town house may be spared. You must certainly come to this country, and practice a little architectural drawing before you come. The good pictures are almost all gone, the bad ones very numerous, and worse than you could possibly suppose. The churches are by no means equal to our cathedrals, but they are still very fine, and they have some features which were new to me,—pulpits carved in wood in the finest style imaginable. I have planned a poem upon Waterloo, and am likely to obtain much information respecting the battle, &c.; indeed, I have learned more of it from a German, by name Werth, than all our English publications, including a certain paper in the "Quarterly Review," have as yet imparted. We shall give a day to the ground at Waterloo, sleep at Genappe, and on the following day survey the ground at Les Quatre Bras and Ligny, and proceed to Namur. We shall then get into a beautiful country. So now God bless you. I shall continue my history to Lunus whenever I can. Remember me to Mrs. Croker, and kiss the children in my name.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Greenwich, Sunday night, Oct. 29. 1815.

Ecce, mi amice, adsum!
Res quapropter verè glad sum;
Sic et credo, legens es,
Quia est jucunda res.

Post trajectum dolorosum
Super æquor ventuosum
(Me miser! erat tota nox
Una vomitandi vox!)
Mare iracundum spit-us,
Super Anglicanum littus,
Illic foundi gaudio summo
Tuam literam cum nummo,
Restamus domo nunc Vardoni
Socii, viatoris boni;
Undo cras, si benè speed,
Forsán rursus te videbo.
Amorem meum tuæ matri,
Da, Miss Pagæ, atque fratri.
Hanc epistolam missivam
Classicalem et festivam,
You cum multis aliis may put,-
Vale, O dilectum caput!

R. S.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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